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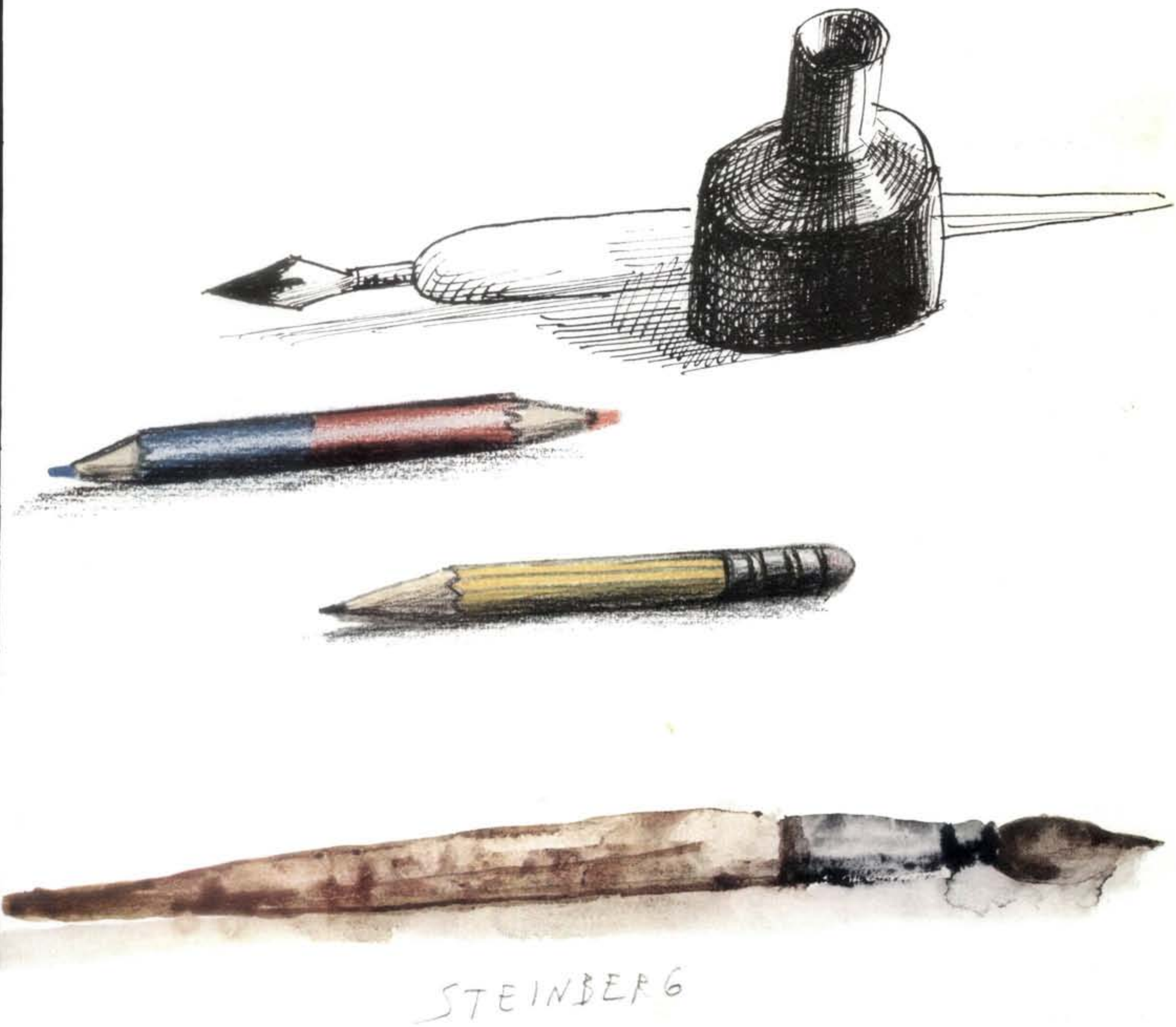

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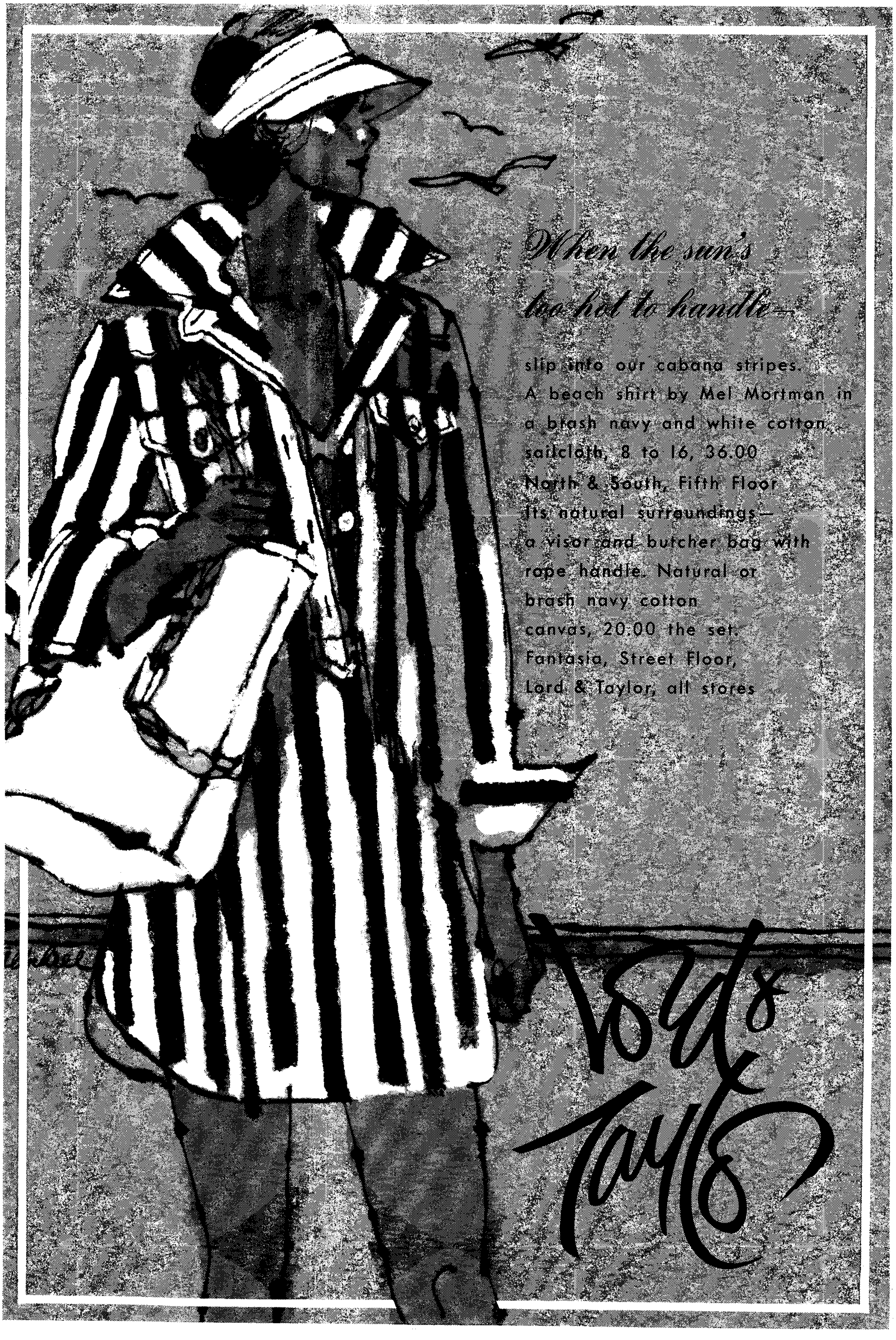
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ALL OVER TOWN—A comedy by Murray Schisgal, with Cleavon Little and Barnard Hughes. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BIG WINNER—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; Sundays and New Year's Day at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 9, at 2.)

BLACK PICTURE SHOW—A play by Bill Gunn. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Dick Anthony Williams, Albert Hall, and Carol Cole head a cast directed by the author. Previews through Sunday, Jan. 5. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 6, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

BLACK THEATRE SERIES—The second bill in a series of four productions: Umar Bin Hassan's "Aid to Dependent Children," performed by the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—A superlative revival of Tennessee Williams' preposterous and yet immensely entertaining Gothic romance. Elizabeth Ashley is a superb Maggie, and Fred Gwynn's Big Daddy is on a par with Burl Ives' unforgettable original. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 2.)

ENTER A FREE MAN—An early play by Tom Stoppard, written in an uncharacteristically down-to-earth vein but well worth seeing. An admirable production. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

EQUUS—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GOD'S FAVORITE—Last year, Neil Simon was doing over Chekhov. This year, it is the Book of Job. His confidence in himself is misplaced. Vincent Gardenia is exemplary as a contemporary Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GOOD NEWS—Bad news. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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GYPSY—Pretty, jolly Angela Lansbury feverishly impersonating a shrew. The Jule Styne-Stephen Sondheim songs stand up well after fifteen years, and Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, has directed the show with spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

THE HASHISH CLUB—A play by Lance Larsen suggested by a century-old novella of Théophile Gautier's. Jerome Guardino directs a cast that includes Mr. Larsen. Previews through Thursday, Jan. 2. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 3. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-3194. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays at 2.)

IN PRAISE OF LOVE—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel make Terence Rattigan's little play about marriage in the middle years seem far more substantial than it re is. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; on N Year's Day at 3.)

LONDON ASSURANCE—Donald Sinden in a v funny send-up of an early Boucicault m drama. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 7 2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. M nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

THE LONG VALLEY—A dramatization of selec stories from John Steinbeck's book of same title, adapted and directed by Ro Glenn. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher WA 4-3930. Monday, Jan. 6, at 7:30, Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 2.)

MADHOUSE COMPANY OF LONDON—Horseplay some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret ting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 5 8394. Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and urdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but magic tricks by Doug Henning make up it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. T days through Saturdays at 7:30. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and S days at 3.)

THE MEASURES TAKEN—Bertolt Brecht's p translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursdays and

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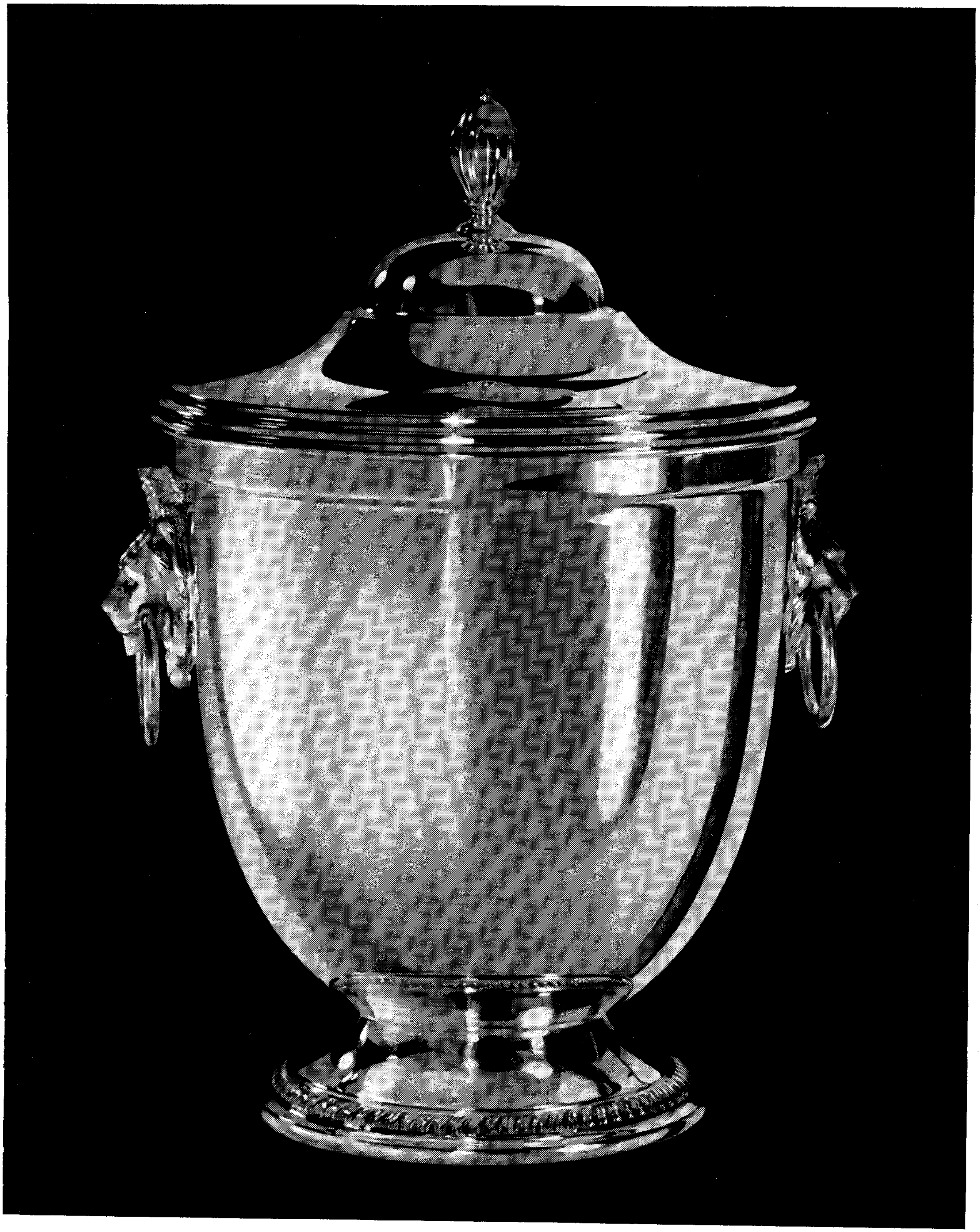

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' play, based on her novel of the same name, with Marybeth Hurt, Marge Eliot, and Eamon Mackenzie. It will be the final offering this season by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Directed by Michael Montel. Previews New Year's Day. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 2, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nothing Kid and **Standard Safety**—Two short comedies written and directed by Julie Bovasso. The lines are often very funny, and the cast is delightful. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 457-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Of Mice and Men—James Earl Jones and Kevin Conway in a well-nigh perfect revival of the Steinbeck classic. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Shenandoah—John Cullum in a musical taken from James Lee Barrett's 1965 film of the same title. Music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and a book by Mr. Barrett, Philip Rose (who also directed), and Mr. Udell. Previews through Monday, Jan. 6. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 7. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 8, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 9.)

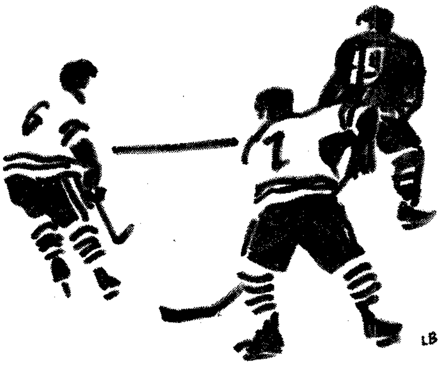
Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Wood as Holmes and Philip Locke as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner, and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where's Charley?—The Frank Loesser musical of 1948 has been rather uneasily revived, this time with Raul Julia playing the part created by Ray Bolger. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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The Wiz—A musical version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," with a book by William F. Brown, music and lyrics by Charlie Smalls, and an all-black cast headed by Stephanie Mills, Tiger Haynes, Ted Ross, and Hinton Battle. Geoffrey Holder directed. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 4. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 5. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; on New Year's Day at 3.)

Yentl the Yeshiva Boy—A play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,113 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except New Year's Day, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day and Jan. 2, at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except New Year's Day, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . .

OVER HERE!: A musical that claims to tell
what it was like on the home front during
Second World War. It is really an excuse
presenting the two surviving Andrews S
ters, who sing splendidly, and for showing
some wonderful young dancers. (Shube
225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Thursday throu
Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and S
urday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)
PIPPIN: A great big show that ably conceal
tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 4
St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays,
7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturd
at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Wonderful World of Horses—Twenty Ro
Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of
precision equestrian art of *haute école*, p
dressage performances by Morgans, Anda
sians, saddlebreds, thoroughbreds, palomin
and Arabians, to say nothing of Arthur G
frey and Goldie, his horse. Opens Frid
Jan. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan.
(Felt Forum, Madison Square Gard
Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 5
4400. Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 a
8; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a compa
headed by Jo Jo Starbuck, Ken Shelley, Ar
Galmarini, and Freddie Trenkler. Op
Tuesday, Jan. 7, and will run through Su
day, Jan. 19. (Madison Square Gard
Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 5
4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:
Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays
1:30 and 5:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule
THE NUTCRACKER: Thursday and Friday, J
2-3, at 6; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8; a
Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 6. . . . ¶ Tuesd
Jan. 7, at 8: "Bugaku," "Prodigal Son," a
"Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan
at 8: "Bugaku," "Episodes," and "La S
nambula.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "C
certo Barocco," "Sinfonietta" (premièr
and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Friday, J
10, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" a
"Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan.
at 2: "Bugaku," "Sinfonietta," and "Tch
kovsky Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Saturday, J
11, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Episode
and "La Sonnambula." (New York St
Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-47
Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Final performances of
engagement—Wednesday evening, Jan.
"Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountai
"At Midnight," and "Intermezzo."
¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "Embrace Ti
and Return to Mountain," "The G
Amused," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Fri
evening, Jan. 3: "The Consort," "At M
night," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Sat
day evening, Jan. 4: "Embrace Tiger a
Return to Mountain," "Tzaddik," and "T
Consort.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 5: "T
Consort," "The Gods Amused," and "Tz
dik.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 5: "The R
McCoy," "At Midnight," "The Consort," a
"Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafaye
St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.

Murray Louis Dance Company—Final perfor
ances of the engagement—Thursday ma
née, Jan. 2: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "C
tinuum," and "Proximities.". . . ¶ Thursd
evening, Jan. 2: "Porcelain Dialogue
"Personnae," and "Index.". . . ¶ Friday e
ning, Jan. 3: "Scheherezade.". . . ¶ Saturd
and Sunday matinées, Jan. 4-5: "Geom
rics," "Chimera," and "Hoopla.". . . ¶ Sat
day evening, Jan. 4: "Porcelain Dialogue
"Personnae," and "Index.". . . ¶ Sunday e
ning, Jan. 5: "Scheherezade." (New Y
University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For ti
ets, call 777-1122. Evenings at 8. Matin
at 2:30.)

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday, Jan. 2,
5:30: "Fancy Free" and "La Sylphide.".
¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 5:30, and Saturday, J
4, at 2: "Les Patineurs" and "La Sylphid
. . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8, and Sunday, J
5, at 2 and 7:30: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Tuesd
Jan. 7, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "At M
night," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," a
"The River.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 8, at
"Fancy Free," and "La Fille Mal Gardé
. . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Les S

AMELA FIORI, SENIOR EDITOR, TRAVEL & LEISURE DEC. '73, P. 10—

“Riding the trains of Europe
s an easily acquired habit.
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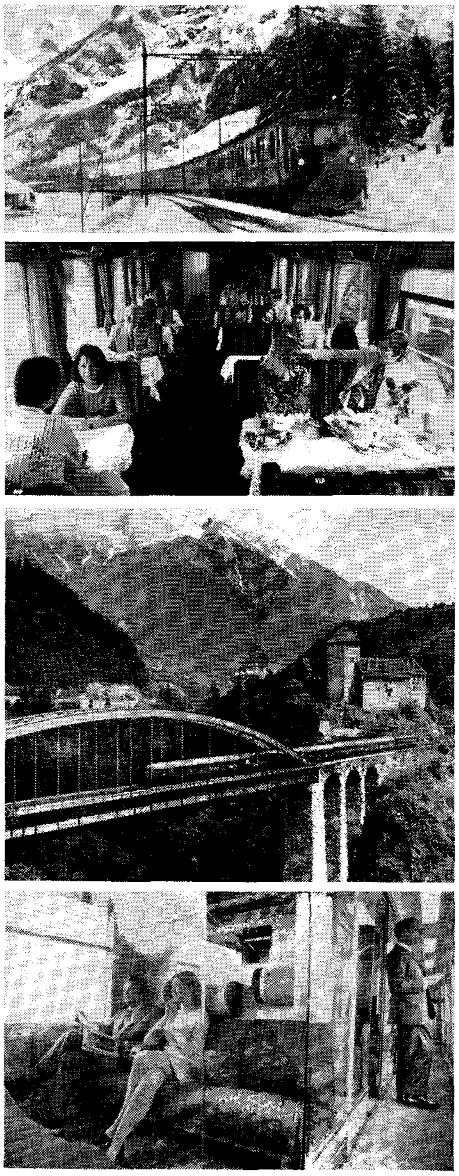

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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phides," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Grand Pas Classique," and "The River."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Pas de Quatre," "At Midnight," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: A thirty-fifth-anniversary program of excerpts from various ballets, danced by Erik Bruhn, Agnes de Mille, Anton Dolin, André Eglevsky, Royes Fernandez, Maria Karnilova, Nora Kaye, John Kriza, Hugh Laing, Lupe Serrano, Antony Tudor, and Igor Youskevitch. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 2.)

NUREYEV AND FRIENDS—With Merle Park, Louis Falco, leading soloists of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and others, in a five-week engagement. The program: "Apollo," "The Moor's Pavane," "Aureole," and "Flower Festival in Genzano Pas de Deux." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day. Through Saturday, Jan. 25.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—"The Nutcracker." (Touchstone, 348 W. 14th St. 989-5240. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, at 8.)

PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY—The first performances of "The Possessed," based on Ansky's play "The Dybbuk." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 6, at 7:30; Wednesday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5:30; and Monday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

CHET BAKER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

BRICKTOP AND HUGH SHANNON—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, from ten until two; Shannon is here alone on Tuesdays as well.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

COUNTSMEN—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Earle Warren and Buddy Tate, reeds; Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Eddie Jones on bass; Dill Jones on piano; Jo Jones on drums; and others. Sunday, Jan. 5, at eight.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays and New Year's Day.

ANITA ELLIS AND ELLIS LARKINS—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vocals and piano, respectively. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 1-4, at ten-thirty and midnight, and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 7-11, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-fifteen.

SONNY FORTUNE—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Saxophone, leading a quintet. From nine-forty-five to one, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4.

SONNY GREER / RUSSELL PROCOPE / BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 8-11, from ten to three.

ILLINOIS JACQUET—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Tenor saxophone, with pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Tiny Grimes, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Panama Francis. Mondays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five.

ELVIN JONES—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 7, at ten.

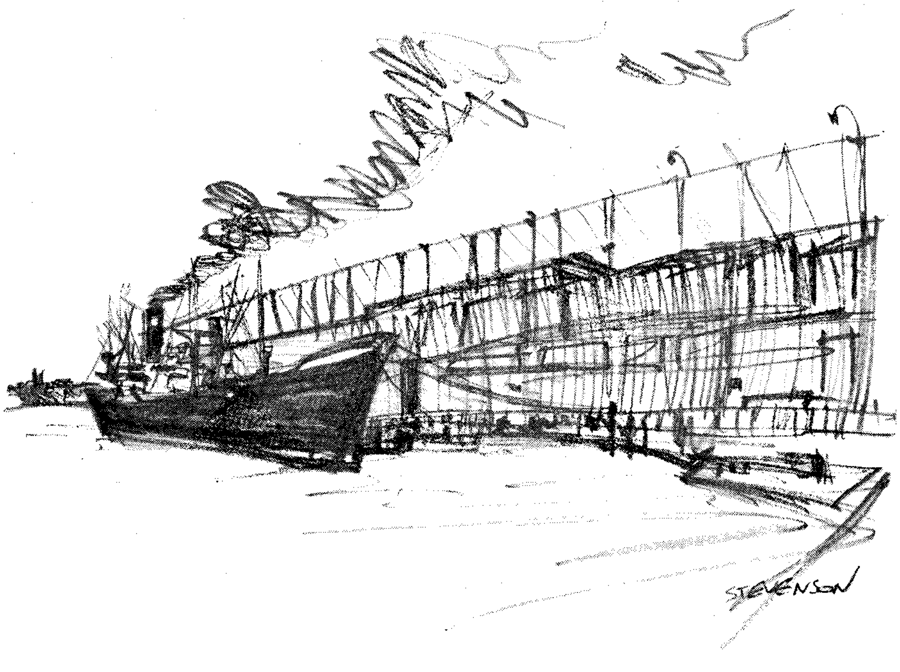
THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and other instruments. With a sextet, from ten, through Sunday, Jan. 5.

LEE KONITZ—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three.... ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With guitarist Attila Zoller, from nine-thirty to two, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan 8-9.

MARIAN MCPARTLAND—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to one, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 7.

PERSUASIONS—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocal quintet, Thu day through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, at eight-thi and eleven-thirty.



SAMMY PRICE—West End Café, 2911 Broadw at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie ano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichet Saturdays, from nine to one.

BOBBY SHORT—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playi piano. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2 at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). G tar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Cookery, 21 Univers Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, fr eight to one, except Sundays.

TEDDY WILSON—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th (758-2272). Piano, with saxophonist Char Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drumn Ronnie Cole, from nine-fifteen to one, nig ly, except Sundays and Mondays.

•

(A few places where the notable performe and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel compl with dangling halyards, barrels, and a clo quartered conviviality. The musical crew c sists of pianist Cedar Walton's trio, whi plays Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thi to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468) Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band t brings immeasurable amounts of enthusia into this little bar between nine-fifteen a one every Monday. Tuesdays through Sat days, from nine until three, pianist Ma Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed S days and New Year's Day.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-musings by R. D. Laing, succulent coll greens, and a jukebox stocked with reco ings by many of the artists who appear h from time to time. Sonny Fortune, a v fine contemporary alto saxophonist, leads quintet through Saturday, Jan. 4. Music fr nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays a New Year's Day.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (2 6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat ro and-folk club, on occasion so clamorous fore and between shows that one walks feeling exhausted and hoarse. But, howe congested, this mini-concert hall boasts friendly staff and a simple, pleasant déc and its commitments to the sound system a the lighting are admirable indeed. The P suasions, a very polished five-voice gosp and-soul outfit, sings opposite rhythm-a blues organist Booker T. and his bar Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5. Sho at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)— animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar t is highly regarded by the Village artisans a musicians who patronize it. Pianist Ba Harris and bassist Bill Takas provide t music Mondays through Saturdays fr nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from ni to one, are devoted to the piano of J Byard—composer, New England Conser tory professor, and multifaceted jazzman along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinn

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th (752-5855)—A most agreeable, warm, r carpeted square room. The Illinois Jacq quintet—pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Ti Grimes, bassist Percy Heath, and drumn Panama Francis—is onstage nightly. Sho at ten and midnight Mondays through Thu days; at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, a twelve-forty-five on Fridays and Saturda Snacks. Closed Sundays and New Yea Day.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 1600)—In the **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Bobby Sho who, aided by bassist Beverly Peer and dru mer Dick Sheridan, vigorously pays his spects to Gershwin, Porter, and others, co cludes his current stay after Saturday, J 4. He goes on at nine-forty-five, eleve

HOW TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT BUYING A 1975 COLOR TV WITH A 1957 PICTURE TUBE.

In 1957 color television was in its infancy.

The color image was reproduced the simplest way ssible.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Dots of red, blue and green were beamed onto a neutral lor background.

Images were fuzzy.

Colors looked weak, soft, dull.

There were no subtleties. An object was either too red too yellow. There was no in-between. True flesh tones ere impossible.

Amazingly, there are color TVs on the market today ll using this process.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Over the years, television technology advanced.

The second generation appeared: color dots on a jet ack background.

The black background made the dots "pop." The color emed sharper, brighter.

It was a definite improvement. But there was still room more.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Then came a breakthrough. Color stripes.

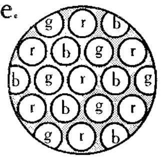
You can get an incredible amount of color into a stripe. ripes make for a bright picture. With true-to-life color.

This is the newest method of reproducing a color TV age most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest shiba has.

TOSHIBA'S FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

Toshiba's fourth generation or TV combines the advantages of the previous two. e wealth of color of a stripe. Plus the sharpness and ap of a black background.



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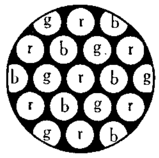

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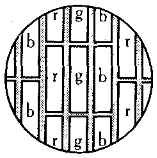

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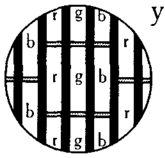

4.

Resulting in a brighter, sharper, clearer color television image than was ever possible before.

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If you'd like to prove BLACKSTRIPE's superiority to yourself, get your kid's box of crayons and color in the diagrams we've provided.

Toshiba BLACKSTRIPE sets are available in 9", 13", 15" and 19" screen sizes measured diagonally. Toshiba BLACKSTRIPE. 1975 color television. With a 1975 picture tube.

C-335. Manufacturer's suggested retail price $379.95. 13" picture measured diagonally. 100% solid state circuitry composed of 5 plug-in modules for better rmance and easy servicing. "Uni-button" automatically adjusts color balance, tint, brightness, contrast and fine tuning. Matching swivel stand included.

C-945. Manufacturer's suggested retail price $519.95. 19" picture measured diagonally. Wide angle 110° tube. Slim chassis. 100% solid state circuitry composed of 9 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. "Uni-button" automatically adjusts color balance, tint, brightness, contrast and fine tuning.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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thirty, and one. On Tuesday, Jan. 7, Manhattan Transfer, a group that devotes itself to spirited revivals of thirty- and forty-year-old harmonic-vocal numbers, will move into these quarters. Their shows begin at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays; at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day. . . . ¶ In the **Bemelmans Bar,** keyboard sorceress Marian McPartland is at the piano from nine-thirty to one, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 7.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pianist Mary Lou Williams, a Kansas City-jazz legend who was a featured soloist with the Andy Kirk orchestra from 1931 to 1942 (she began arranging for Kirk in 1929), is in charge currently. She is admirably assisted by her bassist, Milton Suggs. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes here is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, bassist Wilbur Little, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three. Snacks.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is seated in the corner at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed New Year's Day. (After Saturday, Jan. 4, the entire operation—i.e., Lance Hayward et al, and, presumably, the popcorn, dart board, and Trak 10 race-car-driving machine—moves east down Bleecker to the Village Corner, which is also owned by the proprietor of Jacques. The building housing Jacques is to be torn down, and the new arrangement will be known as Jacques at the Village Corner.)

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, Max Kaminsky's Dixieland Band holds forth from eight to two. Closed New Year's Day.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Teddy Wilson sails through some very pleasant, melodically grounded arrangements with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band celebrates Dixieland jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **Bird Cage,** singer Anita Ellis benefits from the sensitive piano backing of consummate accompanist Ellis Larkins; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 1-4, at ten-thirty and midnight, and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 7-11, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-fifteen.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spacious and easygoing corner restaurant. Sundays through Tuesdays and on New Year's Day, guitarist Cornell Dupree and some first-rate musician friends meet for some fine rhythm-and-blues sessions. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 8-11, wily drummer Chico Hamilton works with his youthful, inventive quintet. Music from ten until three.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteenth century—and some occasional ragtime, folk, and atonal music thrown in—are likely to be heard in this modest little restaurant and bar from seven until eleven (from six on Sundays). Many of the young professional musicians and singers who are here to display their skills (which vary in degree) in small ensembles or as soloists normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and the American Symphony Orchestra. A basket placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper-West Side musicians—can drop contributions. Solo lutanists, pianists, singers, and guitarists abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios. Closed New Year's Day.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans, with shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Manhattan Transfer stirringly revives popular music of the past—the thirties, forties, and even fifties—opposite singer Gail Kantor; through Saturday, Jan. 4. On Tuesday, Jan. 7, Holly Woodlawn begins trading sets with poetess Cherry Vanilla. On Sundays, Martha Schlamme pays homage to Brecht and Weill at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A new jazz retreat situated in a properly sombre basement but with an uplifting décor—a colorful wall of Art Deco cutouts, and tables covered with glistening white cloths. Roswell Rudd, a masterly and highly individual trombonist, works Tuesdays through Sundays with pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Brian Torff, and drummer Beaver Harris. Vocalist Sheila Jordan participates on Fridays and Saturdays. On Monday, Jan. 6, David Amram and his group will perform some improvised songs. The music begins at ten.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Bricktop, a woman with a past, is transforming these two small rooms above a Greek-French restaurant into a saloon of almost museum-like chic. A star fixture of her own Paris club (Bricktop's) in the twenties and thirties, and, after the war, proprietress of a similarly named bistro in Rome, she remains, at eighty, as pungent and as forceful with a song as ever. She sings without a microphone, establishing an immediate intimacy that is more electric than anything younger club-goers may be accustomed to. When she crosses the room to sing at one's table, as she invariably does, it's serious business—there's nothing campy about it. She generates a world that most of us have only experienced thirdhand and diluted in films of the forties. Hugh Shannon, who is himself no spring chicken, is the singer-pianist who accompanies and sings along with Bricktop. An international café-society luminary in his own right, he can serve up a frivolous salad of Porter or Hart with just the right touch of condiments. Hugh Shannon performs from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Bricktop makes her appearance Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Av (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted t live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm-and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays have bee turned over to cool and placid Chet Bake and his young, enthusiastic musical coteri Alto and soprano saxophonist Lee Konitz exchanges some very lyrical ideas with guitaris Attila Zoller on Wednesdays and Thursday On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson is here with his tri Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar du of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty t two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirt until three; Sundays from nine until tw Snacks. Closed Wednesday and Thursday Jan. 1-2.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., betwee Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music roo converted from a ground-floor SoHo lof The space, adorned with very large, colorfu paintings and other wall hangings, is devote to the weighty, free-form music of Rashie Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilso saxophonist James Vass, and pianist Hilto Ruiz. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of tha innovator's career, and Ali has since use Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp fo further reconnoiterings. Ali and Wilson, wh doubles on frying pan in the course of hi duties as soul-food chef, were responsible fo much of the decorating and remodelling o the room, which also serves as a recordin studio. Music for the adventurous Thursday through Sundays from nine to three. So drinks.

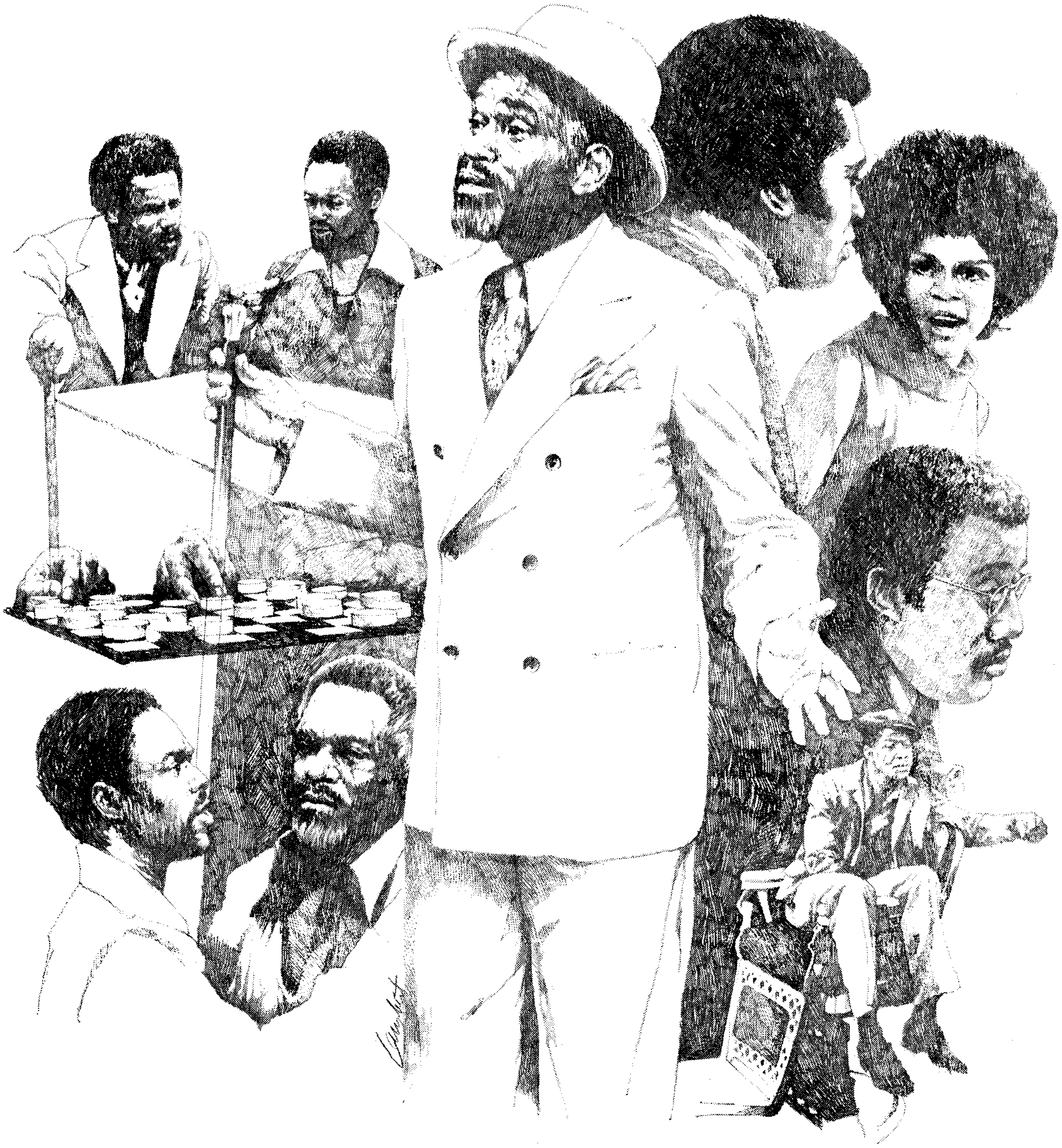
Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardi Pl. (473-9762)—A bright, cheery high-cei inged corner bar with lots of old dark woo large mirrors, and several tables and chair scattered around the pentagonal room. Th music—mostly piano rags and boogie-woogie—and the atmosphere summon up th twenties. Claude Hopkins—who in the thi ties led one of the most popular big band ever to play the Savoy Ballroom, the Cotto Club, or Roseland—has command of the keyboard Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2- from nine-thirty to three. Snacks. Close New Year's Day. (On Sunday, Jan. 5, thi club will merge with its Bleecker St. neighbor Jacques, and will be rechristene Jacques at the Village Corner.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11t St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of night club still keeps tabs on some of the bes jazz around. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a forcefully talented musician, heads up his sexte through Sunday, Jan. 5. On Tuesday, Jan. thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones descend the stairs with his quintet. The fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, wit vocalist Juanita Fleming, blasts off on Mondays. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made o plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glas windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustai the interest its kitchen formerly arouse Pianist Chuck Fowler performs with bassis Duke Cleamons Mondays through Wednesdays. Thursdays through Sundays, pianis Nat Jones and his bassist take on the musica chores. The music runs from eight to tw Dinner. Closed New Year's Day.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th S (666-8750)—The old stamping ground o Kerouac and Ginsberg, when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized an enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for Eddi Durham on trombone and electric guita drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Fran Williams, and pianist Robin Clark on Mondays and Tuesdays. Pianist Dill Jones bring in a quartet on Wednesday and Thursday Jan. 1-2. A bop quintet takes the stand o Fridays, and on Saturdays, boogie-woog master Sammy Price performs with drumme Jo Jones and tenorman Paul Quinichette. Th music starts at nine. On Sunday, Jan. 5, th

"...if any American has written a finer play, I can't think what it is."
Edith Oliver in *The New Yorker* February 15, 1969



A Mobil Showcase Presentation

The Negro Ensemble Company production of

"Ceremonies In Dark Old Men"

Monday, January 6, 9:00* p.m. on ABC-TV

Mobil®

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*(8:00 p.m. Central Time)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Countsmen—several stalwart Basie alumni—will play from eight on. All this and student food at student prices.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café**, pianist Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Steven Weltner plays solo piano Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Collectors Item, a singing fivesome, is in operation in the **persian room** at ten during the week, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Friday and Saturday. On Monday, Jan. 6, singer Lisa Carroll will take over the premises. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the **plaza restaurant**, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the **palm court**, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while Ruth Andrews provides the piano music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does an additional stint on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—As of Thursday, Jan. 2, the Christopher David Company will begin rocking on this height of land, during dinner and supper. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Michele Amateau—Oil and sand on canvases that are painted in shapes suggesting vegetable forms; first solo show here. Starts Saturday, Jan. 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Peter Blume—"Bronzes About Venus" is the first showing of sculptures by this noted painter. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Charles Bragg—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of elf-like figures; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Frederic Edwin Church (1826-1900)—A benefit loan show of more than a hundred oil sketches and drawings by this American landscape artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Jan. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ismaël de La Serna (1887-1968)—Paintings and collages. Through Jan. 18. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean-Michel Folon—New watercolors and graphics. Through Friday, Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sam Francis—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, executed in the fifties. Through Jan. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Frederick Frieseke (1874-1939)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors by an American Impressionist. Through Jan. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Jan. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

William King—Huge, slapstick sculptures made of pine, bronze, or aluminum. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Daniel Lang / Elizabeth Osborne—Landscapes, principally of England./Abstract acrylic landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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René Magritte (1898-1967)—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Jan. 18. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

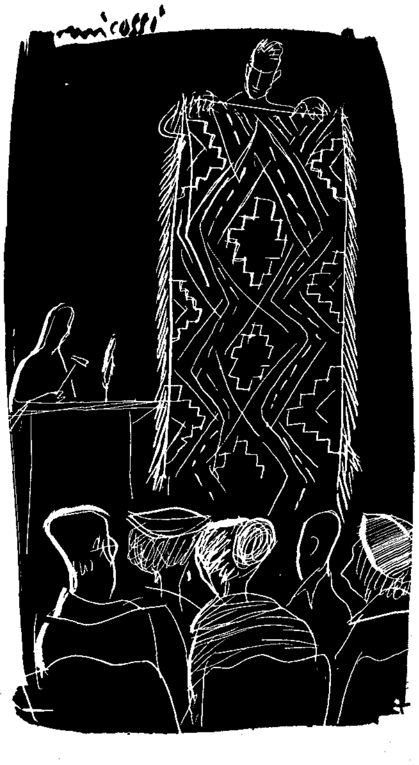
Robert Motherwell—Recent paintings and collages. Starts Saturday, Jan. 4. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Steven Samet—A number of monotypes and some still-lifes in oil. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Deitcher, 20 E. 67th St.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of figures, including several "Bicentennial" characters, among them the Father of Our Country as naked as a jaybird. Starts Saturday, Jan. 4. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Halsted S. Welles—Carved sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Starts Saturday, Jan. 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by James Rosenquist, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Open Mondays.). . . **bykert**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paul Mogensen, Gary Stephan, and three other artists. Through Thursday, Jan. 9. . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by de Kooning, Diller, Olitski, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **gruenebaum**, 25 E. 77th St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Moore, Picasso, and Dubuffet, to name a few. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Feb. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil by Calder, a bronze by Miró, and a still-life by Tamayo are part of this exhibit. Through Jan. 18. . . . **phoenix**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-one women artists. Through Jan. 18. . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuf Clodion, and Chagall. Through Jan. 14. **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Pai ings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, other Americans. Starts Saturday, Jan. 4.



Sculpture—Small pieces (none larger t twelve inches) in a variety of materials b group that includes Barbara Lekberg, Rol Cook, and Sahl Swarz. Through Wednesc Jan. 8. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905)- show of ten works by the nineteenth-cent French Salon painter. It is running conc rently with his show at the New York C tural Center. Through Feb. 1. (Hammer, E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—Still-lifes in oil. Thro Thursday, Jan. 9. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bert Carpenter—Homage to the tom Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Zabriskie, W. 57th St.)

Gotthard Graubner—Color-field paintings b German artist. Through Wednesday, Jan (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Realist paintings. Starts Sat day, Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

***Robert Irwin**—This is a show you may r even if you go. The artist has taken a h piece of soft, sheer fabric and made it on the gallery walls. That's it.* Through Sat day, Jan. 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliqué banners, drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (ras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Demetrius Mavroudis—Abstract sculptu Starts Saturday, Jan. 4. (Schaefer, 41 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—The horse kn the way/to carry the sleigh/through white and drifted snow. Through Saturc Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Dona Nelson—Abstract paintings. Starts urday, Jan. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—New paintings, inspired, he s by his daughters' Japanese coloring b and some erotica that one feels sure was spired by far less innocent sources. Thro Saturday, Jan. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 5 St.)

Jim Sullivan—Abstract oils. Through Th day, Jan. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by s twentieth-century Europeans as Klee, Lé and Arp. Starts Thursday, Jan. 2. (Jani W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by Chryssa, Robert Indi George Rickey, and others. Starts Saturc Jan. 4. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Adams / Stephen Rosenthal—One piece sculpture composed of wood and other terials./Ink wash paintings. Thro Wednesday, Jan. 8. (55 Mercer St.)

Tim Corkery—Painterly abstractions. Thro Saturday, Jan. 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Gre St.)

Jacqueline Freedman / Nancy Malkin Stembe Geometric shapes in mixed mediums on per./Abstract acrylics. Through Thursc Jan. 9. (Westbroadway, 431 West Bro way.)

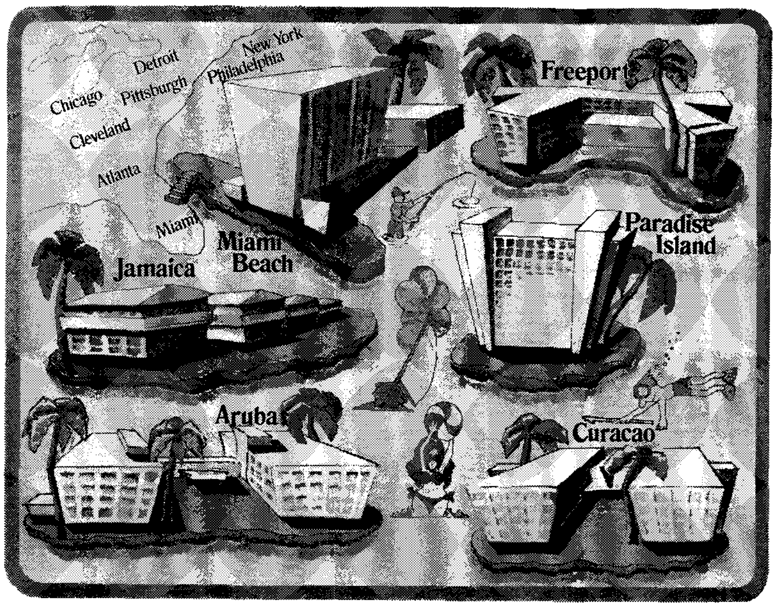
Rosalind Shaffer / Eunice Golden—Pain wood figures arranged in dance-hall scene Erotic paintings, plus photographs. Thro Jan. 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesd through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **aames**, 93 Prince Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six ists. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **coo** 155 Wooster St.: Drawings and other wo by Lynda Benglis, Joel Shapiro, Brice M den, and others. Through Wednesday, J 8. . . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: A hund and eighteen artists in a show marking gallery's second anniversary. Through Th day, Jan. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturd 11:30 to 5:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **african-american in tute**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th Traditional African art—masks, figures, so forth—from Mozambique, Angola,

OUR WINTER WONDERLAND



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Curacao
$161*
8 days, 7 nights

Includes: air-conditioned room; TV; welcome cocktail; Pachanga cocktail party; guide book; museum visit; Curacao Liqueur, Dutch cigars or chocolates; beach shirt; sightseeing; $5 casino chip; boat trip; shoppers bonus book; downtown shopping shuttle; Curacao poster; pool & beach chaise, towels; bingo; children's playground.

Freeport
$147*
8 days, 7 nights

Includes: air-conditioned room; TV; welcome cocktail; guide book; shoppers bonus book; sightseeing; 1-½-hr. native review; Garden of the Groves tour; scuba demo, Cousteau Underwater Museum tour; pool & beach chaise, towels; tennis; sauna; bingo; children's club, playground.

Jamaica
$175*
8 days, 7 nights

Includes: air-conditioned room; welcome cocktail; guide book; shoppers bonus book; boat trip; souvenir miniatures; night club show; snorkeling & diving lesson; island entertainment; pool & beach chaise, towels; tennis; movies; fashion shows; children's clubs, playground.

Paradise Island $161*
8 days, 7 nights

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Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. . . . **WESTBETH,** 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, prints, and photographs by members of this artists' coöperative, as well as by nonmembers. Through Jan. 12. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lee Friedlander—This exhibition of photographs taken within the last decade reveals Friedlander to be a photographic precursor of the Photo-Realist school of painting, whose subject is the America of motels, appliance stores, fried-chicken stands, TV-centered homes, car-cluttered Main Streets, and garishly dressed people, and whose stylistic frame of reference is the amateur snapshot. Friedlander's small black-and-white pictures isolate the ugly and the familiar, and lay bare the core of emptiness and meanness that lies behind the shining façades of our commercialism. Unlike Pop Art, which was painterly and abstract, and took a benign, even celebratory, stance toward commercial culture, Photo-Realism is photographic (many of the Photo-Realist painters simply copy blown-up photographs they have projected onto their enormous canvases) and cruelly noticing of things as they are. Friedlander's chilling pictures suggest that the crux of Photo-Realism is its basis in a certain kind of photograph (one that Friedlander and other members of his generation, as it were, invented); at the same time, our way of looking at Friedlander's photographs is undoubtedly affected by the enormous tours de force of Estes, Eddy, Goings, et al. And so it goes with the knotty tangle of relationships between photography, painting, and "reality" that Photo-Realism has created, and that is the probable source of its strange interest and power. Through Feb. 9. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

William Larson—An avant-garde artist who does collages, pictures transmitted by a Dex teleprinter machine, and photographs. The collages employ zippers, lace, embroidery, bones, metal hinges, and fabric printed with indigo photographs. The photographs are surrealistic. Example: a Christmas tree in an empty white room, out of which roots are growing and wires lead to electrical outlets. The Dex pictures are almost as tedious to look at as they would be to explain. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Thursday, Jan. 2.)

Jan Groover—Conceptual prints, done in series. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Thursday, Jan. 2.)

Eva Rubinstein / Joseph Saltzer—Photographs. Through Jan. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—Platinum prints of Appalachian Mountain people, black people from South Carolina, and still-lifes. Through Jan. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: The stated intention of a large exhibition here called "Coming of Age in America: A Critical Exhibition Comparing Our Attitude Toward Youth and Aging" is to illustrate "the great yet empty overvaluing of youth and things youthful, and the equally great yet empty undervaluing of aging and the aged, as manifested in the United States." But the show, to which thirty-eight photographers contributed, fails in this ambitious and commendable purpose: it registers on the viewer as just a miscellany of photographs of people of various ages by photographers of varying competence which could as plausibly be titled "Life in France" or "Photographic Clichés of Today." What is more, and worse, the show often reflects the very attitude it is supposed to be against. One of the realities of growing old is that you don't look as good in a bathing suit at seventy as you do at seventeen, and one of the prerogatives of age, one likes to think, is to be spared the importunities of young photographers out to teach the Lesson of Diane Arbus with innocent sunbathers. However, there are good pictures in the show—one by its organizer, Larry Siegel,
of an unforgettable young woman with
towel around her shoulders caught in a m
ment of mysterious anxiety, and another, l
John Ganis, of a cashier in a movie hou
(an aged woman with a tragic, desperate
painted face, sitting in her glass box in fro
of a sign advertising "The Seduction
Inga") and they only confirm one's doub
about "thematic" exhibitions, and one's b
lief in photography as art rather than prop
ganda. Through Jan. 17. (Sundays throu
Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4
. . . **ELLIOTT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th S
Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia
Cameron are among those represented in th
show of more than fifty photograph
Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **INTE**
NATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fif
Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred black-and-whi
photographs taken in Russia by Henri Ca
tier-Bresson. . . . ¶ Works by Wern
Bischof, Robert Capa, David Seymo
Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, and D
Weiner. . . . ¶ Ernst Haas, Burt Glinn, a
Jay Maisel are included in a group show
color photography. All through Feb. 1
(Open Sundays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madis
Ave., at 69th St.: Examples of gravure wo
by Edward Steichen, Thomas Annan, Fer
nand Ongania, and others. Through Satu
day, Jan. 11. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Ma
son Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey
American photography from 1841 to t
present, made up of over two hundred a
fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photo
raphers. Through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11
6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sunda
and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.
An exhibit jointly organized by the muse
and the National Museums of France to co
memorate the hundredth anniversary of t
first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It i
cludes works from the museum and from t
Louvre, as well as from public and priva
collections in the United States and Euro
Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la G
lette," have never before been shown in t
country. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Roman
and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a sh
of costumes worn by such film stars as Ma
Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barb
Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dre
ing gown. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Five sm
paintings of scenes closely observed from n
ture by a young California realist, Maxw
Hendler, make up the first in a series of e
hibits focussing on artists whose achiev
ments are not yet recognized by the gene
public. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Italian Re
aissance drawings from the Louvre by Rap
ael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and othe
Through Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works le
by art dealers from twelve countries, in ad
tion to pieces owned by the museum and pu
chased from the art dealers Joseph and E
nest Brummer, in a display intended to poi
up the importance of dealers in the format
of museums and private collections. Throu
Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures
Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the ill
minated Book of Hours, the newly publish
facsimile of it, and color transparenci
Through Jan. 26. (*Tuesdays, 10 to 8:4*
Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:4
Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—
exhibition entitled "Chairs by Charles Re
nie Mackintosh"—twenty examples, repr
duced from the designs of the Scottish arc
tect and designer (1868-1928). Throu
Jan. 12. . . . ¶ American prints (1913-63), i
cluding works by John Marin and Rob
Rauschenberg. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Eig
young artists, among them Jan Dibbets a
Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, Ame
ica, and Australia. Through Sunday, Jan.
(Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenin
until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 8
St.—A retrospective of the work of Ve
zuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including
new walk-through construction made of pl
tic filaments. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Mode
sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, A
and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Har
Lewis Winston collection and from the m
seum's collection. Through Feb. 2. (Tu
days, 10 to 9, with no admission cha

from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Vhitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings from the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Paintings done in tempera on gesso panels from 1947 to the present by a Surrealist, George Tooker. Through Jan 12. . . . ¶ Drawings and paintings by Tony Robbin. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The second and third concerts in a series of four by the Composers' Showcase: On Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30, a program of music, and commentary, by George Crumb, with Jan DeGaetani, soprano, and others. On Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, a program of the religious music of pianists Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor, with their groups, vocal soloists, and a chorus. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Vhitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Christo, Rafael Ferrer, Robert Rauschenberg, and others used nontraditional studio processes, such as sewing and wrapping, to create these works in mixed mediums. Through Jan. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 3.)

rooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ The nineteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. (Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

merican Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

hina House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

rolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Feb. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

ewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of photographs, taken in May, 1938, of the large apartment in Vienna where Sigmund Freud lived and worked for nearly fifty years. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

organ Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

useum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 10. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ew York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective show of more than three hundred and fifty works (objects, paintings, drawings, collages, and photographs, for example) by Man Ray, in honor of his eighty-fifth birthday. Through March 2. . . . ¶ Twenty-three paintings by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). Through Feb. 2. A complementary show is at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St. (Wednesdays through Sundays, except New Year's Day, 1 to 6.)

ew-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About five hundred glass paperweights produced in America from 1845 to 1960. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New Year's Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display observing the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Frost. Among the articles on view are manuscripts, first editions, and correspondence. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 to 9.) . . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, prints, murals, and photographs by a number of artists. Through Jan. 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Mildred Miller, Carlotta Ordassy, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 3: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 4: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 4: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 6: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 7: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 8: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 9: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 10: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 11: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kawana, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and Richard T. Gill; Max Rudolf. (Evenings at 8; on Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 3, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 7:30 (all with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Paige Brook, flute; and Eliot Chapo, violin); and Thursday, Jan. 9, a Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30, and Tuesd Jan. 14, at 7:30 (all with Nerine Barr piano.). . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conduct the second of two programs on Friday, J 10, at 8:30, this one an all-Tchaikovsky p gram (with Earl Wild, piano).

Paul Kuentz Chamber Orchestra of Paris—P Kuentz conducting, with Monique Fras Colombier, violin, and others. (Town H JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Repertory Orchestra—Anton C pola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, M hattan School of Music, 120 Claremont A at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8. Free ti ets can be had by writing and enclosin self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldn conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Audit um, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Prague Chamber Orchestra—Thirty-six m cians who perform without a conductor, w Michel Debost, flute. (Carnegie Hall. day, Jan. 10, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directi (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, 8.)

RECITALS

Ruth Laredo—Piano, in the second (postpo from Nov. 26) of two recitals. (Kaufm Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

David Ensemble—Vocal and instrumental mu performed by Sheila Schonbrun, sopra Ani Kavafian, violin; and others. (A Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 4, and Satur Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Harvey Phillips—Tuba, with assisting arti (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday and S day, Jan. 4-5, and Wednesday, Jan. 8, 8:30.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano, in a recital postpo from Nov. 24. (Hunter College Asse Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. S day, Jan. 5, at 2:15)

Andrij Dobriansky—Bass-baritone. (Alice T Hall. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

Syntagma Musicum—An instrumental and v ensemble from the Netherlands. (The Cl ters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3702. Sun Jan. 5, at 3.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Alice Tully H Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Adele Marcus—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. M day, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Paul Tobias—Cello. (Grace Rainey Ro Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, F Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Jan at 8.)

Andrzej Wasowski—Piano. (Alice Tully H Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Clarion Music Society—A program of musi Giovanni Battista Sammartini, performed Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Gerardo L flute; and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4 Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 6.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. (Alice Tully H Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Charles Castleman—Violin. (Alice Tully H Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Horacio Gutierrez—Piano. (Brooklyn Acad of Music. 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. day, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Cente Merja Sargon, soprano; Itzhak Perlman Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Tram viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; Gervase De Pe clarinet; and Richard Goode, piano. (A Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5.)

Zara Doloukhanova—Mezzo-soprano. (A Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Viola and violin. (Hu College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 6 St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on Road—A rock musical, with music and ly by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (E con Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1 New Year's Day at 3; Thursday, Jan. 2, a Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, at 7 and and final performances Sunday, Jan. 5, and 7.)

HARLIE BYRD, BARNEY KESSEL, AND HERB ELLIS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8.

OB WILBER-KENNY DAVERN QUINTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3. No tickets necessary.

ONNY WHYTE AND TRAVIS HUDSON—Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8.

HARLES EARLAND—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8.

SPORTS

The box-office number for Madison Square arden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd ts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, empstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-100.)

OFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Phoenix, Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:05.

OCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7:05. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Jan. 11.

ACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Thursday, Jan. 2, through Saturday, March 15. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 11.

OTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

USIC—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "Princess Ida," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Saturday, Jan. 11, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**: The American Brass Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

AGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS**: "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Three Wishes." (Central Children's Theatre, 123 E. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2. For reservations, call 838-5122.)

AYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "A Midnight Clear." Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 7, there will be a new show, "Sol." (New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

OTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on New Year's Day from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

The New York Parks Department number to ll for information about all free entertainent in the city is 472-1003.)

MERICAN ART DECO ARCHITECTURE—An exhibition of black-and-white photographs, depicting examples of designs from the nineteen-thirties. Included are views of Hoover Dam, the Golden Gate Bridge, Detroit's Fisher Building, and Oakland's Paramount Theatre. (Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, from 1 to 5.)

CLASSIC SPORTSWEAR FOR THE FASHION-MINDED WOMAN

Stripey stunner is our cotton dress, faintly flared and self-sashed. Self-banded at round neckline and three-quarter button placket, it has patch pockets and new loosely fitted sleeves. Navy/natural or red/natural. Sizes 6-16. $32.00.

Our fashionably flared, six-gored batik print wrap skirt from Meadowbank, of cool Avril/cotton, sashes in front. Jade/white or navy/white. Sizes S, M, L, XL. $26.00.

Destined for sunny days, our polo jersey from Activair is of soft polyester/cotton with pointed collar and five-button placket. White, jade or navy. Sizes S, M, L. $17.00.

Dynamite by night is our button-front jean skirt of brushed polyester/cotton denim. Slightly flared, it has all the proper pockets, shiny brass buttons and crisp topstitching. Navy. Sizes 6-18. $30.00.

Our tempting tomato print T-shirt, imported from Italy of softest Egyptian cotton, has short sleeves and neatly bound U-neckline. White/red. Sizes S, M, L. $18.00.

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and Masons,
Flutes, Hob Nobs, Crofts
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and Wines,
Punch Juggs, Liqueurs and
Gardevins;
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The spelling has changed somewhat, but not the Waterford. Each piece is still an investment in timeless beauty. You live with it now; yet it grows more valuable with the passing years.

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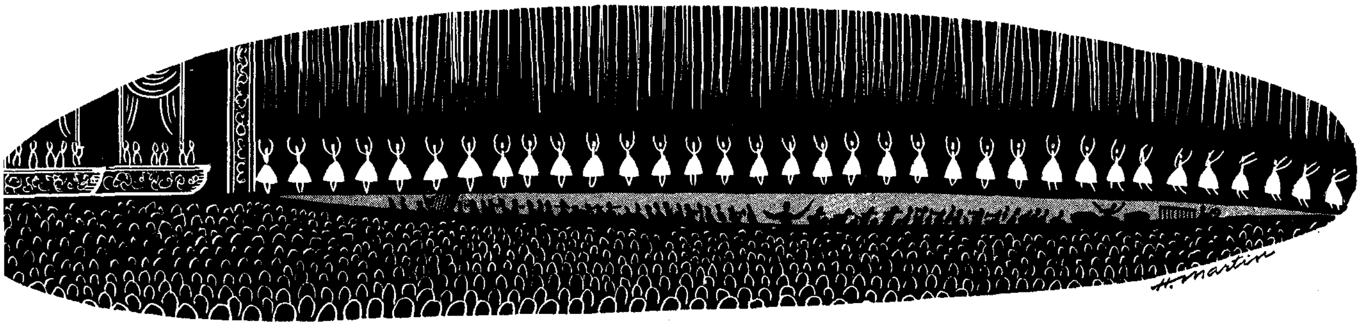
Isn't it time you started collecting signed originals by Waterford?

(And English bone china by Aynsley, to go with it.)

Photo : Pesin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

rt, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

heatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 7: "Scarface" and "Hell's Angels."
From Jan. 8: "Nothing Sacred" and "My Man Godfrey."

t. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 7: "That's Entertainment!" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From Jan. 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and another feature, to be announced.

inema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"That'll Be the Day."

ramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 7: "That's Entertainment!"
From Jan. 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Young Frankenstein."

4th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

astside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Steppenwolf."

utton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Young Frankenstein."

rans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

ine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

laza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

aronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

oronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front Page."

.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

iné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"That'll Be the Day."

inema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

inema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

irst Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Lenny Bruce Performance Film."

olumbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

olumbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

eekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Freebie and the Bean."

8th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

oews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Godfather, Part II."

2nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 7: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."
From Jan. 8: "The Longest Yard."

uliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

uliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

rans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 7: "The Island at the Top of the World."
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Godfather, Part II."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Freebie and the Bean."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Abby."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 7: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."
From Jan. 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 7 at one or another of the theatres: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut"/"Death Wish" and "Serpico"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty"/"Blazing Saddles" and "The Producers."
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 1: "Red Beard."
Jan. 2: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Jan. 3-4: "L'Atalante" and "Zero for Conduct."
Jan. 5-6: "Lola Montès" and "The Lovers."
Jan. 7: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" and "Diary of a Country Priest."
Jan. 8: "Los Olvidados" and "El."
Jan. 9: "Nazarin" and "Simon of the Desert."
Note: Sunday, Jan. 5, one performance, at noon: "Macbeth."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 7: "Rumpelstiltskin" and "Charlotte's Web."
From Jan. 8: "Brother of the Wind."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Little Prince."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Gambler."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front Page."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 1: "The 400 Blows" and "My Uncle Antoine."
Jan. 2: "One-Eyed Jacks" and "Viva Zapata!"
Jan. 3: "Citizen Kane" and "All the King's Men."
Jan. 4: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Bedazzled."
Jan. 5: "Black Orpheus" and "The Eternal Return."
Jan. 6: Theatre closed.
Jan. 7: "The Life of O-Haru" and "Ugetsu."
Jan. 8: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."
Jan. 9: "The Servant" and "The Hireling."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Young Frankenstein."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd (877-3190)
Through Jan. 7: "The Odessa File."
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Black Thursday."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 7: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut."
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Airport 1975."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 7: "That's Entertainment!" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From Jan. 8: "Brother of the Wind."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 1 at 5:30: "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Thorkild Roose; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 2 at 5:30: "James or Not" (1970), in French, directed by Michel Soutter, with Jean-Luc Bideau; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "The Escapade" (1973), in French, directed by Michel Soutter, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 3 at 2: "The Last Home Lace-Makers" (1973), in German, directed by Yves Yersin; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30 and Jan. 4 at noon: "Underworld" (1927), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Clive Brook.... ¶ Jan. 4 at 3: "The Surveyors" (1927), in French, directed by Michel Soutter, with Marie Dubois; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 4 at 5:30: "The Escapade."... ¶ Jan. 5 at 12:30 and 3: "Three Godfathers" (1948), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne and Ward Bond.... ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30: "The Surveyors."... ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "The Invitation" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Goretta, with Michel Robin; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 5:30: "James or Not."... ¶ Jan. 7 at 2: "The Valiant" (1929), directed by William K. Howard, with Paul Muni and Marguerite Churchill.... ¶ Jan. 7 at 5:30: A program of films from New Day Films.... ¶ Jan. 8 at 5:30: "The Valiant."... ¶ Jan. 9 at 5:30: "The Invitation."... ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: "La Salamandre" (1971), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Bulle Ogier and Jean-Luc Bideau; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 1: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 2: A program of four Man Ray films. . . . ¶ Jan. 3: "Women of the Night" (1948), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Kinuyo Tanaka; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 4: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 and 8: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery. . . . ¶ Jan. 9: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 7: "The Shadow Catcher: Edward S. Curtis and the North American Indian," directed by T. C. McLuhan. .
¶ Starting Jan. 8: A program of five films l
Paul Shartis. Showings at noon (exce
Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8
Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-532
for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (22
0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Broughto
Bresson, Van derbeek, Buñuel, Dali, Sh
man, Dovzhenko, and Dreyer. Showings Ja
1 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Jan. 2 at 5 and 7; Jan.
at 6 and 8; Jan. 4 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Ja
5 at 8; and Jan. 7-9 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abby—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (Thalia.)

All the King's Men (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark may make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bullheaded demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed; the film took the Academy Award for Best Picture, with Broderick Crawford also winning Best Actor, and Mercedes McCambridge, as tough Sadie, winning Best Supporting Actress. It's by no means a great film, but it moves along. With John Ireland, Joanne Dru, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 7.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 3-4.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Black Thursday—With Christian Rist and Christine Pascal, directed by Michel Mitrani. In French. (New Yorker.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

Brother of the Wind—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Guild, and Olympia; starting Jan. 8.)

Charlotte's Web (1973)—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild; through Jan. 7.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 7.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill,
but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975
which is cut-rate swill. This one is an ente
taining marathon of Grade-A destructi
effects, with B-picture stock characters spi
ning through it. Among them are Ava Gar
ner, the grimly resolute Charlton Hest
and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty st
gives the picture its only touch of class. Ma
Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A car
less, cheaply made variation on the theme
jealousy, but written and directed by L
Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about t
Spanish male's obsession with female ch
tity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othel
who takes needle and thread to his wife.
Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 8.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Ala
Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In Fren
X-rated. (Paris.)

The Eternal Return (1948)—Jean Delannoy
rected Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adapt
tion of the Tristan and Isolde story. Je
Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looki
sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, sno
blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly gla
orous lovers; though the film has the decor
tive look of ballet and is heavy and stilt
they became the rage of Paris. With Yvon
de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. Music
Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie H
Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñue
latest turns out to be freedom in the sense
"chance": the picture is a random series
anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss
often as they connect. Buñuel has a gre
tonic style, but this is a piffle. The acto
come on in relays; the cast includes Moni
Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana As
In French. (10/28/74) (Embassy 72nd St.

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffau
amazing, eloquent, indispensable first featu
is a semi-autobiographical account of
twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes
adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jea
Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie H
Cinema; Jan. 1.)

Freebie and the Bean—With Alan Arkin a
James Caan, directed by Richard Ru
(Beekman, and 86th St. East.)

The Front Page—The third film version of t
Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, t
time with Jack Lemmon and Walter Mattha
Directed by Billy Wilder. (Coronet, and L
tle Carnegie.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brillia
young Jewish prince, professor of literatu
to ghetto blacks, and potential great noveli
the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out
his discussions of will and Dostoevski wi
his students at City University. For what
is, the movie (written by James Toback)
extremely well done; it's what it is that wo
do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric no
written as a film, and although Karel Reis
direction is smooth and proficient, and Jam
Caan's performance is a commanding o
and the action is compelling, the whole thi
is too airless and schematic to be convinci
It seems like an elaborate form of showi
off. (10/14/74) (Festival.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part
is that it enlarges the scope and deepens t
meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II
far more complexly beautiful than the fir
just as it's thematically richer, more sha
owed, fuller. The completed work, contra
ing the early manhood of Vito (Robert
Niro) with the life of Michael, his inherit
(Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the co
ruption of America; this is a bicentenni

picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 2.)

rry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

ll's Angels (1930)—The aviation footage is still something to see, with great shots of zeppelin warfare; toward the end of the first half, a zeppelin looms through the clouds, which part at moments to show London below. The story, involving two brothers (Ben Lyon and James Hall) and the near-ludicrous teasing of Jean Harlow, is still tedious bargain-counter rubbish. Howard Hughes and James Whale are credited with the directing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 7.)

e Hireling (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (6/16/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

e Island at the Top of the World—From the Disney Studios, with David Hartman and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (U. A. East; through Jan. 7.)

n the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 8.)

ggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Jan. 7.)

combe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A concert on film. (Playboy.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 2.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society; the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

The Little Prince—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Music Hall.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Elgin; Jan. 5-6.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (72nd Street East; starting Jan. 8.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 5-6.)

Macbeth (1960)—With Maurice Evans popping his eyes and Judith Anderson smiting her brow. The stodgy production that George Schaefer directed for television. (Elgin; Sunday, Jan. 5, one performance, at noon.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Herve Villechaize. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet direct-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 8.)

My Uncle Antoine (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 1.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 9.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets in this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl," and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theater 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 8.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 7.)

Los Olvidados ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 8.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Elgin; Jan. 7.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close two and a half hours long, is set in the slu of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous he doctor who keeps an essential clinic open one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very terested by such resolute and uncommendal saints. The style of the film is flowing a full of high attack. In Japanese. (Elgin; J 1.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, w Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with scar on his cheek, and Ann Dvorak as his s ter. Ben Hecht and the director, How Hawks, said that they wrote the story treating the Capone family "as if they w the Borgias set down in Chicago." W George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Boris Karl and Karen Morley. (Theatre 80 St. Mar through Jan. 7.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture the intimacies and misapprehensions tween Johan (Erland Josephson) and Ma anne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautif originally made for TV as six fifty-min sequences, here cut into a triumphantly herent two and three-quarters hours of fi photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan a touch of the priggish about him, and a a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparen the victimized one, turns out to be the stro er. The movie is wonderfully literate constantly catches at minute tugs of affect or impatience between the long-marri whose eventual divorce by consent is od cancelled out by their continuing compreh sion of one another. The mood of their signation on their annulled twentieth w ding anniversary is tender, farcical, and destructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Fine Arts, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpi the New York City policeman whose inc ruptibility alienated him from his fellow- ficers and turned him into a messianic hip freak. The theme is richly comic, and the is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's stor one of the rare hopeful stories of our tim for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman W ler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for m of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet rected, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/ (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

The Servant (1963)—A gentleman's gentlen reduces his gentleman to a state of squ servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant s of the picture, which Joseph Losey direct (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Clau Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the g of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty div tissement on the foolishness of saintliness. Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 9.)

Stavisky—About the French swindler of thirties, with Jean-Paul Belmondo Charles Boyer. Directed by Alain Resnais. French. (Cinema II.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann H novel, with Max von Sydow and Domini Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (East Cinema.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The rector, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just m points—he drops weights. The picture is of noise and squalling and "dirty" words u for giggly shock effects; the one element keeps it going is the plot, taken from J Godey's thriller about how a New York s way train is hijacked and the passengers for ransom. As the Transit Authority Po detective, Walter Matthau, who just co through, seems an oasis of sanity. With R ert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/ (72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and S phony; through Jan. 7.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A s pling of the hundred and sixty ninety-mi weekly shows produced and directed by Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Rei and Howard Morris. A few of the skits classic, and if you saw Caesar when you w young enough, maybe he'll always be greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (St. Ma Cinema, and Olympia; through Jan. 7.)

That'll Be the Day—With David Essex Ringo Starr, directed by Claude Whath (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

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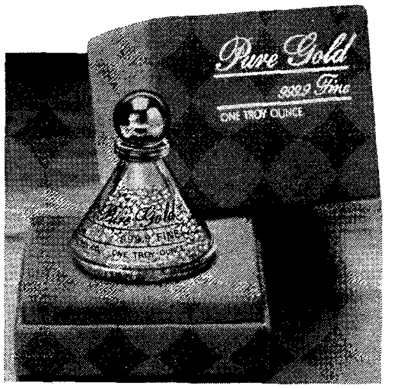

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made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet (6/10/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; through Jan. 7.)

HE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that comprise the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 8.)

GETSU (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

ES VIOLONS DU BAL—With Marie-José Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (Regency.)

IVA ZAPATA! (1952)—Marlon Brando, aged twenty-seven, has an acting presence that weights the screen like a fish in a net. He plays a Mexican peasant in this hectic staging by Elia Kazan of John Steinbeck's screenplay. Steinbeck's fake literariness nearly sinks everything. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2.)

WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

OUNG FRANKENSTEIN—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Paramount.)

ERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; Jan. 3-4.)

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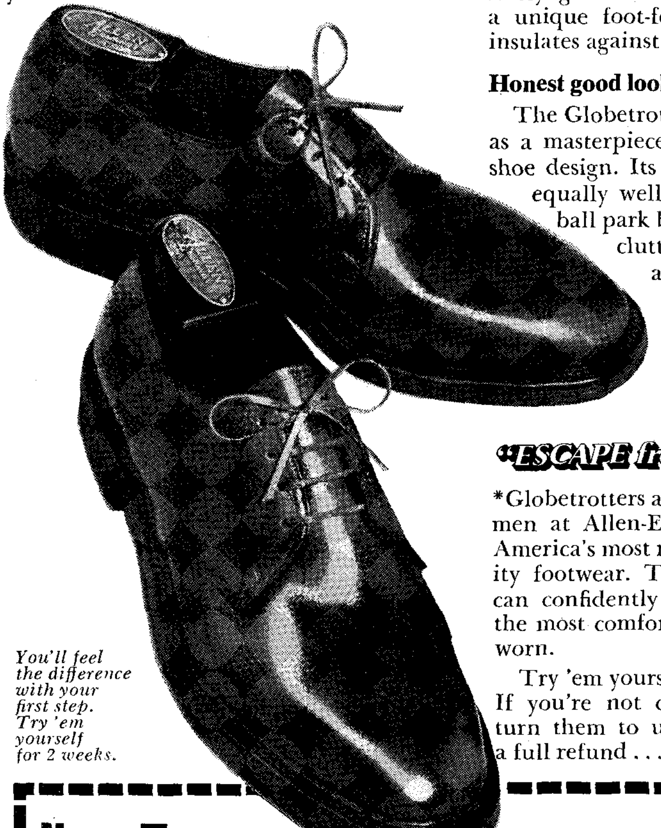

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C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
D	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

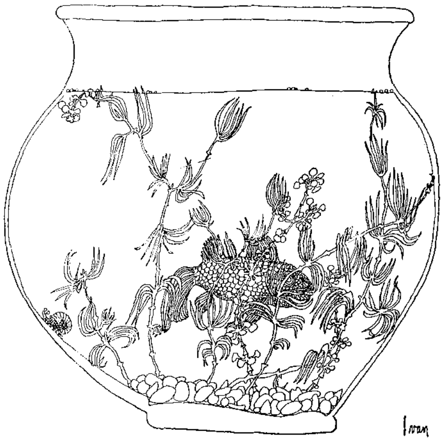
THE other day, as we were reading that the figures on crime in the United States had gone up nce again, we were reminded of a rase that we had not heard for quite while: law and order. We could early remember the time, not so very ng ago, when we had heard about alost nothing else. Candidates for ofe, in particular, had been preoccupied ith the subject. Each one had said at if he was not elected crime rates ould rise. In Congress, one "tough" easure after another was passed, in any instances by overwhelming marities. The measures included prosions for "no-knock" entry into prite homes by the police, provisions for e "preventive detention" of certain iminal suspects, and other seemingly -Constitutional measures. President ixon promised to alter the complex of the Supreme Court; "softaded" justices were to be replaced "strict constructionists." The President also asserted that criminals should treated "without pity" and proposed e restoration of the death penalty for me offenses—a penalty that the Sueme Court had struck down only a w months earlier. The mood of the blic grew panicky, too. We remember that in our city an atmosphere fear—almost of terror—developed. he streets emptied at night. People pped going to the theatre, because ey were afraid of being mugged on way home. Our taxis came to be uipped with grimy transparent-plastic elds between the rider and the iver.

But none of the measures taken by politicians or anyone else worked. l were false cures, as many of the en who proposed them and voted for em well knew even as they did so. hen, rather suddenly, in the months llowing Richard Nixon's fall, the atsphere changed. The scare words nished from the lips of the politicians. The no-knock law was repealed. The theatres filled up again. But it was *only* the atmosphere that changed. As far as anyone has been able to tell, the fall of President Nixon had no measurable effect on the crime rate. In the last decade or so, a wave of fear swept over the nation and then subsided. Politicians, the press, and television took up the issue of crime for a few years and then dropped it. The spread of crime was a real and enduring affliction, but the campaign to cope with it turned out to be illusory and evanescent, and vanished like last year's fad. What it left behind is what we see around us now: a collection of damaged institutions; a deeper suspicion than ever among citizens that what they hear from public men has nothing at all to do with the conditions of their daily lives; and a rising rate of crime.

• •

Rehearsal

IN opera, the final dress rehearsal usually determines the success or failure of a new production. Music and staging have been "set," and the only adjustments that remain are minor matters of timing and lighting. Since the dress rehearsal is the first time that all the people involved in a production can pull back and take a critical look at their handiwork, the atmosphere crackles with tension, uncertainty, and, occasionally, distress. We attended the dress rehearsal of the Metropolitan's sumptuous new "Boris Godunov" and can report that, despite a few technical hangups, it was clear when the final curtain rang down that this production would be a hit. We arrived in the auditorium a few minutes before 11 A.M. and took a seat next to Schuyler Chapin, the Met's general manager, who provided a few historical details. "This is our first new 'Boris' production since 1913," he said, "and the first to be sung completely in Russian. The original production was brought from Paris, conducted by Toscanini, in the Rimski-Korsakov version, and sung in Italian. In the nineteen-fifties, we had a new orchestration of the Moussorgsky score, by Karol Rathaus; the singers switched to English; and the sets were repainted and filled out with bits from Moussorgsky's 'Khovanshchina.' Now we are going back to the definitive Lamm edition of the Moussorgsky score, and the original language. The chorus, the extra chorus, and the principals have been working on Russian diction for six months. The only exception is Martti Talvela, our Boris, who speaks fluent Russian; he comes from Karelia, on the Finnish-Russian border."



Mr. Chapin introduced us to George Cehanovsky, a cherubic eighty-two-year-old baritone from what once was St. Petersburg, and explained that he functioned as the company's Russian coach. "First, I make a transliteration—a phonetic translation of the Russian text into the English alphabet," said Mr. Cehanovsky. "That is printed beneath the English words in the score. Then I read each part with the soloists and the chorus, and have them repeat after me. When the diction is good, I make tapes, which everybody takes home and studies. In rehearsal, I sit out front and control the mistakes."

The lights dimmed, and the orchestra (conducted by Thomas Schippers) began to play Moussorgsky's brooding introductory music as August Everding, the director of the opera, and Phebe Berkowitz, his assistant director, and Rudolph Kuntner, the Met's lighting expert, took their places at desks with lamps in the row behind us. Things went smoothly until the first set change, which moved the action from the massive white walls of the Novodievichy Monastery to the onion-domed churches and bell towers of a square in the Kremlin. As the first set slid off to the right behind a transparent curtain, the Kremlin set for the coronation scene moved halfway across the stage and stopped. Mr. Everding emitted a moan, Mr. Kuntner grabbed a phone to ask what was going on, and Miss Berkowitz looked up from her cue book and said, "This is a disaster." The orchestra continued to play (we learned afterward that at the beginning of the scene Mr. Schippers had received a buzzer signal to proceed), the great Kremlin bells boomed through the house, and, after an anxious moment, the set moved on across the stage and settled into place. "Everybody's late," said Miss Berkowitz as the chorus hurtled onstage and the coronation procession—soldiers, boyars, and Boris himself, in a long white coat—dashed up the steps and through the arched gate of the Cathedral of the Assumption. Then Mr. Schippers, realizing that the singers could never catch up with the music, stopped the orchestra until Prince Shuisky emerged from the cathedral to deliver the opening line. "Bells!" said Mr. Everding during the sudden silence. "*At least, they could keep ringing the bells.* Phebe, we try that change three times on Monday. If there is any more mechanical trouble, I go onstage and shoot myself."

During the second intermission, we wandered backstage and found Donald Gramm (who plays Varlaam, an alcoholic monk), Robert Nagy (Prince Shuisky), and Lenus Carlson (the boyar Shchelkalov) eating sandwiches in a dressing room. We asked how the Russian diction was going, and discovered that two of the singers—Mr. Gramm and Mr. Nagy—had sung roles in Russian before. Mr. Carlson, a newcomer to the company, told us that he had taken a cram course in Russian during the summer and had learned to conjugate verbs. "Remember, there are three kinds of Russian in this opera," said Mr. Gramm, a handsome, silver-haired bass-baritone. "The monks sing Old Russian, or Church Russian, which means that we pronounce the 'ah' sounds as 'o.' Bob and Lenus, who are noblemen, sing the modern Russian of Pushkin. And I use soldiers' slang when I sing the ballad about Ivan's war with Kazan."

Next door, we found Martti Talvela, the six-foot-seven-inch Boris, wrapped in a blue bathrobe and stretched out on what looked like a very small couch. "There are many roles you can do with your intelligence," he told us in a sonorous rumble. "But Boris has to be born in you. You must have a special personality. I often think that maybe a good Boris is the beginning of a sickness. I try to show three aspects of his character: the insecure private man who comes to be crowned; the Czar who suddenly realizes what it means to possess absolute power; and the haunted ruler who struggles to control his dreams and his people."

We congratulated Mr. Talvela on a splendid performance and moved on to the greenroom, where Mr. Everding, short, shaggy, and intense, was coaching Mignon Dunn (the Polish Princess Marina) and Harry Theyard (the pretender, Dimitri) in some stage business. "*Dare* to move when Dimitri says he will conquer Russia for you," said Mr. Everding, making a balletic half turn to the left with a calculating expression on his face. "It can be a very little movement, but you *must* react. Then you go down to his feet and come up with a big quiet over your face. You feel 'This is a man!' Think of *me*."

Miss Dunn, a statuesque mezzo-soprano, who looked magnificent in a red wig and a silver-and-blue brocade dress, gave a hoot of laughter and ran through the scene with Mr. Theyard.

"Now the final kiss," said Mr. Everding.

"Downstage, upstage," said Mr. Theyard, kissing Miss Dunn on each cheek.

Mr. Everding pulled the lovers apart, and told them to hold hands and smile triumphantly at each other. "Y have both won," he said. "Then-arrrragh!—you take her like a wi beast!" He grabbed Miss Dunn in bear hug that bent her stiff dress sligh ly out of shape.

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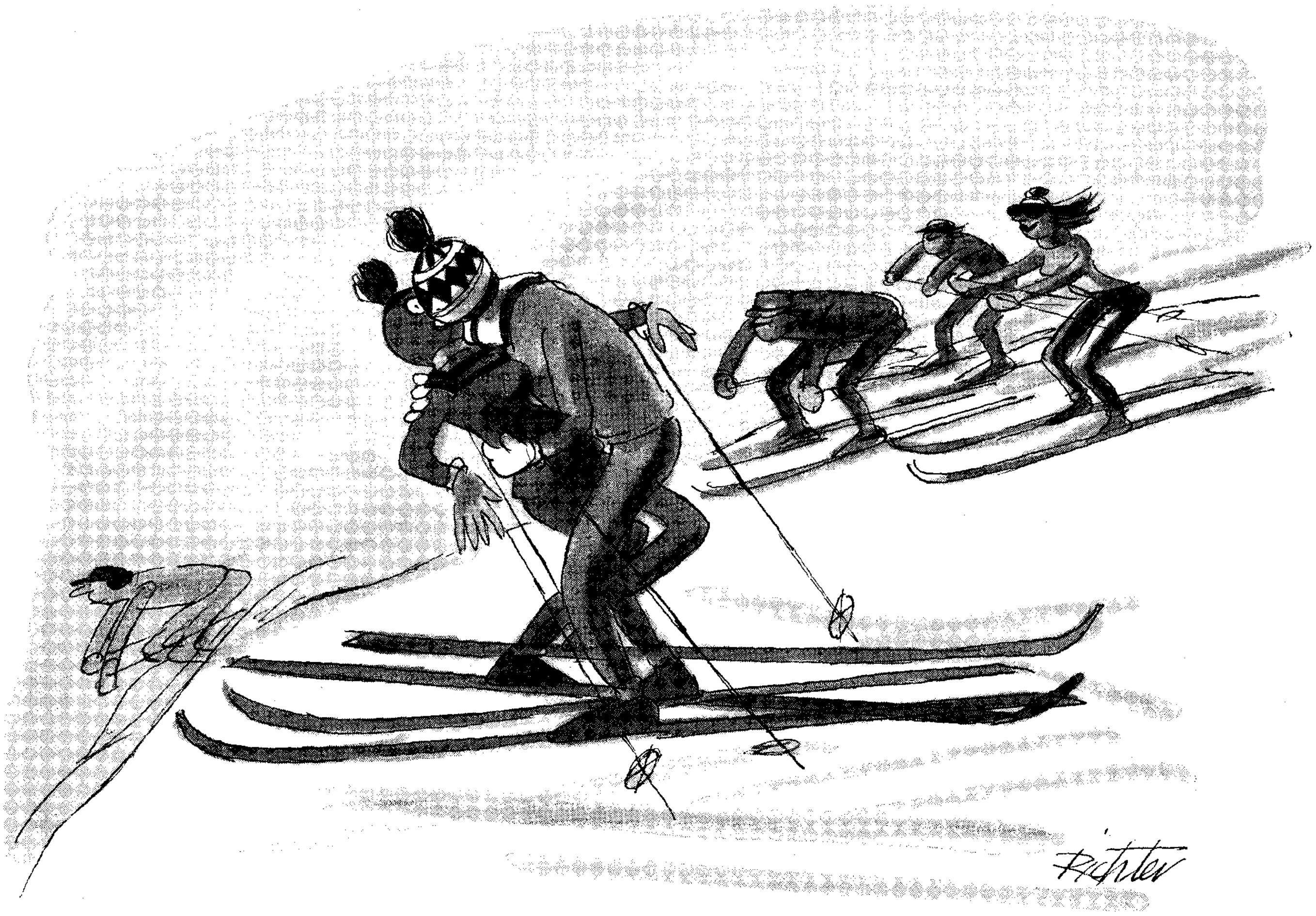
When Mr. Everding had finish with the singers, we asked him to t us something about his approach "Boris." "It must be realistic, but wit out realistic sets," he said, "and t action must flow continuously, which why we have those dangerous changes. I chose Ming Cho Lee as t designer because he is very good making skeletons that hint at places a situations. He knows how to abbrevia and I know how to fill up a stage. V finish not with the death of Boris the conventional ending—but w Moussorgsky's final scene, the revol tionary army coming from Polar This is because the Russian people pl a crucial role in this opera. In the fi scene, they are hired supers forced the police to beg Boris to become Cz In the coronation scene, they are blind mob following a Führer w promises them bread and circuses something the real Boris did to stay power. In the scene outside St. Basi Church, the people are starving and b coming desperate. Then, in the fin Kromy Forest scene, they turn into revolutionary mob, totally out of co trol, and they march off to Mosc with Dimitri."

We returned to the auditorium w Mr. Everding and asked him where planned to station himself on openi night.

"Nowhere," he said. "I come bef and give everybody greetings, and come again for the bows. If I am in t house and something terrible happe I would sit and think, Are you crazy work all these months for nothin Then I would probably run up on t stage and scream. So on my openi nights I always stay home."

Forty Years On

THE only people we knew at t recent fortieth-birthday cha pagne gala of the Wine and Food S ciety of New York, at the Rainb Room—which has also just turn forty—were the old curmudgeon a a beautiful young therapist nam Elaine Cariello. Well, there was a a good-looking woman in black w told us we looked familiar, but it turn out we bore a close resemblance her father as a younger man. She ca over when we were eating our w through some hors d'oeuvres colle ed from the buffet by the curmudge



“Please, Edgar! Everyone’s staring!”

• •

Peking duck, chicken-liver pâté, Indonesian pork satés, and ballotine of pheasant with persimmon sauce—and washing them down with one of thirteen champagnes on hand. “I’m sorry that I’m not familiar,” the curmudgeon told the woman in black. The hors d’oeuvres were the work of student chefs at two schools of cooking—the New York City Community College, in Brooklyn, and the Culinary Institute of America, in Hyde Park. The curmudgeon talked with Fritz Sonnenschmidt, an instructional coördinator at the Culinary Institute, and was delighted to discover that the school has fourteen hundred students. He said he hoped they would soon be sent out to do missionary work in the provinces. Elaine Cariello arrived late, in a peach outfit trimmed with champagne lace. She explained that she had gone to Bloomingdale’s that afternoon and bought a new long black dress for the party, but when she got home and put it on she had decided she looked as if she were dressed for a funeral, so she had hopped in a cab and gone back to Bloomie’s and bought the peach outfit. The curmudgeon was wearing a dinner jacket, as were all the other gents in the room, except for one young fellow squeezed into his father’s old tailcoat, which first saw service during the first year of the Rainbow Room. The curmudgeon had had to work fast to assemble the hors d’oeuvres, because Wine and Food Society people turn up on time for parties and get right to work on the food.

Forty birthday cakes, baked for the gala by forty New York *boulangers*, were on display on the way in to dinner. There was a huge nut roll from The Ginger Man, a cake with what looked like a pigeon on it from the Top of the Park, a sort of royal barge from the Café Argenteuil, a pyramid of bonbons from Barbetta, and chocolate arabesques from Greenberg’s. The kids from the New York City Community College had baked a green cake with a champagne bottle standing in the middle of it. When we sat down to dinner, there were fifty-four wineglasses on the table—six glasses to a person, nine people at the table. One of the people was Joseph Baum, the man who had created the dinner. He is a former Restaurant Associate, and he is going to run all the new restaurants at the World Trade Center. Also at the table was Eugene Colley, a man who has thirty McDonald’s franchises. We ate bisque Nantua with Breaux Bridge crayfish (the first of the season, Joseph Baum said); braised noisette of veal with timbale of watercress and avorio rice; and truffled quail André Simon, named after the founder of the Wine and Food Society, a man who once said, “I owe so much to wine—my bodily and mental fitness.”

Elaine examined her napkin ring very carefully. We asked her what she was doing.

“Just exploring my environment,” she said. “Like any three-year-old.”

The curmudgeon was particularly impressed by the fact that the waiters all had white cotton gloves on, and explained that that was traditional in Europe, and also that the conductors and ticket takers on crack Japanese express trains always wear white gloves.

There was a dance band playing songs from the twenties and thirties, which pleased Elaine, because she said she had just been listening to all her old Lester Lanin records. And there was entertainment by officers of the Wine and Food Society, which the curmudgeon snoozed through. Our table got to eat the Barbetta tower of confectionery, and the table was soon surrounded by Wine and

Fooders from other tables, who said, "You really ought to give us the rest of your cake, you know. Everybody's *sharing*."

After dinner, Joseph Baum offered the curmudge a glass of rare brandy.

"No, thank you," said the o.c. "After dinner, I list to port."

Daytime Dancing

IT'S too bad that more people don't go dancing during the day. It's cheaper than squash, more fun than duckpin bowling, and less humiliating than crashing cocktail parties. A lot of the people who now take their exercise on escalators would be improved by vigorous daytime dancing. There are some kinds of daytime dancing that are always available. There are taxi-dancing places that open before breakfast, and there are patches of sidewalk (outside record stores) where the dancing never stops. Unfortunately, respectable organized daytime dancing is harder to come by. The other day, however, we came by a vigorous tea dance. It was held in the Carlyle by Peter Sharp, who owns the Carlyle, and Ahmet Ertegun, chairman of Atlantic Records, in honor of Robert Short, the well-bred singer. Lester Lanin's orchestra played. Lester Lanin *himself* conducted the orchestra. Mr. Lanin is one of those men for whom the word "sprightly" was invented. We conferred with Mr. Lanin about the status of daytime dancing. "Well, we've recently played at a number of tea dances in Toledo and Akron," he said. "They still call them *thés dansants* out there. We used to play so many. Now it's only in the Middle West."

We ran into a striking girl with frizzled hair, who said she was having a good time and wouldn't leave the dance floor. "I mean," she said. "I went to all those *schools*. I was *miserable* for all those years, and all I learned how to do was dance to Lester Lanin. And, I mean, how many times do you get to *do* it anymore?" This young lady told us that she thought dancing during the day was wonderful and "very sexy"—which was a good thing, because New York was getting "very unsexy." "Where are all the *men* in New York?" the girl with frizzled hair asked. "I mean, at least there are *men* here to *dance* with. It's very *exciting*."

We talked with the wife of a well-known senator, who said that she hadn't danced in the afternoon since she took the subway in from Brooklyn to dance at the Biltmore. Then we asked Earl McGrath, who works for Atlantic Records, when the last time he had danced in the daytime was. "Yesterday afternoon," said Mr. McGrath. "At the Tango Palace. Forty-eighth Street and Broadway." W talked with a man who lived in Can bridge, and who told us that there ha been ballroom dancing in Dunst House this year. And then we talke with Nesuhi Ertegun, of Atlantic Re ords, who told us that one reason Lest Lanin was sounding so good was th: Ray Nance, who played violin an trumpet with Duke Ellington, and t trombonist Big Chief Russell Moo were in his band. We told Nesuhi Ert gun that they were still holding *th dansants* in Toledo and Akron. "Th: is where the good traditions remain. he said.

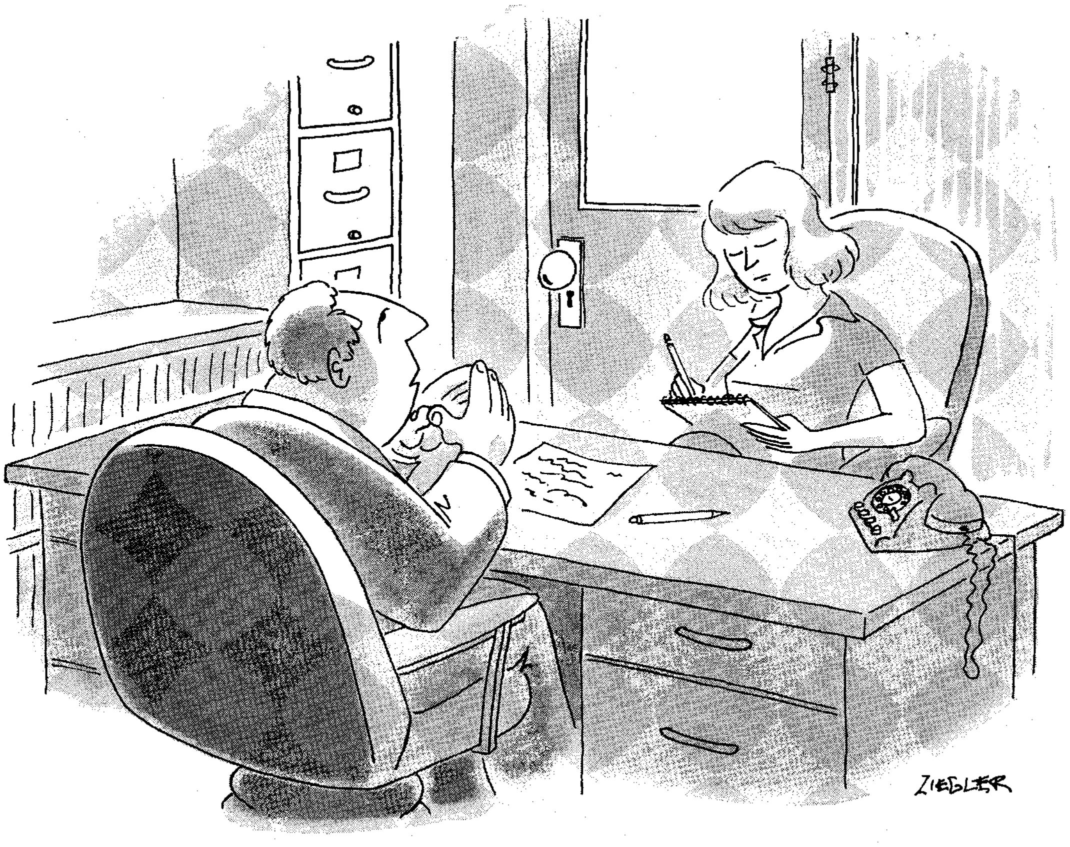
After hours and hours of vigoro daytime dancing (and a little tea), v left the Carlyle. On the way out, v noticed Sly Stone, the important blac singer, who hadn't danced once, ar we noticed Alice Faye. We asked Mi Faye when she had last been to a t dance. "I've never been to a tea dan before," Alice Faye said. "This is n first tea dance."

•

ALSO, we have a report from o young friend Jamaica Kincaid:

Every Friday, from noon to thr o'clock, the young, upward-mobil fun-loving, always-on-the-go set lun and dance at La Martinique, a blac discothèque at 57 West Fifty-seven Street. Now, there are a few cultur traits that black people m want to deny (why, I'll nev quite know), but there a some that they just can't e cape. For instance, they can deny that they know how make dancing music bett than anyone else, that they gi better parties than anyone els that they are better at dancin spontaneously than anyo else. The spirit of these thr things makes a successful di cothèque, and black disc thèques are better than an one else's. I visited La Ma tinique a couple of Frida ago, and here are some of t things I noticed about t place.

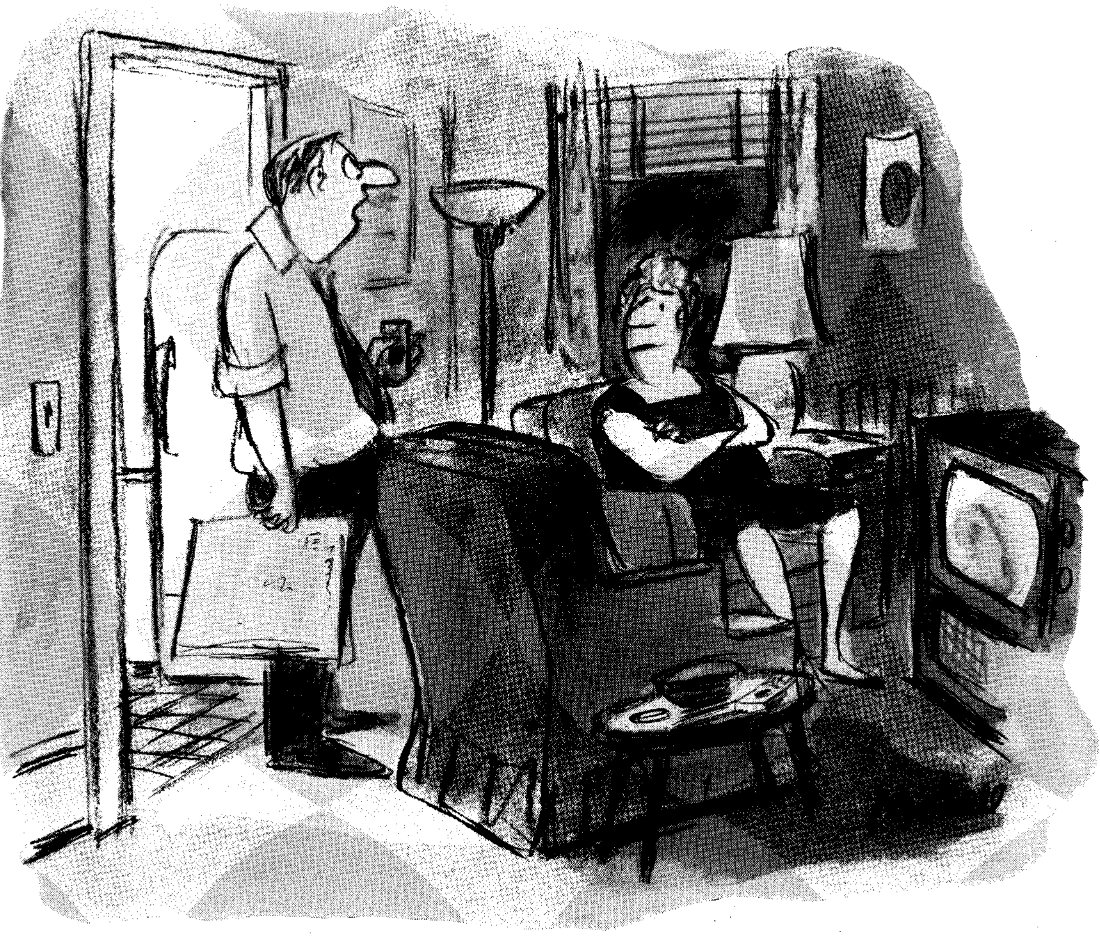
La Martinique is a ve welcoming discothèque. has real-wood chairs at sma fake-marble-topped tables, so lighting, a large dance flo that always seems fresh sanded, a bar where you wi get good Screwdrivers (an it would be wise not to hav anything but), and a cigarette machine that charg seventy-five cents for a pa



"January sixth standard salutation comma new paragraph blah blah and so forth and so on et cetera et cetera sincerely J.W.G."

of cigarettes and takes only quarters.

In the evenings, La Martinique becomes a regular discothèque, and the people who are responsible for the evening entertainment are not the same people who put on the lunchtime dancing affair. The people responsible for the lunchtime dancing are Pjay Jackson, a secretary with an advertising agency; Roni Boyette; and Marvin Gathers. Pjay and the two men have a corporation that they call The Open Nose Production. It's a unny name but not unusual. It seems that whenever two or more black people go into the disco-party business in New York they give hemselves names like A Nautilus Production or A Critical Path Production or The Winston Collection. Usually, at a disco party given by any one of the groups mentioned above, ou are expressly forbidden o wear bluejeans, sneakers, or any other kind of clothng that will make you look overty-stricken.



"Get your own beer. I'm not Hudson, you know."

• •

Here are some of the things I noiced about the people at La Martinique:

The people who go dancing there at lunch offer a special look at a new class of black people. It's the class whose men are particularly fond of well-taiored suits made up in a polyester fabic, wear moderately high-heeled shoes, have their hair styled in a small, neat Afro, smoke Kool or Pall Mall cigarettes, and never say to a young lady, "Hey, sugah, what you doin'?" Clarence McDade, a sales representative for OHJ Industries, at 1345 Sixth Avenue, s a good example of this. He was wearng a maroon suit that was sedate in cut and fit. He said about dancing at unchtime at La Martinique, "I come here on Fridays because it's a way of etting off tensions. The setup is nice, the crowd is nice, most of the men are unior executives, like myself. When I go dancing in the evening, I usually patronize places like Leviticus, Gatsby's, and Nemo's, but every Friday I come here."

The women look something like this: pants suits or stylishly cut dresses made from another kind of polyester fabric, six-inch wedge platform shoes, plastic jewelry, and hair styles that suggest the use of a great deal of Dixie Peach Bergamot, a perfumed hairdressing pomade. This genre of black-female grooming has two things going for it: it is constantly pushed in the magazine *Essence*, and it is often marketed under the heading "Easy Elegance."

Dancing at lunchtime at La Martinique is reasonably priced. Not only will two-fifty allow you to dance but it will also entitle you to a lunch of cold cuts, salad, and fruit. The music isn't the top of black pop that you hear in most white discothèques. All the time I was there, I didn't hear my favorite song, "Kung Fu Fighting." The music that Ray, the resident d.j., is most fond of is long album cuts by B. T. Express, L.T.D., MFSB, Brian Auger, Manu Dibango, Hot Chocolate, The Bar-Kays, and the Average White Band.

There is one advantage to going dancing in the daytime, and Jimmy Jackson, who works at a post office somewhere in Brooklyn, pointed it out to me just before I left. "I work during the nights, so it's hard for me to get out," he said. "This is just the right thing for me."

Actually, it's just the right thing for everybody. This is not the first time I've danced in the middle of the day on Friday. When I was a little girl, in something like the equivalent of kindergarten, in the Caribbean, every Friday we got a longer recess period than on the other days of the week. Then some of us would gather at one end of the schoolyard, grab each other around the waist, and start dancing up and down while we chanted "Tee la la la, congo. Tee la la la, congo." We didn't know what it meant, but we would chant it over and over again until the end of the recess. I liked Fridays just for that. It was the one time I was free to be sweaty and have fun. I also liked it because, according to my teacher, Mrs. Tanner—a very fat lady, whom we called Muddy Bottom Tanner behind her back—our behavior was becoming only to savages. How I did want to be a little savage! I bet they never had to take cod-liver oil every day, or eat porridge in the mornings, or wear cotton anklets when all the other girls were wearing nylon anklets. And, after not having to do any of that, they probably got to "Tee la la la" every day for as long as they liked. Mrs. Tanner would not understand or approve of lunchtime dancing at La Martinique.

THE ANALYTIC NAPKIN

RECENT work by Frimkin and Eliscu has brought to light valuable new material about the origin and development of the analytic napkin. It is not generally realized outside of psychoanalytic circles that the placement by the analyst of a small square of absorbent paper at the head of the analysand's chair or couch at the start of each session is a ritual whose origins are rooted in the very beginnings of analysis, even predating the discovery of infant sexuality. Indeed, references to a "sticky problem" ("*eines Entführung bezitsung*") appear as early as 1886, in a letter the young Freud wrote to his mentor Breuer:

> I am convinced that "hysterical symptoms," so-called, are nothing but the emergence of long-buried psycho-neurotic conflicts [*bezitsunger Entführung*]. Does that sound crazy? More important, how can I keep the back of the patient's chair from becoming so soiled [*ganz geschmutzig*]? They come in, they put their heads back—one week and already my upholstery has a spot the size of a *Sacher Torte.*
>
> With warm regards,
>
> FREUD

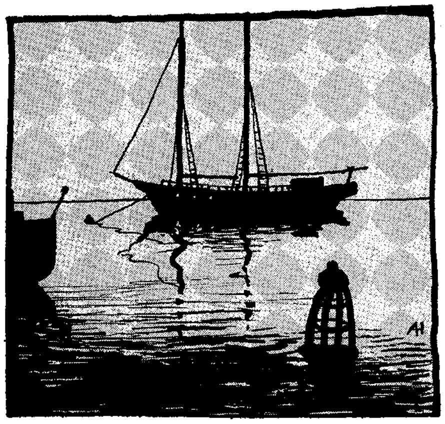
Breuer's reply is not known, of course, because of the curious manner in which he conducted his correspondence. (Breuer was unreasonably afraid that samples of his handwriting might fall into the hands of his "many powerful enemies;" therefore, upon receiving a letter, he would carefully draft a reply, take it to the addressee's home, read it aloud to him, and then tear it to shreds. He claimed that this behavior saved him a fortune in postage, although Mrs. Breuer opined that her husband's head was lined with "wall-to-wall kugel.") Breuer's only public statement on the napkin question was made during a demonstration of hypnosis, when he remarked that "a patient in a trance can be induced to stand on his feet for an entire treatment and never know the difference."

It is perhaps ironic—or, as Ernest Jones put it, "not ironic at all"—that the napkin problem should have emerged at a time when the antimacassar was attaining universal acceptance by the East European intelligentsia. Freud, however, abhorred simplistic solutions, and sought more profound answers. Failing to find these, he sought more complicated questions. In any event, he rejected the use of antimacassars as "Victorian, confining, and repressive—everything I am fighting against. Besides, they are too bumpy." The extent of the problem, however, can be inferred from a perusal of Freud's professional expenses incurred for April, 1886, his first month of private practice:

WAITING ROOM	
3 coat hooks @ 5 kreuzer	15 kr.
2 chairs @ 20 gulden	40 fl.
1 ashtray	8 kr.
16 issues *Viennese Life* magazine, 1861-77 period	2 fl., 8 kr.
1 framed Turner reproduction, "Cows in a Field"	16 fl.
CONSULTING ROOM	
3 doz. medium-hard pencils	18 kr.
9 writing tablets, unlined, in "easy-eye green"	2 fl., 14 kr.
Certificates & diplomas, framing and mounting	7 fl.
"Complete Works of Goethe" (18 vols.)	40 fl.
"Works of Nietzsche" (abridged, 20 vols.)	34 fl.
"Simple Card Tricks You Can Do" (pocket edition)	20 kr.
1 clock	8 fl.
Dry-cleaning and spotting upholstery	240 fl.

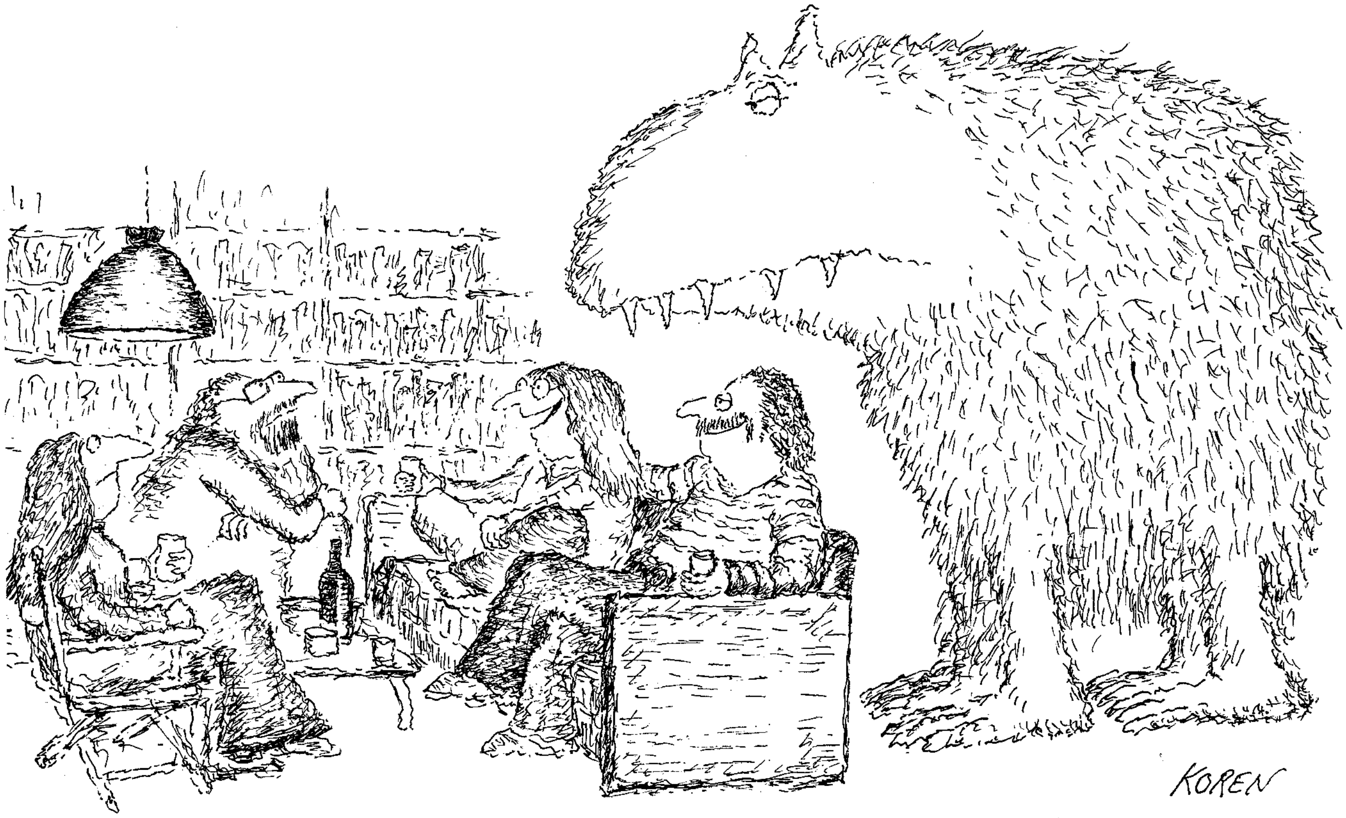
"At this rate," Freud wrote to Koller, "every neurasthenic I treat this year should set me back in the neighborhood of four hundred gulden. Pretty soon, *I'll* be needing some treatment, eh? Ha, ha." On the advice of Charcot, Freud had his housekeeper apply a solution of nux vomica and lye to his consulting chair after each session—a remedy that was hastily abandoned when a patient, Theo F., brought a legal complaint of massive hair loss directly traceable to consultations with the young neurologist. Freud managed to mollify the unfortunate man with a sampler of marzipan and a warm fur hat, but his reputation in Vienna had been shaken.

THE early practitioners of psychoanalysis devised artful stopgap solutions to the problem of the napkin. For a time, Jung met his patients at a furniture store, where, under the pretext of inspecting a couch, he would conduct an analytic session. After fifty minutes, patient and doctor would depart, Jung explaining to the salesman that they wanted to "shop around a little more." By contrast, Ferenczi required his patients to lie face down on the consulting couch—a procedure that eliminated all stains but a small nose smudge. However, the patients' constant mumblings into the upholstery caused Ferenczi to become enraged, and he finally abandoned this technique. Klein, claiming that he was only trying to "lighten up" what was "an already dreary enough business," asked his patients to wear cone-shaped party hats during their session hours. The real reason, of course, was to protect Klein's couch, a flamboyant chesterfield covered in pale-lemon bombazine



Freud launched his own systematic research program by scouring Vienna for fabric samples, which he placed on the upper portion of his couch, a different sample being assigned to each patient. One case, that of a man who was analyzed on a folded barbecue apron became the subject of an extended monograph of Freud's on hallucinations and hysteria. The apron had been presented to Freud by Charcot, and bore the legend "*König von die Küche*" ("King of the Kitchen"). An apparently severe olfactory hallucination (old cabbage) reported by the patien during his analysis eventually proved to have its source in the apron, and Freud was forced to withdraw his paper. To conceal his disappointment, he invited the man to a coffeehouse, but at the las moment changed his mind and instead sent Adler to meet him. Unfortunately, Adler became distracted in the process of flattening kreuzer on the trolley tracks and arrived a day late (This episode was often referred to sarcastically by Freud, and provided the basis for the later break between him and Adler.)

In a series of unattended lecture (May, 1906), Freud crystallized the need for a resolution of the "sofa problem," as he termed it. "Something small and protective, yet flexible," he wrote in his notes, "ought to be placed beneath (or possibly wrapped around) the patient's head. Perhaps a small rug or some sort of cloth." It was severa decades before the notion of a napkin would surface, but during a summe



"We deal with it by talking about it."

• •

isit to Manchester, England, during hich Freud presented his half sister ith a bookend, he purchased a bolt of apanese silk, which he sent to Vienna nd caused to be cut up into small quares. The new material seemed to e working admirably, until an unxpected occurrence shattered his illuons. From his notebook:

> OCTOBER 8. Especially crisp fall day. Treating Otto P., a petty official of the ureau of Wursts. Classic psycho-neuosis: inability either to go to sleep or reain awake. Patient, while recounting gnificant dream, thrashed about on the ouch. Because of the extremely cool cliate, extensive static electricity caused e silk to cling to the patient's hair hen he rose to leave at the end of the ession. Analytic propriety, plus the deliacy of the transference, prevented me rom mentioning the situation and I erely bade him good day.

Upon reaching home, Otto P. was ortified to find a square of cloth adering to the back of his head, and he ublicly accused Freud of insensitiveess and willful japery. An anti-Semitic ournalist claimed that Freud had atempted to impose his own ethnic cusoms on a patient. The outcry raged or months, severely taxing Freud's nergies, and only after it had abated ould he enter in his journal, with wry isight: "Clearly, silk is not the anwer—unless perhaps it is first dampned."

Freud's tentative moves in the diection of an all-purpose analytic napkin inspired others to ponder the matter. At the Weimar Congress, Bleuler called for a standardization of napkin technique. A lively debate ensued, with a variety of shapes, sizes, and materials finding ready champions. Abraham favored classical antimacassars, while Jung was partial to jute placemats, which he imported from a private source in Africa. The purist Holtz (it was he who in 1935 criticized Freud for not being Freudian enough) ridiculed the whole notion of a napkin and advocated "six couches, to be changed daily, like underwear." Liebner, who detested Holtz, suggested that the material of the napkin vary with the patient's complaint; Freud then recalled that he had had no success in treating the celebrated "Wolf Man" until he tried a scrap of terry cloth, to which the patient developed a massive transference. In a culminating speech at Weimar, Freud outlined his vision of the ideal solution: "Hygienic, disposable, inexpensive, and without any referential value whatsoever. I dream of a totally affect-less napkin that every analyst can afford."

Freud's experimental early napkins (many of which are still in private collections) show this drive toward simplicity and clarity—swatches of wool, gabardine, madras, burlap, and unbleached muslin, and, finally, a double layer of cheesecloth. He was making notes on the use of blotting paper when the Anschluss forced him to leave for London. Later that week in Vienna, the Nazis publicly burned most of his napkin file, including an irreplaceable sampler knitted by Lionel Walter, the Baron Rothschild.

The enormous current popularity of psychoanalysis in the United States is easily explained by the napkin historian. American technological know-how, plus the easy availability of materials, provided the answer Freud and his early disciples searched for but never found. In 1946, after extensive research at Mount Sinai Hospital, a team of pillow scientists at the Kimberly-Clark paper company test-marketed a prototype napkin in the analytic communities of Boston, New York, and Los Angeles. It was a double-ply, semi-absorbent, bleached-wood-fibre product, with a forty-per-cent rag content and an embossed edge. The response was overwhelming, and the course of psychoanalysis was forever altered. As Dr. Neimann Fek said, expressing the gratitude of his colleagues, "It took seventy years before we perfected the beard and the fee. Now, finally, the napkin. No one need ever be crazy again." —MARSHALL BRICKMAN

•

HORSE needs ride to San Diego. Will pay and/or drive.—*Adv. in the Palo Alto (Calif.) Times.*

What's going on in San Diego?

THE ADMIRER

FIRST, she wrote me a long letter full of praise. Among other things, she said that my books had helped her “find” herself. Then she called and arranged a meeting. Soon afterward, she called again, since it turned out she already had an engagement that day, and she proposed another. Two days later, a long telegram came. It seemed that she would be visiting a paralyzed aunt on the new meeting day. I had never received such a long telegram, with such fancy English words. A call followed, and we settled on a new date. During an earlier telephone conversation I had mentioned that I admired Thomas Hardy. In a few days a messenger brought a luxuriously bound set of Thomas Hardy’s works. My admirer’s name was Elizabeth Abigail de Sollar—a remarkable name for a woman whose mother, she told me, came from the Polish town of Klendev, the daughter of the local rabbi.

On the day of the visit I cleaned my apartment and put all my manuscripts and unanswered letters in the laundry hamper. My guest was due at eleven. At twenty-five past eleven the phone rang and Elizabeth Abigail de Sollar shrieked, “You gave me a phony address! There is no such building!”

It seemed she had mistaken East Side for West. I now told her precisely how to find me. Once she got to my street on the West Side, she should enter a gate bearing the number she had. The gate opened onto a courtyard. There she would find an entrance with a different number, which I gave her, and I explained that I lived on the eleventh floor. The passenger elevator happened not to be working and she would have to use the service elevator. Elizabeth Abigail de Sollar repeated all my directions and tried to find a pencil and a notebook in her handbag to write them down, but at that moment the operator demanded a nickel. Elizabeth Abigail de Sollar didn’t have a nickel, and breathlessly she uttered the number of the phone booth from which she was calling. I called her at once, but no one answered. I must have dialled the wrong number. I picked up a book and began to read from where I opened it in the middle. Since she had my address and phone number, she would show up sooner or later. I didn’t manage to get to the end of the paragraph when the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver and heard a man cough, stammer, and clear his throat. After a while he regained his voice and said, “My name is Oliver Leslie de Sollar. May I speak to my wife?”

“Your wife made a mistake and went to a wrong address. She should be here soon.”

“Excuse me for disturbing you, but our child has suddenly got sick. She started coughing violently and choking, and I don’t know what to do. She suffers from asthma. Elizabeth has drops for these emergencies, but I can’t find them. I’m distraught.”

“Call a doctor! Call an ambulance!” I shouted into the mouthpiece.

“Our doctor isn’t in his office. One second, excuse me . . .”

I waited a few minutes, but Oliver Leslie de Sollar didn’t come back and I hung up the receiver. “That’s what happens when you deal with people—right away complications arise,” I said to myself. “The deed itself is a sin,” I mentally quoted an Indian sacred book—but which one? Was it the Bhagavad Gita or the Dharmapada? I the child choked to death, God forbid I would be indirectly responsible.

My doorbell rang in a long and insistent summons. I hurried to open i and saw a young woman with blond hair falling to her shoulders, a straw hat, with flowers and cherries, of the kind worn when I was still a cheder boy, a white blouse with lace at the neckline and sleeves, a black embroidered skirt, and buttoned shoes. Although it was sunny outside, she carried an umbrella with ribbons and bows—all in all, a photograph come to life from an album. Before she could even close the door behind her, I said “Your husband just called. I don’ wish to alarm you, but your child i having an attack of asthma and your husband can’t get a doctor. He want to know where the drops are.”

I was sure my visitor would dash to the telephone, which stood on a table in the hall, but instead she measured me with her eyes from head to toe, then back again, while a sweet smile spread across her face. “Yes, it’s you!” She held out a hand in a white glove reaching to the elbow and presented me with a package wrapped in shiny black paper and tied in a red ribbon. “Don’ be concerned,” she said. “He does thi every time I go somewhere. He can’ stand my leaving the house. It’s pure hysteria.”

“What about the child?”

“Bibi is as stubborn as her father She doesn’t want to let me out of the house, either. She’s hi child from a forme wife.”

“Please come in Thank you for the present.”

“Oh, you filled a gap in my life. I’ve always been a stranger to myself. By chance I discovered one of your novels in a bookstore and from then on I’ve read everything you’ve written. I believe I’ve told you that I’m the Klendev rabbi’s grandchild. That’s on my mother’s side. On my father’s side I stem from adventurers.”

She followed me into the living room. She was short and slim,

SLIGHTLY
IRREGULAR
4.95-5.95
HIGHLY
IRREGULAR
1.95 2.95

ith a smooth, white in seldom seen in lults. Her eyes were le blue tinged with llow, and somewhat uinty. Her nose was rrow and on the ng side, her lips thin, r chin receding and inted. She had on no smetics. Usually I rm a concept of a rson from the face presents, but I uldn't form a clear e of this young man. Not healthy, thought: sensitive, stocratic. Her Eng- n seemed to me not nerican but foreign. I chatted with her d asked her to have a t on the sofa, I un- apped the package d took out a Ouija rd with a planchette, viously handmade, of stly wood and edged bone.

She said, "I gather m your stories that you're interested the occult, and I hope this is a fitting t."

"Oh, you give me too many gifts."

"You've earned them all."

I asked her questions, and she re- nded willingly. Her father was a ired lawyer. He was separated from zabeth's mother and was living with ther woman in Switzerland. The ther suffered from rheumatism and moved to Arizona. She had a nd there, an old man of eighty. izabeth Abigail had met her husband college. He had been her philosophy fessor. He was also an amateur as- nomer and used to sit up with her f the night at the observatory study- the stars. A Jew? No, Oliver Les- was a Christian, born in England t descended from Basques. Two rs after she married him he became k, fell into a chronic depression, quit job, and settled in a house a few les from Croton-on-Hudson. He had lated himself completely from people. was writing a book on astrology and merology. Elizabeth Abigail smiled smile of those who have long since covered the vanity of all human en- vors. At times her eyes grew melan- ly and even frightened.

I asked her what she did in that se in Croton-on-Hudson and she re- d, "I go crazy. Leslie doesn't speak days or weeks at a time except to i. He tutors her—she doesn't go to school. We do not live as man and wife. For me, books have become the essence of my being. When I find a book that speaks to me, this is a great event in my life. That's why—"

"Come along now, and I'll give you the cast of characters."

• •

"Who takes care of the household?"

"No one, really. We have a neighbor, an ex-farmer who left his family, and he brings us food from the supermarket. At times he cooks for us, too. A simple man, but in his own fashion a philosopher. He is also our chauffeur. Leslie can't drive the car anymore. Our house stands on a hill that's awfully slippery, not only in winter but whenever it rains."

My visitor grew silent. I was already accustomed to the fact that many of those who wrote me or came to see me were eccentrics—odd, lost souls. Elizabeth Abigail happened to resemble my sister slightly. Since she came from Klendev and was a rabbi's grandchild, she might have been my relative. Klendev isn't far from the towns where generations of my ancestors lived.

I asked, "How is it that Bibi is with her father, not her mother?"

Elizabeth replied, "The mother committed suicide."

THE telephone rang and I heard the same stammering and throat clearing I had heard earlier. I immediately called Elizabeth, who approached slowly and with the reluctance of one who knows what's coming. I heard her tell her husband where the drops were and order him sharply not to annoy her again. He spoke at length and she responded with an occasional brief phrase. "What? Well, no." Finally she said, "That I don't know," in a tone of impatience. She came back into the room and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"It's become a system with them—the moment I go somewhere, Bibi gets these chest spasms and her father calls to alarm me. He can never find the drops, which don't help in any case, because her asthma is deliberately brought on by him. This time I didn't even tell him where I was going, but he eavesdrops on me. I wanted to ask you a number of questions, but he has driven them from my mind. Yes, where in heaven's name is this Klendev? I couldn't find it on any map."

"It's a village in the Lublin area."

"Were you ever there?"

"It just so happens that I was. I had left home and someone recommended me for a teaching position there. I gave a single lesson, and the school authorities and I agreed at once that I am no teacher. The very next day I left."

"When was this?"

"In the twenties."

"Oh, my grandfather was no longer living then. He died in 1913."

Although what my visitor had to say held no special interest for me, I listened closely. It was hard for me to believe that only one generation separated her and the Klendev rabbi, his milieu, and his way of life. Her face had in a mysterious fashion molded itself to that of the Anglo-Saxons whose culture she had absorbed. I detected within her traces of other lands, other climates. Could it be that Lysenko was right after all?

The clock showed twelve-thirty and I invited my guest to go downstairs with me for lunch. She said that she didn't eat lunch. The most she might have was some tea, but if I wanted to have lunch, she'd go along with me. After a while we went into the kitchen and I brewed tea. I put cookies on a plate for her and for myself fixed bread with cottage cheese. We sat at a card table, facing each other like a married couple. A cockroach crawled across the table, but neither Elizabeth nor I made any effort to disturb it. The cockroaches in my apartment apparently knew that I was a vegetarian and that I felt no hatred for their species, which is a few hundred million years older than man and which will survive him. Elizabeth had strong tea, with milk, and I had mine weak, with lemon. When I drank, I held a piece of sugar from a cube between my teeth as had been the custom in Bilgoraj and Klendev. She didn't touch the cookies, and gradually I finished them off. There had evolved between us a familiarity that requires no preliminaries.

I heard myself ask, "How long is it since you've stopped sleeping with him?"

Elizabeth began to blush, but when the blood had colored half her face it receded. "I'll tell you something, though you won't believe it."

"I'll believe anything you say."

"I'm physically a virgin." She blurted out the words and seemed astonished to have said them.

To show that she had not shocked me, I said casually, "I thought this was an extinct breed already."

"There is always a Last Mohican."

"You never asked a doctor about the situation?"

"Never."

"What about psychoanalysis?"

"Neither Leslie nor I believes in it."

"Don't you need a man?" I asked, bewildered by my daring.

She raised her glass and took a sip of tea. "Very much so, but I've never met a man I wanted to be with. That's how it was before I met Leslie and that's how it's been since. When I first knew him, I figured that Leslie would be a man to me, but he said that he wanted to wait for marriage. This seemed foolish to me, but we waited. When we were married we made several attempts, but they didn't work out. At times I imagined that the Klendev rabbi wouldn't let it happen because Leslie was a Gentile. After a while we both developed a revulsion toward the whole thing."

"You are both ascetics," I said.

"Eh? I don't know. I indulge in passionate affairs in my daydreams. I've read Freud, Jung, Stekel, but I'm convinced that they cannot help me. I'm amazed at my frankness with you. I've never written to an author before. I generally don't write letters. It's even hard for me to write to my father. Suddenly, I write you and phone you. It's as if one of your dybbuks had entered me. Now that you seem to have opened, so to say, a sealed source within me, I'll tell you something else. Since I've started reading you, you've become the lover in my fantasies—you have driven off all the others."

Elizabeth took another sip of tea. She smiled and added, "Don't get scared. This isn't the purpose of my visit."

I felt a dryness in my throat and had to strain to make my voice emerge clearly. "Tell me about your fantasies."

"Oh, I spend time with you. W
take trips together. You take me alo
to Poland and we visit all the villag
you describe. Strange, but in my imag
nation your voice is the same as yo
voice is now and I can't conceive ho
this can be. Even your accent is as
imagined it. This is something real
irrational."

"Every love is irrational," I sai
embarrassed by my own assumption.

Elizabeth bowed her head and ga
this some thought.

"At times I go to sleep with the
fantasies and they are transformed in
dreams. I see towns full of movemen
I hear Yiddish spoken, and although
don't know the language, I understan
everything in the dream. If I didn
know that these places have been d
stroyed, I would go there to see
everything matches my dreams."

"Nothing matches anymore."

"My mother always spoke to me
her father, the rabbi. She came
America with her mother—my gran
mother—when she was eight. M
grandfather was married for the se
ond time when he was seventy-five
a girl of eighteen, and my mother w
the result of this marriage. Six yea
later, my grandfather died. He le
many exegeses. The whole family pe
ished under the Nazis, and all his man
uscripts were burned. My grandmothe
brought along a small Hebrew boo
he had published and I have it in m
purse in the foyer. Would you lik
to see it?"

"Absolutely."

"Let me wash the dishes. You wa
here. I'll get Grandfather's book an

ON ROUTE 202, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Winter's patchwork being slapped on again
Drubs a young birch to the ground. Spring's thaw
Will uncover this year's dead dog. These old
Mill towns with their French-Canadian names
Still stock the remainders: a Rochambeau
Holds the snowmobile franchise, a Toussé
Runs a run-down sort of *boulangerie*
Down by the river, which is black with leaves.
Discrepancies grow worse when posed against
The mountains, calm but exhilarating,
Repeating their lesson over and over:
Beautiful scenery is never insolvent.

Saturday night in a steepled snow town,
A line is forming at the bowling alley.
Across the street, a tropical fish store
Exhibits its not very exotic items:
Circulating flags of dispirited color,
Small fry glumly running in their tanks,
As if they deplored where chance had placed them—
Somewhere between New York and Boston.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

"Hey, pal! Care to hire an entourage?"

• •

ou can look it over in the time I do hem."

I remained at the table and Elizaeth brought me a slim book entitled "The Outcry of Mordechai." On the itle page the author listed his genelogy, and as I studied it I saw that ny visitor and I were actually related y a connection many centuries back. Ve were both descended from Rabbi Moses Isserles and also from the auhor of "The Revealer of Profundiies." The book by the Klendev rabbi vas a pamphlet against the Radzyń abbi, Reb Gershon Henoch, who beieved that he had found in the Medierranean Sea the murex whose secreion was used in ancient Israel to dye he ritual fringes blue, although it was raditionally accepted that the murex ad been concealed after the destrucion of the Temple and would be ound again only when the Messiah came. Reb Gershon Henoch hadn't reckoned on the storm of protest from the other rabbis, and he directed his followers to wear the blue fringes. This aroused great controversy in the rabbinical world. The pages of "The Outcry of Mordechai" had grown yellow and so dry that pieces flicked off the margins when I leafed through them.

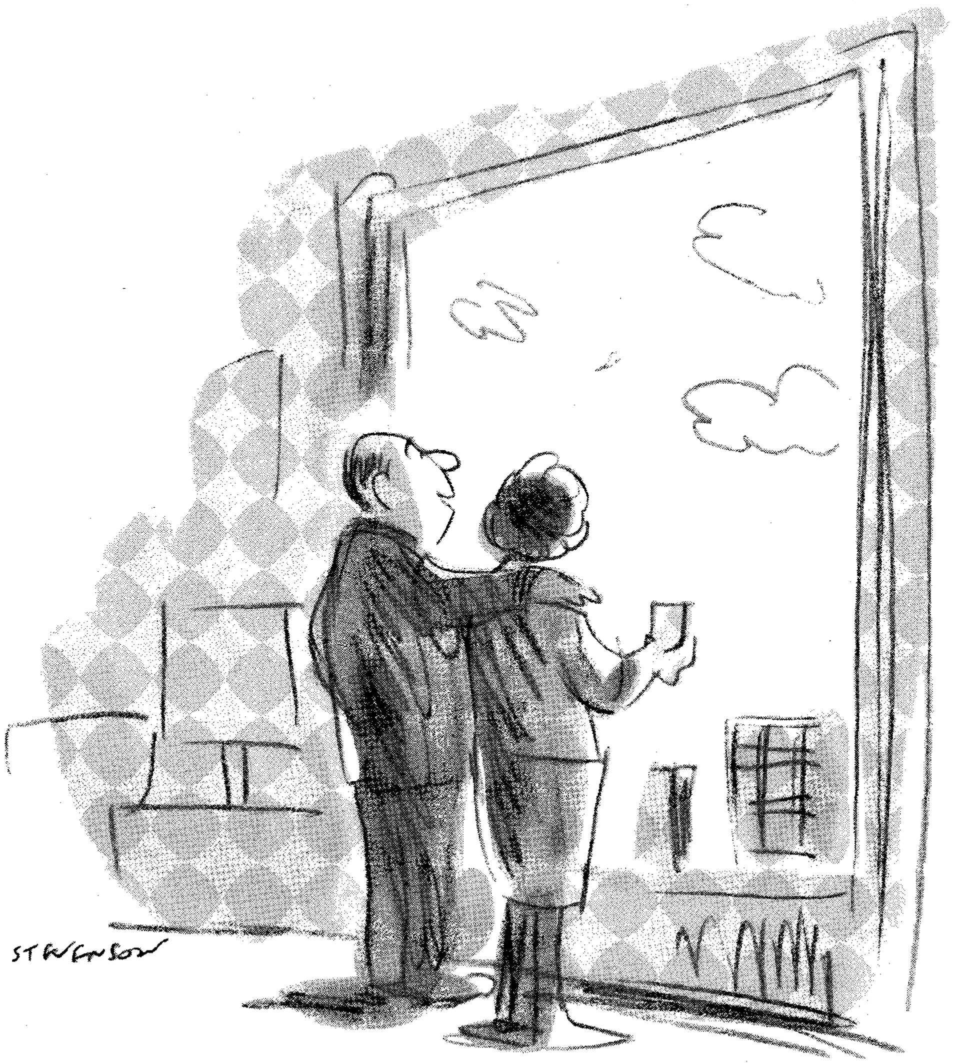
Elizabeth washed the plates and our glasses in the sink with a sponge. "What's written there?" she asked me.

It wasn't easy to explain to Elizabeth de Sollar the dispute between the Radzyń rabbi and the other rabbis and Talmudic scholars of his generation, but I somehow found the words. Her eyes sparkled as she listened. "Fascinating!"

THE telephone rang and I left Elizabeth to answer it. It was Oliver Leslie de Sollar again. I told him that I would fetch his wife, but he said, "Wait. May I have a few words with you?"

"Yes, of course."

Oliver Leslie began to cough and clear his throat. "My daughter, Bibi, nearly died from her attack today. We barely saved her. We have a neighbor here, a Mr. Porter, who is a friend, and he found some medicine that another doctor had once prescribed. She's asleep now. I want you to know that my wife is a sick woman, both physically and spiritually. She has tried to commit suicide twice. The second time, she took so many sleeping pills she had to be kept three days in an iron lung. She has an enormously high opinion of you and is in love with you in her own fashion, but I want to warn you not to encourage her. Our marriage is extremely unhappy, but I'm like a father to her because her own father deserted



"Isn't it great, dear? They'll have 1,320 missiles with MIRVs, and we'll have 1,320 missiles with MIRVs."

• •

her and her mother when Elizabeth was only a child. Her father's indifference instilled in her a puritanism that has made our existence a nightmare. Don't promise her anything, because she lives entirely in a world of illusions. She needs psychiatric care, but she refuses it. I'm sure that you understand and that you will act like a responsible person."

"You may be completely sure."

"She exists on tranquillizers. I used to be a philosophy professor, but after we married I could no longer hold my position. Fortunately, I have wealthy parents who help us. I've suffered so much from her that my own health has deteriorated. This is the type of woman who robs a man of his potency. If, heaven forbid, you became involved with her, your talent would be the first casualty. If she lived in the sixteenth century, she would have been surely burned at the stake as a witch. In the years I've known her, I've come to believe in black magic—as a psychological phenomenon, naturally."

"I hear you're writing a book on astrology."

"Is that what she told you? Nonsense! I'm doing work on Newton's last thirty years and his religious convictions. You undoubtedly know that Newton considered gravity a divine force—the purest expression of godly will. The greatest scientist of all times was also a great mystic. Since gravity controls the universe, it follows that the celestial bodies influence the organic and spiritual world in every manner and form. This is aeons removed from the usual astrology with its horoscopes and other folderol."

"Shall I get your wife?"

"No. Don't tell her I called. She is capable of causing me terrible scandals. She once attacked me with a knife. . . ."

During the time Oliver Leslie had been talking to me, Elizabeth didn't appear. I wondered why it was taking her so long to dry two plates and glasses, but I assumed that she hadn't wanted to disturb my conversation. The moment I hung up I went into the kitchen, but Elizabeth wasn't there. I guessed what had happened. A narrow passage led from the kitchen to my bedroom, where an extension telephone stood on a night table. I opened the door to the passage and Elizabeth was standing on the threshold.

She said, "I had to go to the bathroom."

From the manner in which she sai this—quickly, guiltily, in a defensiv tone—I knew that she was lying. Sh might have been on the way to th bathroom (although how could sh know that this door led to it?) an spied the extension phone. Her eye reflected a blend of anger and mockery. So that's the kind of baggage yo are, I thought. Every trace of restrain I might have felt toward her vanished I put my hands on her shoulders. Sh trembled, and her face assumed th mischievous expression of a little gir caught stealing or dressing up in he mother's clothes.

"For a virgin, you're a shrew piece," I said.

"Yes, I heard everything, and I'l never go back to him," she said in voice grown firmer and younger a well. It was as if she had thrown of a mask she had worn a long time an in that split second become someon else—someone youthful and frolicsome. She pursed her lips as if abou to kiss me. I was overcome with desire for her, but I remembered Olive Leslie's warning. I bent toward he and our eyes came so close I sa only a blueness like that within a grotto. Our lips touched but didn't kis My knees pressed against hers an she began to move backward. Whil I pushed her slightly and playfully, solemn voice admonished me: "Beware! You're falling into a trap!"

At that moment, the phone ran again. I lurched with such force that nearly knocked her over. A ringin telephone evokes a reaction of wild expectations in me—I often compare myself to Pavlov's dogs. For a moment wavered between hurrying forwar into the bedroom or back to the hall then I ran to the hall with Elizabet at my heels. I took up the receiver an she tried to wrest it from me, obviously convinced that her husband was calling again. I thought so myself, but heard a firm, middle-aged female voic ask, "Is Elizabeth de Sollar with you I'm her mother."

At first, I didn't grasp the meaning of the words—in my confusion had forgotten my visitor's name. B on I recovered. "Yes, she is here."

"My name is Mrs. Harvey Lemkin.
just received a call from my son-in-
w, Dr. Leslie de Sollar, telling me
at my daughter is paying you a visit
nd that she left her sick little step-
aughter and all the rest of it. I want
warn you that my daughter is an
motionally ill and irresponsible per-
n. My son-in-law, Professor de Sol-
r, and I have spent a fortune to help
er—with negative results, I am sorry
say. At thirty-three she is still a
hild, although she is highly intelligent
nd writes poems that in my opinion
re remarkable. You are a man and I
n well understand that when a pret-
and greatly gifted young woman
emonstrates her admiration you should
intrigued, but don't let yourself be-
me involved with her. You'll fall
to a mess from which you'll never
cape. Because of her, I've left New
ork, a city I love with all my heart
d soul, and I've buried myself away
ut here in Arizona. My daughter spoke
much of you and praised you so
ghly that I began to read what
u write in English and in Yiddish,
o. I am the Klendev rabbi's daugh-
r and my Yiddish is pretty good. I
uld tell you a lot and I would be
ore than glad to meet you in New
ork—I come there from time to
me—but I beseech you by all that's
oly: Leave my daughter alone!"

The whole time her mother was
eaking, Elizabeth stood apart and
oked at me sidelong, inquisitively,
alf frightened and half ashamed.
he made a gesture as if to come
oser, but I motioned her away
ith my left hand. She made me
ink of a schoolgirl listening to a
acher or principal accuse her in
ont of her parents and unable to
strain herself from denying the
harges. Her mother's voice was so
ud she would have heard every
ord. Just when I was about to
ake some reply, Elizabeth jumped
rward, tore the receiver from my
and, and exclaimed in a wailing
oice, "Mother, I'll never forgive
u! Never! Never! You're no
nger my mother and I'm no
nger your child! You sold me to
psychopath, a capon. . . . I don't
eed your money and I don't need
ou! Whenever I might snatch a
oment's happiness you spoil it all
r me. You're my worst enemy.
'll kill you! I'll leave you a corpse
r what you're doing to me. . . .
itch! Whore! Thief! Criminal!
'ou sleep with an eighty-year-old
angster for money! I spit on you!
spit, spit, spit, spit!"

I stood there and watched foam bubble from her mouth. She bent over and writhed in pain. She clutched at the wall. I reached out to help her, but at that moment she fell with a crash, dragging the telephone down with her. She lay cramped and tossing, while one hand beat rapidly against the floor as if she were trying to signal the tenant below. Her mouth twisted and I heard a gasping growl. I knew what was happening—Elizabeth had suffered an epileptic fit. I lifted the phone and yelled into the mouthpiece, "Mrs. Lemkin, your daughter is having a seizure!" But the connection was broken. Should I call an ambulance? How did one go about doing that? My telephone had apparently stopped working. I wanted to open the window and call for help, but in the clamor and clang of Broadway no one would hear me from the eleventh floor. Instead, I ran into the kitchen, filled a glass with water, and poured it on Elizabeth's face. This caused her to bellow weirdly, and saliva sprayed my forehead. I rushed out into the corridor and began to pound on my neighbor's door, but no one answered. Only now did I notice that a stack of magazines and envelopes lay on his threshold. I turned to go back to my apartment and to my consternation saw that I had let the door slam shut. I didn't have the key on me. I pushed the door with all my might, but I'm not one of those bruisers who can break down a door.

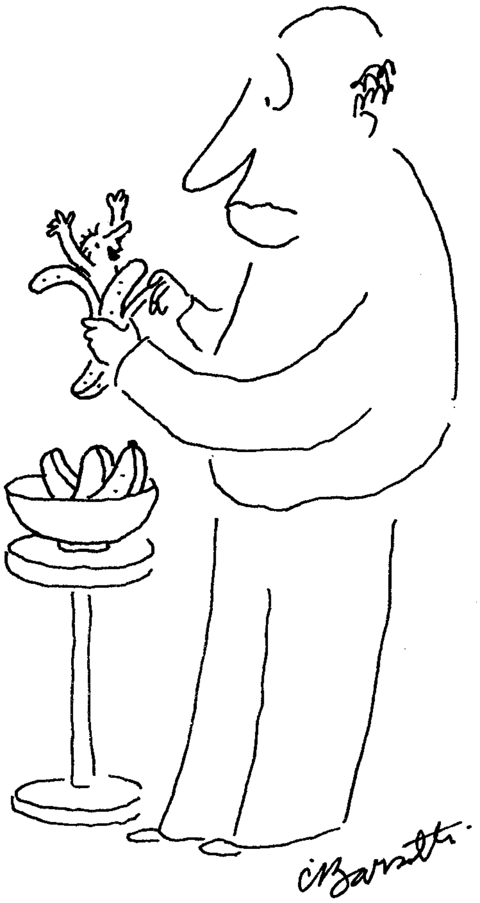
In all my desperation I remembered that a duplicate key to my apartment hung in the office in the courtyard. I could also ask there that an ambulance be called. I realized full well what charges Elizabeth's husband and mother could bring against me in the event she died in my apartment. They might even accuse me of murder. . . . I pressed the button for the service elevator and the pointer showed that it was standing on the seventeenth floor. I ran down the stairs, and in my mind—perhaps even aloud—I cursed the day I was born. As I ran, I heard the service elevator descending. I reached the lobby, and two moving men had the exit blocked with a sofa. Someone on the seventeenth floor was moving out. The lobby was filled with furniture, flower urns, stacks of books. I asked the men to let me pass, but they pretended not to hear. Well, I thought, this visit will be the death of me. Then I remembered that on the sixth floor lived a typesetter from the newspaper of which I was a staff member. If anyone in the family was home, he would help me call an ambulance and phone the office about a duplicate key. I started to run up the stairs to the sixth floor. My heart pounded and I broke out in a sweat. I rang the doorbell of the typesetter's apartment, but no one answered. I was prepared to run downstairs again when the door parted the length of the chain. I saw an eye, and a female voice asked, "What do you want?"

I began to explain to the woman what had happened. I spoke in clipped sentences and with the frenzy of one in mortal danger. The woman's single eye bored through me. "I'm not the lady of the house. They're abroad. I'm a cousin."

"I beg you to help me. Believe me that I'm no thief or robber. Your cousin sets all my manuscripts. Maybe you've heard my name?"

I mentioned the name of the newspaper, I even cited the titles of several of my books, but she had never heard of me. After some hesitation, she said, "I can't let you in. You know how it is these days. Wait here, I'll call the office on the house phone. Tell me your name again."

I repeated my name for her, gave her the number of my apartment, and thanked her profusely. She closed the door. I expected that any minute she would inform me she



"Surprise!"

FRESH WIND IN VENICE

North of one island,
Where the tall tenements of old Jews freed by Napoleon
Look and grieve stubbornly,

I found the fine gauze of willow that gathers.
It is the sea's fragrance that gathers
Me heavily, more and more.

Out of this city, a slippery gathering
Of cities left empty, I went up there
North of one island,

And it is no use to try to gather
Anything new out of Venice, even the sea,
Even the dark eyes of the faces.

The only thing new in it is the light gathers
Gauze on willow
North of one island.

North of the city where factories
Murder the sun and what is left of the city
I found the sea gathering.

I found the sea gathering
All that was left.

—James Wright

• •

had called the office and help was on the way, but seven minutes went by and the door didn't open. I stood there, tense and miserable, and took a quick reckoning of man and his existence. He is completely dependent, a slave to circumstance. The slightest mishap and everything goes to pieces. There is one solution—to free oneself totally from making for oneself the Sabbath that is called life and turn back to the indifference of causality, to death, which is the substance of the universe.

Five more minutes passed and still the door didn't open. I began to skip down the stairs again, my mind churning with images of how I would punish this heartless woman if I possessed unlimited power. I reached the lobby and the sofa was standing outside. I saw Mr. Brown, the superintendent, and frantically told him my predicament. He gazed at me in astonishment. "No one called. Come. I'll give you the key."

The service elevator was free, and I rode up to the eleventh floor, opened the door, and found Elizabeth Abigail de Sollar lying on the sofa in the living room, her hair wet and dishevelled, her face pale, her shoes off. I barely recognized her. She seemed to me much older—almost middle-aged. She had placed a towel under her head. She looked at me with the silent reproof of a wife whose husband has left her sick and alone and gone off somewhere for his own pleasure. I half shouted, "My dear Elizabeth, you must go home to your husband! I'm too old for such goings on."

She considered my words; then she said in a dull tone, "If you order me to go, I will go, but not back to him. I'm finished with him and with my mother, too. From now on, I am alone in the world."

"Where will you go?"

"To a hotel."

"They won't let you into a hotel without luggage. If you don't have any money, I can—"

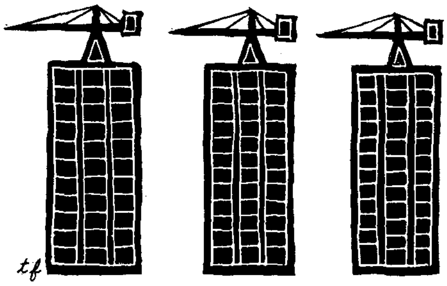
"I have my checkbook with me, but why can't I stay here with you? I'm not altogether well, but it's nothing organic—only functional. It's *they* who made me sick. I can type. I know a little stenography, too. Oh, I forgot that you write in Yiddish. This I don't know, but I would learn it in time. My mother used to speak Yiddish with my grandmother when she didn't want me to understand what they were saying, and I picked up quite a number of words. I once bought a vegetarian cookbook, and I'd cook vegetarian meals for you."

I looked at her in silence. Yes, she was my relative—the genes of our ancestors reached out directly to both of us. The notion that it might be incest for us to be together flashed through my mind—one of those uninvited ideas that emerge, God knows from where, and shock with their ridiculous irrelevance.

"That sounds like paradise, but unfortunately it cannot be," I said.

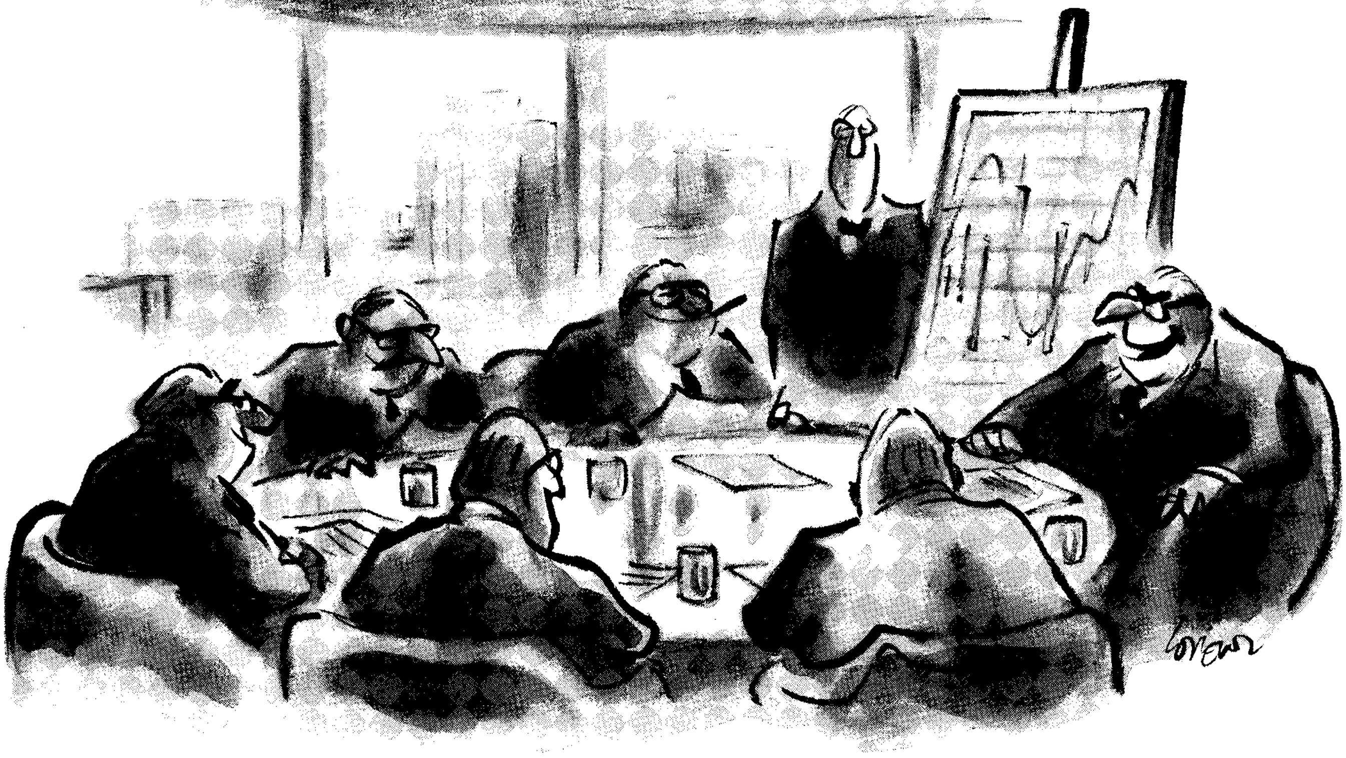
"Why not? You probably have someone else. Yes, I understand. But is there any reason you can't have a maid? I'll be everything to you—a maid and a cook as well. Your apartment is neglected. You probably eat in cafeterias. I do nothing in my own house because I have no interest in it, but my mother made me take a course in housekeeping. I would work for you and you wouldn't have to pay me anything. My parents are both filthy rich and I'm their only daughter. I'm not interested in your money. . . ."

Before I could answer her, I heard a sharp ring at the door. At the same time the telephone rang. I grabbed the receiver, told whoever was calling that there was someone at the door, and ran to open it. I saw a man who could have been no one but Oliver Leslie de Sollar—tall, lean, with a long face and neck, a ruff of faded blond hair around a bald skull, wearing a checked suit, a stiff collar, and a narrow tie with a still narrower knot of the type that reminded me of the Warsaw dandies. I nodded and returned to the telephone. I was sure that it was Elizabeth's mother calling, but a rough, masculine voice spoke my name and demanded acknowledgement that it was really I. Then the caller said slowly and with the tone of an official, "My name is Howard William Moonlight and I represent Mrs. Harvey Lemkin, the mother of Mrs. Elizabeth de Sollar. I am sure that you know whom—"



I interrupted him to shout, "Mr. de Sollar is here! He'll talk to you!"

I dashed to the door, where my visitor still stood erectly, politely, waiting to be invited inside. I cried out, "Mr. de Sollar, it's not two hours since your wife came to visit me and hell is loose here! I've already received threatening calls from you, from your mother-in-law, and now from a lawyer. Your wife has managed to have an epileptic fit and only God knows what else. I'm sorry to say this, but I'm not interested in your wife, your mother-in-law, her lawyer, or in the whole crazy affair.



"*My philosophy, gentlemen, is 'If it feels good, do it.' This feels good, by God, and I say do it.*"

• •

Do me a favor and take her home. If not, I will . . ."

I was left momentarily speechless. I was about to say that I would call the police, but the words didn't come out. I glanced at the telephone and saw to my amazement that Elizabeth was mumbling into the mouthpiece with her eyes fixed on me and my visitor. He said in a thin voice that didn't match his stature, "I'm afraid there's been some misunderstanding. I'm not the person who called you. My name is Dr. Jeffrey Lifshitz. I'm an assistant professor of literature at the University of California, and a great admirer of your writing. I have a friend in this building who also happens to be a devoted reader of yours, and when I visited him today we got to talking about you and he told me that you are his neighbor. I wanted to phone you, but I couldn't find your name in the directory and I thought I'd ring your doorbell. Forgive me for disturbing you."

"You haven't disturbed me. I'm pleased to have you as a reader, but there has been a considerable commotion going on in my house. Will you be staying in the city for long?"

"I'll be here the whole week."

"Would it be convenient for you to come to see me tomorrow?"

"Certainly."

"Let us say tomorrow at 11 A.M.?"

"It will be a pleasure and an honor. Again, excuse me for dropping in on you in such a—"

I assured Professor Lifshitz that I would be happy to meet with him, and he left.

Elizabeth had put down the receiver. She stood by the telephone as if waiting for me to come to her. I stopped a few paces away and said, "I'm sorry. You're a great woman. I understand your plight, but I can't get into a battle with your husband, your mother, and now with a lawyer, too. What did he want? Why did he call?"

"Oh, they're all mad. But I heard what you told your guest you mistook for my husband, and I swear I'll trouble you no more. What happened today proves to me that only one way remains for me to set myself free. I just want to point out that your diagnosis was incorrect. I'm not an epileptic."

"Then what is it?"

"The doctors themselves don't know. A kind of hypersensitivity that I inherited from who knows where, maybe from our common ancestor. What was his book?"

"The Revealer of Profundities."

"What kind of profundities did he reveal?"

"That no love of any kind is lost," I said, although I had never read a word by this ancestor of mine.

"Does he say where all the loves, all the dreams, all the desires go?"

"They're somewhere."

"Where? In the profundities?"

"In a celestial archive."

"Even Heaven would be too small for such an archive. I will go. Oh, it's ringing again! Please don't answer! Don't answer!"

I picked up the receiver, but there was no one on the line. I hung up and Elizabeth said, "That's Leslie. That's one of his antics. What did the Revealer of Profundities say about madness? I must go! If I don't lose my mind, you'll hear from me. Maybe today, from the hotel."

Elizabeth de Sollar never called or wrote me again. She left behind and never claimed her ornate umbrella and her grandfather's book, "The Outcry of Mordechai," which was supposed to be the only existing copy, so precious to her, and this has remained a mystery to me. But another mystery connected with her visit was soon unravelled. I met my neighbor the typesetter and told him about his cousin who promised to call the office and never showed herself again.

He smiled, shook his head, and said, "You knocked on a strange door. I live on the fifth floor, not on the sixth."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

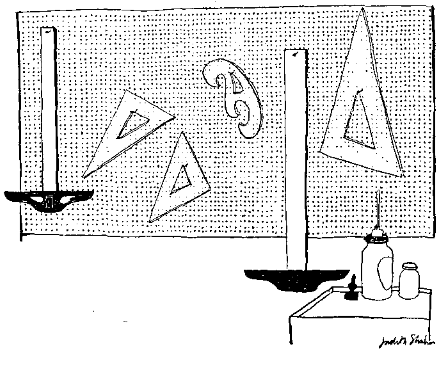
REFLECTIONS

AWAITING THE COPERNICAN QUESTION

As the earth was fixed at the center of the universe, the task of astronomy in the ancient world was to describe the movement of the other planets and the stars. It would have been more aesthetic—and in later times more helpful to theological persuasion—to assume a model of the universe in which the heavenly bodies moved in perfect circular dignity about the terrestrial focus. The ancients, however, would not allow dogma or preconception to rule or distort the facts of observation; some stars, for example, seemed to change their speed, others to temporarily reverse direction and then resume a normal course. God's universe was more complex than man might wish but not, certainly, too intricate for man's understanding. Gradually, astronomers constructed a model of the universe in which stars and planets moved around each other while moving around the earth: circles within circles within circles; cycles and epicycles—all rotating in one grand design. As new irregularities were observed, the model was modified: an orbit added, relationships adjusted. This system, known as the Ptolemaic, after the greatest of its builders, lasted for fourteen centuries, until Copernicus hypothesized, What if, for the sake of argument, we assume that the earth moves around the sun? In his great work, "On the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs," he propounded no decisive new evidence, recorded no observations that could not be explained by the Ptolemaic system. But he asked the right question.

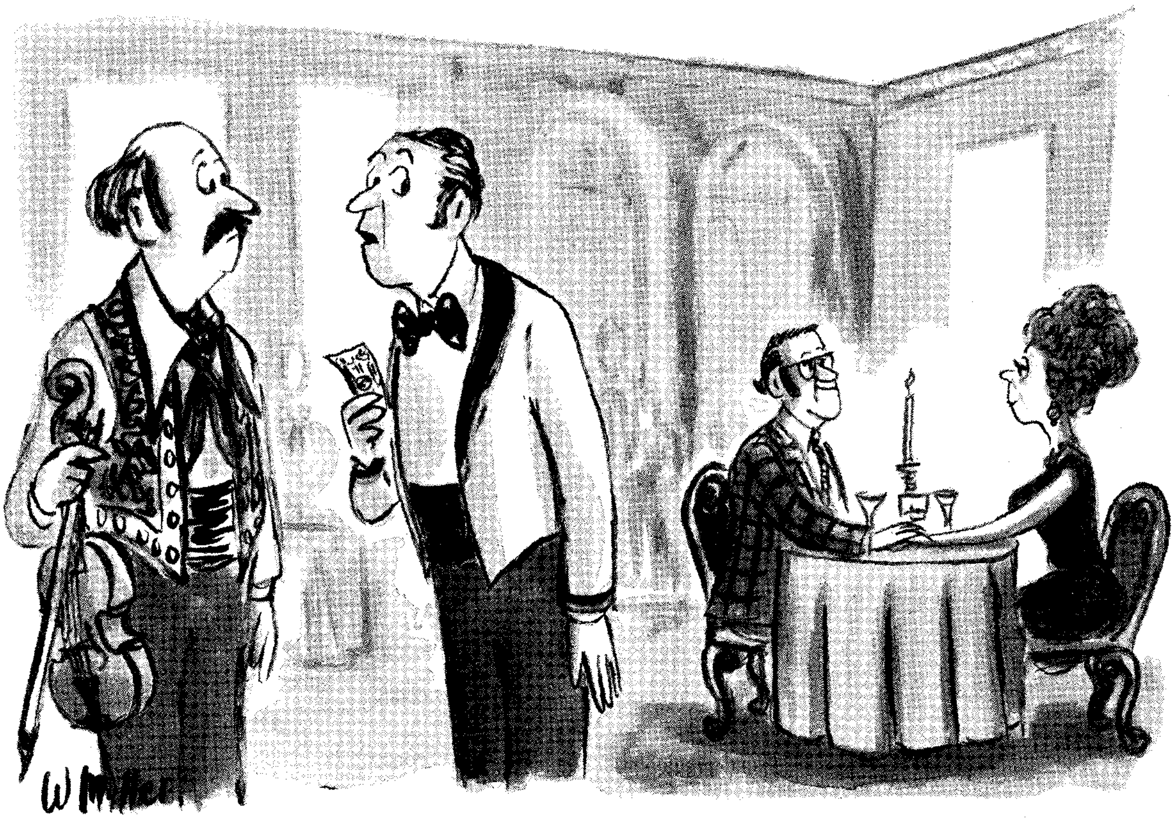
Whenever knowledge appears to be at an impasse—when each new circumstance, each seeming contradiction can be explained only as some complicating variation of an earlier understanding—one must always suspect that the right question is not being asked. These characteristics of a supersedable analysis distinguish much of the current debate over the deterioration of the American economy—the argument between monetarists and Keynesians, Ford Administration counsellors and Democratic Party consultants. "There are no easy answers," declaim the officeholders and candidates of both parties, meaning no answers at all—or, at least, none safe enough for public discussion. Nor is the suspicion dissipated by the intensity with which contradictory views are asserted. Galileo wrote of those who resisted the new Copernicanism, "The less people know and understand about such matters, the more positively they attempt to reason about them." There is, however, no disagreement that the American economy is in serious trouble. Prices are rising today at an unprecedented annual rate of over twelve per cent. And the rate of inflation has been increasing through every quarterly period for more than two years. (In September of the 1972 Presidential campaign, prices were rising at the rate of three and a fifth per cent.) Even before the oil embargo and the "energy crisis," inflation was more than nine per cent annually—about three-fourths of the present rate. Along with inflation has come economic decline. The personal income of most Americans—their purchasing power—is falling. Unemployment is moving toward the previous postwar high of seven and a half per cent, and is expected to establish new records. An eight-per-cent-unemployment figure, already within sight, will mean that about seven and a half million people will be without jobs, and that over fifteen million more may be deprived of work for periods of several weeks or months during the year. And in November industrial production itself declined—by two and three-tenths per cent. Whether one looks at production, consumer demand, investment, or stock prices, there are unmistakable signs of growing weakness.

Yet only a decade ago our principal economic problem seemed to be how to arrive at the fairest distribution and wisest use of mounting national wealth. The events and policies of the intervening years have been examined in an effort to explain this reversal. The tax cut of 1964, followed by concealed deficit financing of the Vietnam war, injected huge sums of money into an already expanding economy, pushing prices upward. Food exports to India during the Johnson Administration and to Russia during the Nixon Administration, along with government-induced restrictions on agricultural production, created domestic shortages Devaluation of the dollar in 1971 an again in 1973 gave this country's cos of living another push upward. I 1971 and 1972, President Nixon, wh usually saw the existing world situatio as a continuing reënactment of his personal past, feared that a recession migh cause him to lose the election, just as i had, he believed, in 1960. By establishing a halfhearted and ill-devised system of partial wage and price controls, Nixon was able temporarily to evade sever inflation while restraining unemployment by large and selective publi spending. After his landslide victory i 1972, he expressed his gratitude b ending controls and terminating th policies of expansion, thus unleashin on his admiring public the severe inflationary pressures that his election economics had helped to create—pressure that were heightened by the risin cost of imported raw materials.



These explanations, and others c the sort, make sense; they fit. Undoubtedly, the decisions of the last fe years helped to precipitate our immediate difficulties. But such explanations must be evaluated with caution For there are important signs that ou present economic deterioration is different from past setbacks—more profound, and less likely to yield to traditional policies. During the last tw years, we have experienced serious inflation, followed by recession. But a far back as the mid-nineteen-sixties th country's post-Depression economic expansion—an only rarely interrupte rise in affluence—had begun to slo down. In the eight years between 196 and 1973, for example, the week income, after taxes, of the averag worker in private, nonagricultural business and industry went up about fou dollars—only fifty cents a year. Bu during the preceding five years it ha risen four times as fast—a total of te dollars, or two dollars a year. Growt continued after the middle and late sixties, but around 1967 it began to slo down, while the average worker and th poor received a diminishing proportio of the increases in national wealth.

These hints that our current economic difficulties may represent an acceleration of long-term changes are reinforced by the newly apparent inability of traditional economic policies t cope with the difficulties. At present the most important techniques o economic management are divided—



"It's their twentieth anniversary. Do you know 'Shake, Rattle, and Roll'?"

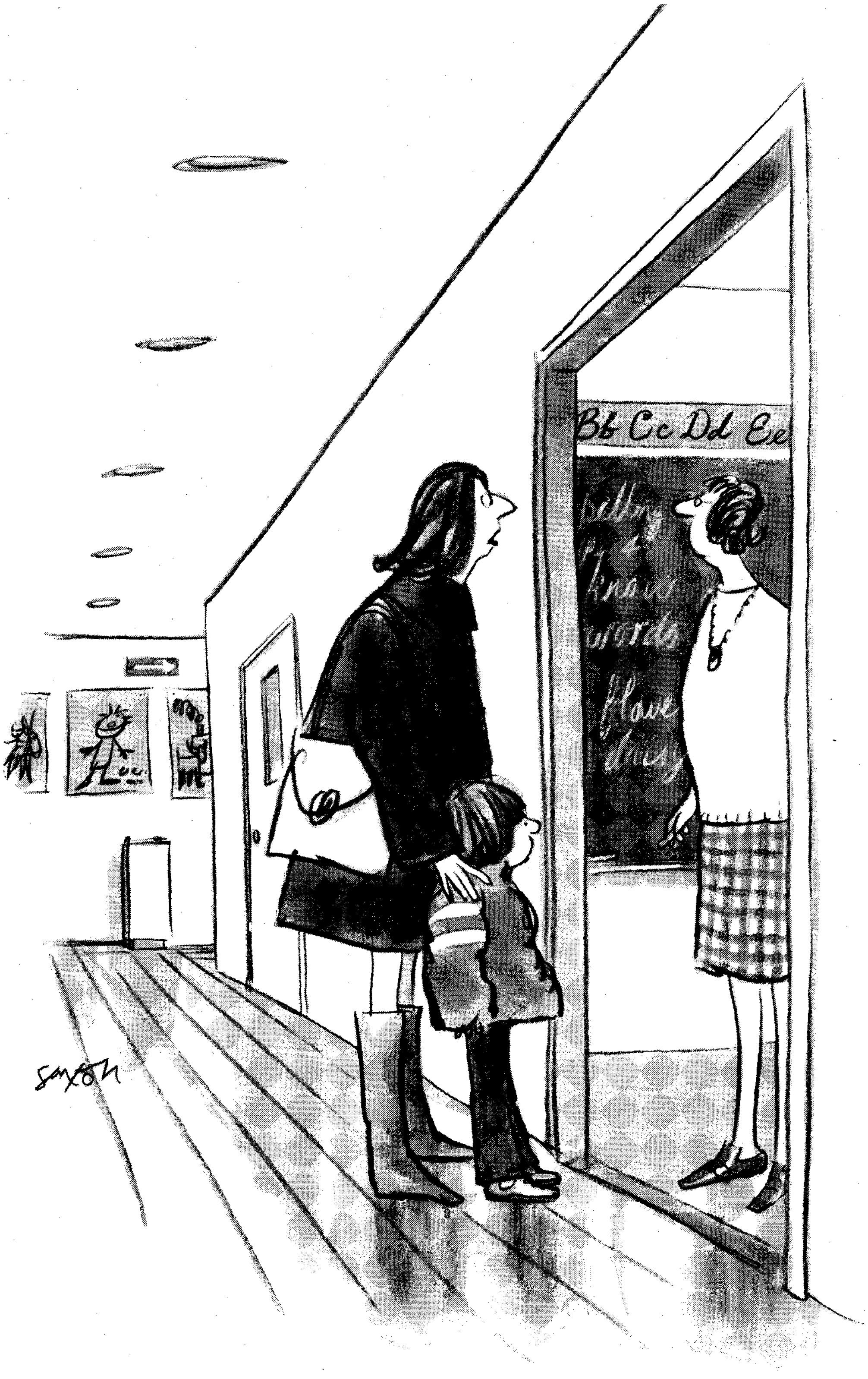
with overlapping and with exceptions—into the categories of monetary and fiscal policy. Roughly speaking, monetary policy is used to control the supply of money that is in circulation and to change the cost of money (interest rates); fiscal policy is directed toward changing the relationship between government tax revenues and spending—the relationship that determines whether the federal budget shall be balanced, show a surplus, or reflect deficit spending. The conventional assumption has been that the way to diminish inflation is to reduce the money supply, raise interest rates, and try to balance the budget by means of a reduction in federal spending and/or an increase in taxes. With less money to spend for either consumption or investment, prices should stop climbing, and even begin to fall. On the other hand, it has been generally believed that the proper remedy for economic stagnation or decline is to reverse these policies: provide the economy with additional money and lower the interest rate—thus making it easier for individuals to consume and businesses to invest—and have the federal government distribute, by tax cuts or spending increases, or both, more money than it takes in.

To conduct a rigorous, sustained attack on inflation by deliberately slowing down the economy might seem, at least to the unlearned or the fainthearted, to create a risk of serious recession. Similarly, it might be thought that the application of stimulants to growth by, for example, pouring money into a laggard economy could stimulate prices even more than production. Until recently, however, most economists reacted to such apprehensions with a kind of benign patience—the demeanor of the gentleman expert toward the timid or the economically illiterate, or toward the eccentric, if perhaps brilliant, scholar. After all, few people could be expected to understand how economic skills matured over decades of experience could maintain the balance—could "fine tune" the economy—so that steady growth would be accompanied by relatively stable prices. Elaborate mathematical formulas were drawn from the most advanced computer circuits of the age to determine the necessary "trade-off" among employment, growth, and rising prices. To reduce inflation x per cent would require the loss of y jobs and a change of z per cent in the rate of growth. These economic analyses were not wholly theoretical constructs; they were also based on a thoughtful examination of our postwar experience. And, in the midst of economic success, it was easy to ignore the fact that, although such analysis can demonstrate *what* has happened, it unfortunately cannot tell us *why* it happened, and certainly cannot tell us what is likely to happen when historical conditions change.

The onset of our present inflationary spiral was met with the customary response: tight money, high interest, a reduction in federal spending. Yet inflation continued to accelerate, and was soon accompanied by a decline in growth, production, income, and employment. New and dangerous weaknesses have begun to appear in important sectors of the economy—automobiles, construction, steel—and there are few people in Wall Street who predict, in any foreseeable future, a substantial and continuing recovery from the biggest drop in stock values since the Depression. More ominously, there is no persuasive evidence that the decline in wealth and jobs and the increase in prices are slowing down, or approaching some natural limit. Indeed, there may be *no* built-in limit—no reason to believe in the existence of economic laws that provide the United States with some special protection against runaway inflation or serious depression.

THE contradiction between economic events and the conventional assumptions of economic policy is reflected in the ambiguities, contradictions, and lack of persuasive force that characterize the programs now being advanced by political officials. The Ford Administration has demanded cuts in federal spending and called for modest adjustments in the tax laws—just enough to encourage investment and give some relief to lower-income groups but not enough to seriously increase the ability and willingness to buy goods—and it has proposed a limited program of public work for the unemployed. Not only does this "policy" incorporate some measures whose effects are likely to cancel each other out but the magnitude of the proposed changes in both taxes and spending seems ludicrously inadequate to modify the erratic stampede of our turbulent one-trillion-four-hundred-billion-dollar economy. In fact, the signs of ominously accelerating deterioration now seem to have made this disproportion apparent within the Administration itself, and the President has sought to nourish the tranquil festivity of the season with a promise of new, and presumably more decisive, measures after the new year.

On December 7th, at its conference in Kansas City, the Democratic Party, in accordance with political protocol, attacked the Ford program and set forth a policy of its own: credit should be eased, but not too much (just enough to achieve "a better balance"); the tax structure should be modified to show greater concern for those of "low and moderate income;" and this concern should be paid for by eliminating "individual and corporate tax privileges and shelters th: serve no social purpose"—a qual fying phrase that constitutes quite loophole of its own. Only a moder Diogenes would even try to find a individual, interest group, corporatio or congressman who had ever argue that a tax break was required simp in order to still unwholesome pangs private avarice. The Democrats agr with Ford that it is necessary to crea public-service jobs for the unemploye but they say the program should bigger, fairer, and more generous– and since the Kansas City conferen the Democratic Congress has unveil an "expanded" program that at present stage in the legislative proc covers about one per cent of the u employed. Naturally, Democrats al agree that federal expenditures shou be kept under control, but insist th cuts should be made with moderati and with a clear sense of priorities. T Democratic document does put fo ward some slightly more rigorous b still carefully qualified proposals for e tablishing mandatory conservation energy, allocating credit to select "productive enterprises," and maki loans to meet the "legitimate" needs failing businesses, etc. Many of the Democratic proposals are undoubted constructive. Some—such as tax r form, which was a popular issue in t 1972 Democratic primaries—long a tedate the present crisis. But giving few more dollars to low- and mode ate-income families, cutting fede spending, accepting a small budgeta deficit, supplying public jobs or ad tional compensation for the une ployed, and even taking steps to co serve energy do not constitute a pr gram that can be reasonably expect to end an inflation of more than twel per cent, add a couple of hundred b lion dollars to the gross national pro uct, and reverse the deteriorati conditions that have left more th five and a half million people with jobs.



"Christopher has never been treated unkindly by adults. He trusts us implicitly. I hope, Miss Forbes, you won't in any way betray that trust."

The Democratic statement conta an additional proposal—one that, if accurately expressed the intentio of Party officials and the Democra congressional majority, would have substantial, if uncertain, influence economic conditions. It calls for co prehensive federal controls of pric wages, profits, executive compensatio and rents. Only three weeks befo Kansas City, an economic stateme issued by the Democratic Adviso Council of Elected Officials declared willingness to support such contr only *if* other anti-inflationary measu should prove inadequate and *if*

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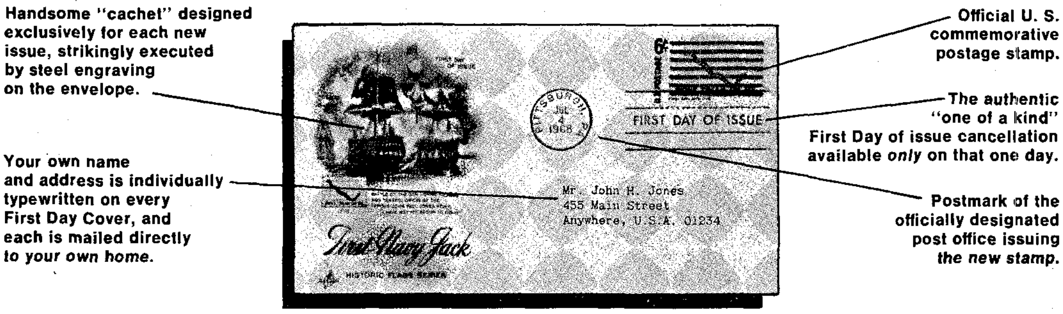

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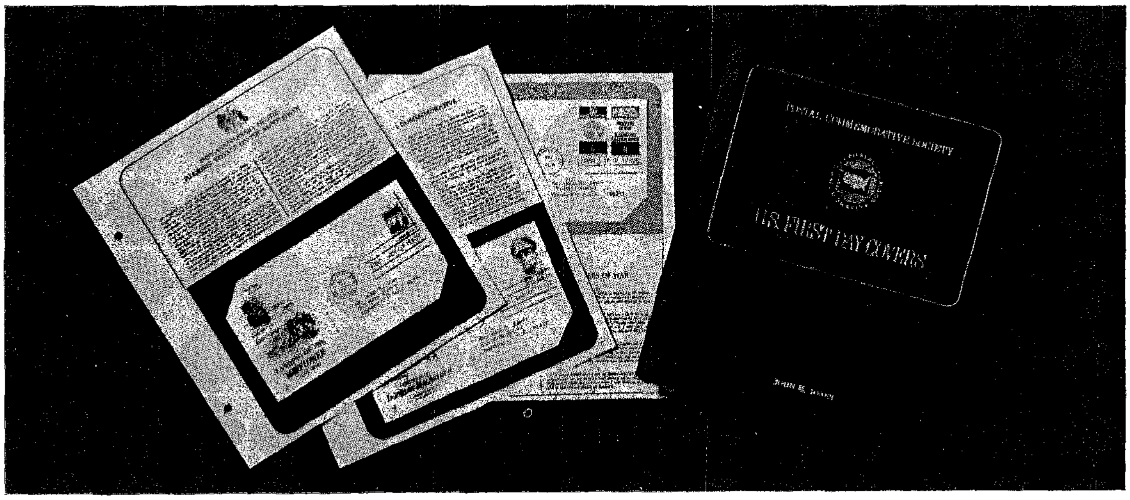

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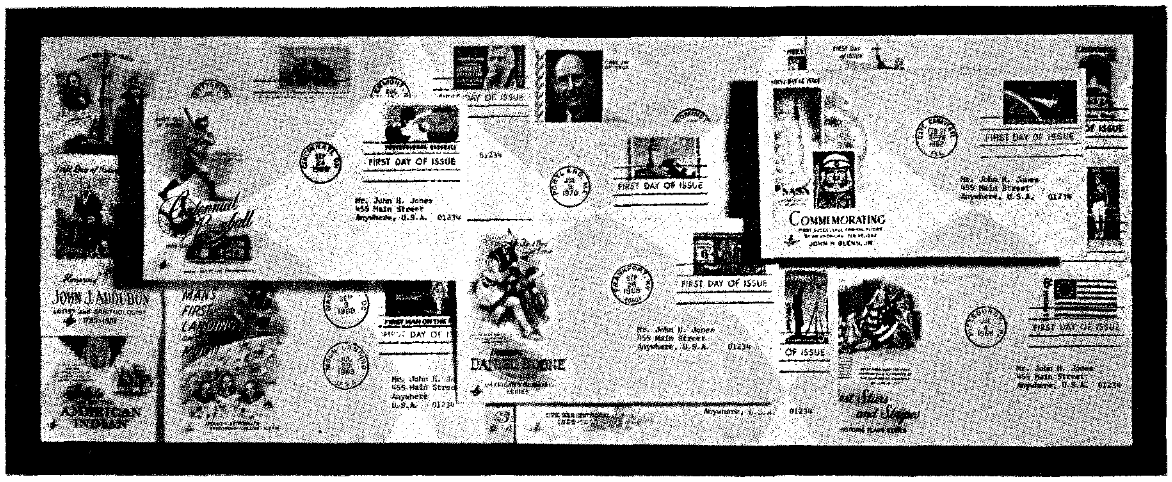

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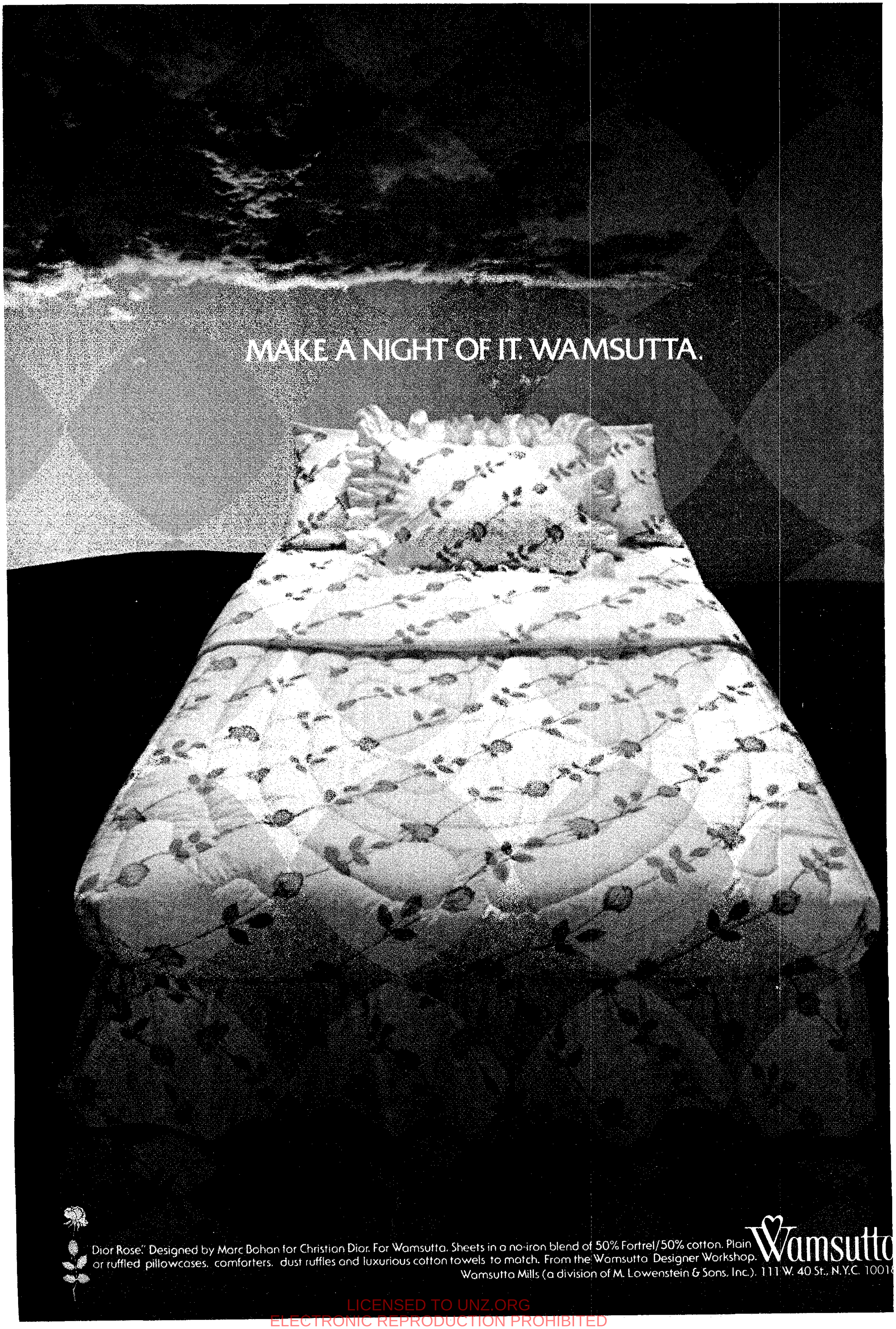
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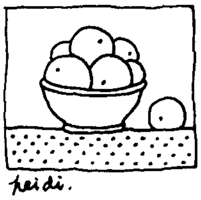
ould "shift" into a wage-price spiral. hose contingencies and precondi- ons—amounting to an indefinite post- onement—reflected the fact that ontrols were opposed by most labor aders and many Democratic office- olders, on the ground that any sys- m of controls will inevitably favor rofits at the expense of wages. Even e more imperative language adopted Kansas City requires that the imposi- on of controls be accompanied by age "catch-ups" and price "rollbacks," d that the controls be administered a special council, independent of the ord Administration and responsible Congress. Despite these safeguards, d despite the formal action of the arty conference, opposition to controls s not diminished, and remains the ecisive force within the Democratic arty. Party officials had not antici- ated a vote on an "economic plat- orm" at Kansas City, and, when the sue emerged—after a difficult and agile compromise on issues of dele- ate selection had been achieved—they shed through a voice-vote approval in der to avoid a debate so disruptive at it might have broken up the con- rence. "The only result of Kansas ity," a leading Democrat told me, is that we probably have thirty votes the Senate for controls instead of venty-five." The fact is that neither e Republican Administration nor the emocratic Congress supports controls r intends to impose them. The con- ary assertion by the Democratic Party onference was a concession to tran- ent political exigencies, not a state- ent of policy, and the appearance of pport for controls dissolved when the onference adjourned.

Neither the proposals of the Ford dministration nor the actual policies f the Democratic Party constitute a rogram capable of resolving a national onomic crisis that is already serious, is etting worse, and holds a possibility of al disaster. This is partly because oth policies have been devised to onform to a perception—or, more robably, a misperception—of political alities; this is that the public wants ction, or the appearance of action, but ill not accept painful or drastic meas- res. Moreover, there is a real and in- reasing doubt about the effectiveness f all the conventional weapons in the rmory of accepted economic policy— doubt reinforced by the discouraging ilemma built into the theory which pports that policy; namely, that easures designed to stimulate the conomy aggravate inflation, and steps halt inflation threaten to further epress the economy. The effort to achieve a "balanced" attack on the two afflictions prohibits a drastic attack on either: one can cut taxes, for example, but not enough so that increased spending by business and consumers will drive up prices; one can raise interest rates, but not so high that business cannot afford new factories or machinery. One must remember, however, that this "dilemma" is a creation of theory, and that, as we have learned, the actual impact of economic policies is far less predictable. Nevertheless, theory still rules, and shapes official policy, which at present is shifting from a complete concentration on inflation to additional proposals to stimulate the economy. The result of all these considerations—theoretical, psychological, and political—is an absence of any policy decisive enough to justify a realistic hope of success, except, perhaps, among those who think that in the long run things will right themselves. (A wishful conviction often masked in the statement that "the fundamental strength of the economy will reassert itself.")



Yet the sense of hopelessness which must afflict most thoughtful observers of public life should not be allowed to obscure the fact that outside the sterile official policies and the process that produces them a serious and perhaps more relevant debate is beginning to emerge—an intensifying clash between groups now in the process of abandoning the past.

AMONG the dominant Republican advisers are men who are convinced that almost any intervention by government will worsen economic conditions—that, with the possible exception of some adjustments in the money supply or in interest rates, the economy should be allowed to restore itself. This approach is reminiscent of Herbert Hoover's statement at the end of 1930 that "the fundamental strength of the nation's economic life is unimpaired," and accords with the belief of Hoover's principal financial adviser, Andrew Mellon, that the slump should be allowed to run its course. Nevertheless, it represents a rejection of Keynesianism, and the beginning of an effort to form a new liberalism, to adapt Adam Smith to the modern world.

The demand for controls which was adopted almost by accident at Kansas City hints at the nature of the opposing force in the still largely hidden debate over new policies for dealing with contemporary economic dislocations. That demand originates in a growing belief that mandatory, rigorous, and comprehensively enforced controls—even a total freeze—on wages, prices, and profits, on the domestic production and use of oil, on the allocation of energy, and on the export of commodities are the only possible way to halt inflation: a minimum plan, which, should it be carried out, may well demonstrate that if controls are to "work"—that is, lead toward relatively stable prices within a growing economy—they must be extended to other aspects of economic activity, such as capital investment and the allocation of basic raw materials. Such an extension would amount to the establishment of rudimentary government planning for the entire economy. Then, once prices have been restrained by law, it will become possible to restore economic growth through, *inter alia*, increased spending, job creation, stimulation of investment, and a reduction in the flow of capital to the oil-rich nations.

The fact is that the middle ground of economic thought, the familiar shelter for the conventional wisdom of fiscal and monetary policy, though still dominant, is dwindling. On one side are those who would impose narrow limits on government interference with the economy, and on the other side is an enlarging and increasingly influential group of economists and businessmen who are convinced of the necessity for a drastic increase in public authority. Furthermore, on the margins of fashionable thought, and largely excluded from public discussion, there exists an economic inquiry that rejects the thinking of both sides—that rejects both the conventional wisdom and the emerging alternatives. The participants in this inquiry—which is inchoate, fragmented, and too various for classification as a "school" or an "ism"—share a conviction that most of our current debate rests on an analysis of the American economy which, if it was once accurate, is now mistaken in fundamental ways. As a result, these dissidents argue, none of the policies now being advocated can succeed—although some short-term relief is possible—and some of them, if they are adopted, may damage the economy, and even threaten the principles of a democratic society. After all, the usefulness of a prescription depends upon an accurate diagnosis, and the ability to diagnose requires an understanding of process, of the way things happen. If certain diseases are produced by evil spirits, the proper antidote is witchburning; if prices are rising because too much money is being spent by too many people, the appropriate remedy is to reduce the amount of money or the ability to spend, or both. On the other hand, if prices are rising for other reasons—if the cause has been misread—this remedy not only may fail to restore a healthy economy but, by contributing to a general decline in economic activity, may add the afflictions of unemployment and falling production to the distresses of inflation; centuries ago, physicians thought they could eliminate the poisons that pained their king by draining his blood, and at times doctors of unshakable conviction—those determined to "stay the course"—succeeded in halting pain by terminating life.

Our current understanding of the economic process is derived largely from the experiences of the Depression, the Second World War, and the postwar recovery. During the nineteen-thirties, the worldwide collapse of capitalist economies impelled a search for alternative forms of economic organization and for new, more effective economic theories. In parts of Europe, such as Germany and Italy, the result was Fascism and state capitalism. In the United States, the Depression led to the New Deal and the gradual ascendancy of Keynesian economics. It was to be expected, therefore, that much of our current discussion should resemble the debate that preceded and accompanied the New Deal—the argument between laissez-faire and the need for increased public regulation and intervention. That argument, it is now contended, has been invalidated even in its contemporary form by events of recent decades which have transformed our economic structure in fundamental ways. Economies, unlike the processes studied by astronomers, are changed by human history. And when they change we must revise those descriptions of economic activity which we may have become accustomed to thinking of as "theories," or even "laws." If some Divine Force should shift the relationships between heavenly bodies, the laws of modern astronomy and physics could no longer predict the motion of stars and planets. That kind of change is unlikely, but economies are always evolving perceptibly toward basically new forms.

IT may be helpful to recall certain principles common to all types of national economies. Every economic system must decide what to produce and how to produce it; that is, how to use the resources and the labor of society. These decisions are not determined entirely by economic necessity. They are shaped by the dominant, if often unacknowledged, purposes of the society, just as our personal use of time and energy—of our personal resources—is influenced by our individual purposes and desires. Ancient Egypt gave priority to the construction of huge pyramids, while modern dictators have preferred armies and police. The American ideal has been (1) economic growth; (2) a relatively equitable distribution of increasing national wealth and economic opportunity, through profits, wages, taxation, government spending, and so on; and (3) a requirement that economic activities be consistent with the general well-being. For example, society might prefer an increase in leisure time to the wealth that could be produced by intensified labor, or the construction of a nuclear-power plant might be prohibited in order to protect a mere handful of citizens against an explosive end. On the other hand, we built railroads even though it was inevitable that some people would be killed by trains; that was "the price of progress."

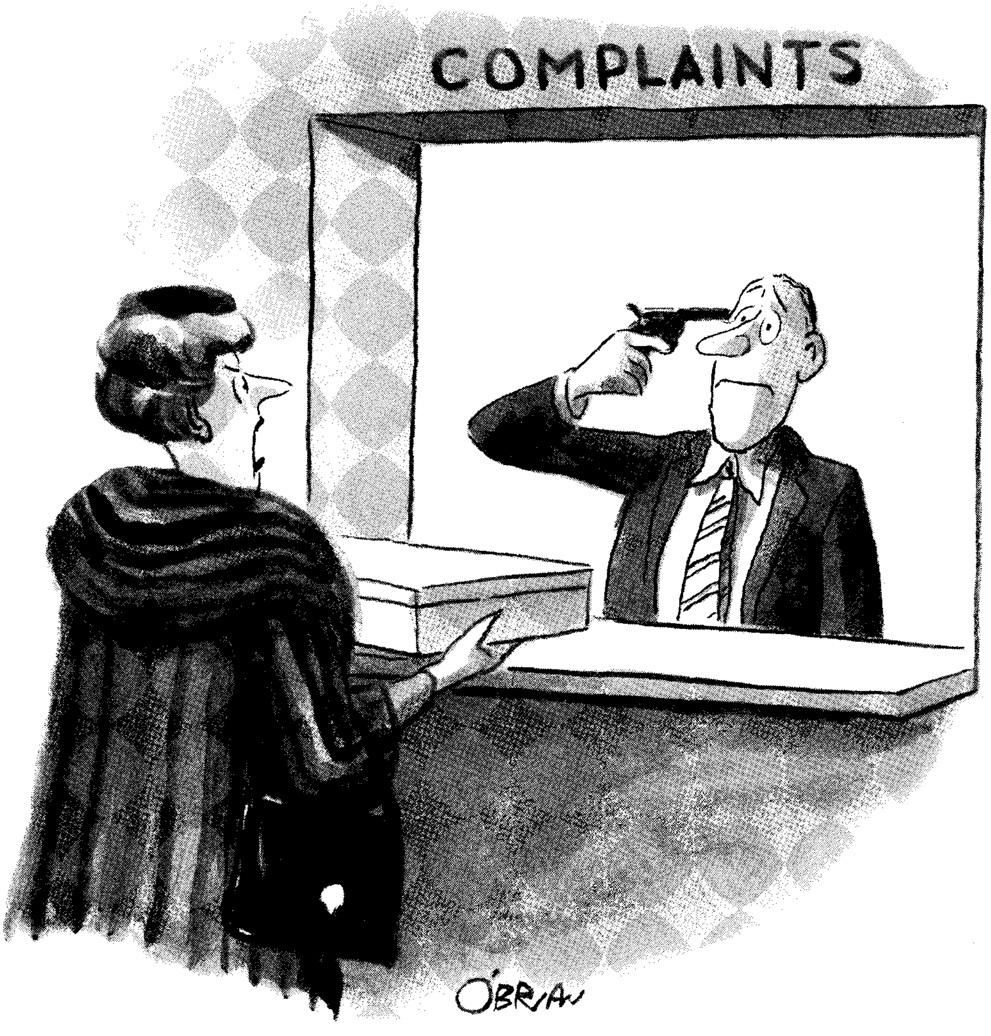
Naturally, the possibilities of economic decision are not boundless. The impoverished resident of Watts cannot decide to take a summer home in the Hamptons, any more than a hopeless paraplegic can undertake to prepare himself for the Olympic pole vault. In all societies, economic decisions are limited by two factors: the resources and knowledge of the time; and the way economic activity is organized—the nature of those institutions, laws, practices, and relationships which make up our economic life. The first of these limits is self-evident. Jefferson could not have accelerated our exploration of Western resources by substituting air reconnaissance for the expedition of Lewis and Clark. The second factor—the limit imposed by economic organization—while less obvious, is of even greater relevance to our present condition. The steel that was necessary to industrialize China, for example, could not be produced by back-yard furnaces; large factories were required. An automobile industry based on mass production cannot design a car to the aesthetic satisfaction of every customer. And it is now being argued that the economic structure we have developed over recent decades—the "new" economy—is no longer capable of making substantial progress toward the fulfillment of the traditional American purposes; that, for example, we cannot have both full employment and the present concentrations of ecc nomic power, just as we cannot hav a petrochemical industry without ir creasing the incidence of cancer. Tl goals are mutually exclusive.

The economic "structure" that limi the possibilities of decision consists n only of factories and capital but also c a process for determining how r sources shall be used. Every socie evolves its own system for making suc economic decisions. That system m consist of a dictator's will, of Sociali managers, or of the untrammelled o eration of the "law of supply and d mand." We have relied—at least un recently—upon a regulated mark whose animating spirit is the princip of competition. According to the theo of competitive free enterprise, priva conflict—the struggle to make mo ey—will impel the most efficient an productive use of resources. It will r ward those who best satisfy the nee and wishes of the country and its pop lation, and in this fashion the forces c the market will compel fragment private power to serve the gener good. Unfortunately, experience h demonstrated that if private power left alone, it does its best to destroy c evade those market forces—and esp cially the competitive struggle—whic constrain it to serve the *public* intere in the course of pursuing *private* i terests. This is what Walter Lippman meant when he wrote, in the nineteen thirties, that perfection of the mark was the principal task of liberalism And the history of public regulatio and economic policy reflects a contin ing effort to protect the market pri ciple from malfunctions and from i own imperfections: to protect compet tion against encroaching concentratio of economic power; to halt abuses th could not be deterred by the requir ments of competition, such as fraud c the sale of products dangerous t health; to remedy—by, for exampl permitting labor to organize—those i herent disparities of power which vi lated new social values; and to assi some of those who, because of person incapacity or changing economic co ditions, could not sustain themselve Measures of this kind, however, cou not inhibit the curious recurrent ten ency of even the best-regulated ma ket to slow down, slide into recessio or burst into a damaging inflation. S during the decades after the Secon World War this nation's economis evolved the general fiscal and mon tary policies I have described. By cu ting taxes or increasing governme spending, for instance, we could pum more money into a lagging econom couraging people to buy and busiess to invest and produce. If, on the her hand, the economy became "overeated," the abnormal pressures that reaten to overwhelm natural barriers gainst inflation could be reduced by, r example, taking money out of the onomy through increased taxes, or plying direct federal pressure to rerain big business or big labor—rough "jawboning," voluntary wage d price "guidelines," or even by posing mandatory controls. The oices that are being presented in r widening public debate over ecoomic policy—tight or easy money, eficit spending or a balanced budget, andatory controls or nonintervention, x relief or tax incentives, and so on—e an extension of this customary reonse: a renewed effort to refashion e regulated market so it will once gain operate to enable or coerce those stitutions which hold and produce ealth (manufacturing companies, nks, labor unions, even "consumers") make economic decisions that will, in eir combined effect, advance the traitional purposes of American sociy—growth, fair distribution of wealth d opportunity, and the general welleing. Those who now challenge the tolemaic assumptions that underlie is debate are arguing, in essence, that e institutions that have come to domiate our economy are no longer capae of making decisions consistent with r social goals. In other words, the rganization of our current economic fe prevents us from using our wealth "promote the general welfare."

MODERN industrial and financial giants, it is argued, are not simly bigger than their predecessors but ifferent in kind. Vast bureaucratic ombines of productive power, capital, nd labor have become insulated, to ome increased and decisive extent, om the compulsions of a regulated conomic market. It is generally aditted, for example, that such induses can, within limits, "administer" rices; that is, they can raise prices ven when demand is declining, and e new prices will almost invariably e adopted by the entire industry—by ll the automobile companies or all the eel companies. One can, perhaps, ontrol this particular power by reguting prices. But the transformation of ur economic institutions—the enorous concentration of power over roduction and capital—has other conequences, more serious, less amenable o public policy. Outside the regulated arket, our society has no way to eter or penalize the wasteful use of resources, to compel technological innovation, or to direct production toward the satisfaction of public wants. Indeed, without competitive challenge, or the threat of such challenge, we cannot even measure waste, inefficiency, or technological stagnation. There is no standard by which to compare actual performance and possible performance. The man who conceived a new method of automotive transportation, let us say, or devised a way to build cars at half the cost in labor and materials, would not be able to establish himself in competition with General Motors. It would cost too much. And he would not find it much easier to persuade General Motors to make drastic changes in its own operation, for in all likelihood such changes would simply reaffirm its power over a market it already controlled.

Nor is the illustration wholly hypothetical. For many years, the automobile industry—an industry that is responsible, directly or indirectly, for about a fifth of our gross national product—insisted that there was no "demand" for small cars; that Americans wanted only roomy, heavy, chrome-and-finned behemoths. As European prosperity was restored, the Volkswagen "invasion" proved that this comfortable assumption had been made possible only by the absence of competition. Growing sales of foreign imports compelled American companies to make smaller, less profitable automobiles. After a few eccentric years, however, this unwelcome intrusion of market principles was neutralized by a combination of federal assistance—in the form of import taxes, for example—and the development of an understanding among the major car manufacturers of the industrialized nations, similar to that which had existed among American companies alone. Foreign companies have been allowed a limited share of our market in return for permitting American companies to go abroad. The cost and quality of small cars have been pretty well standardized, and the prices of imported and domestic products alike have been raised substantially, and to about the same level, in order to compensate for the losses caused by the drop in large-car sales.

In one sense, however, the automobile companies were right. During the nineteen-fifties, there was no "de-



"Well. That's more like it!"

mand" for small cars; there can be no demand for a product that is not readily available. Indeed, had the horse-and-buggy industry been as powerfully concentrated as the Detroit manufacturers are today, there might have been no "demand" for the automobile. Among the functions of a competitive market is the expansion of the range of economic choice, by individuals and by the society as a whole. If that market is destroyed or superseded, our possibilities are limited, and the limits are concealed. We are often not even aware of the possible alternative uses for our resources. Compare, for example, the behavior of the automobile companies—in fact, of most major industries—with the semi-conductor industry that manufactures, among other things, hand-held calculators. Because that industry is new and its basic technology (being largely a spinoff from space and defense programs) has not been monopolized through patents, the products have continually improved while prices have gone down.

The absence of a competitive market not only strips us of the authority to decide upon alternative uses for our social wealth but diminishes our capacity to determine whether that demand which does exist and can be expressed could be satisfied at far less cost to the resources of society. There is, naturally, some demand, even a social need, for many products of those large businesses which dominate our economy. Most of us would admit that the telephone is useful—perhaps even that our own phone system is the best in the world. We cannot admit, because we do not know, that the operation of that system requires a monopoly with sixty-seven billion dollars in assets—the current assets of A.T. & T.—or that a company, or several companies, with assets of a total of thirty billion dollars might provide equivalent service, thus freeing thirty-seven billion dollars for other uses. Much less can we expect A.T. & T. to develop a new technology of personal communication—a wireless telephone, for example—which would reduce the value of its present assets. Without market forces to reward productivity or efficiency, no one—not even the companies themselves—can measure the waste or misuse of resources. In more general terms, this means that there is no way to know whether America's existing wealth—resources, capital, plant and technological capacities—if differently organized and invested, might be able to raise the present standard of life by a factor of two, three, or as much as ten. In our economic system, this question cannot be settled, or even analyzed, in the abstract—by theories or formulas—but can be resolved only by the economic success of competing institutions and "ways of doing business." Nevertheless, impossible though measurement is, we can be certain that the waste is huge. It is a fundamental assumption of all economic theory—of Adam Smith, of Karl Marx, of Mao Tse-tung—that only a combination of external compulsions and incentives, provided by the market or by public authority, or both, can bring about the productive use of a nation's resources, either to create wealth or to satisfy social purposes.

As even the most fervent advocates of laissez-faire might anticipate, huge combines led by managerial committees are necessarily preoccupied with the preservation and growth of their established power. Their expansion and, ultimately, their survival are dependent upon a continued flow of earnings. The development of these economic giants to the point where they control much of this nation's wealth has, it is argued, largely disarmed the traditional weapons of economic policy. If we attack inflation by reducing the nation's ability to spend and invest, the argument goes, companies that are selling less must raise their prices in order to sustain earnings. And if prices go up, wages must also rise, in order to protect the income of the workers. At the onset of economic decline, as wealth begins to diminish, the ability to raise prices and wages is, however, increasingly confined to the economically powerful—to big business and big labor—for there is not enough wealth to go around.

The consequent distress in other parts
the economy only deepens the gene
recession. Nevertheless, we must
misunderstand this process as the con
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argue that the well-being of the cou
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in production, while the worker could ly point to his personal welfare. iven the power of large industry and important influence on political adership, labor has some justification r wishing to rely on its own power, stead of trusting to the judgment of vernment officials.

The argument that rejects conven- nal policies to stop inflation also casts ubt on the potential effectiveness of aditional efforts to stimulate growth—mping money into the economy and creasing the ability and willingness to end. For it implies that this money ill flow in disproportionate amounts to e economically powerful. To the ex- nt that the large and powerful are so wasteful and unproductive, the imulative impact will be dissipated. hus, to some incalculable but dis- ling degree, both the amount of bene- t to the economy as a whole and the umber of beneficiaries will be less than d been anticipated. Indeed, this entire proach to a revised understanding of onomic life tends toward the conclu- n that the dominant repositories of e country's wealth and productive wer have a natural long-term tend- cy toward economic stagnation—d so, as a result, does the economy as whole. Those who hold this view lieve that the changing economic nditions of recent years can be at- ibuted to that tendency. As the eco- omic system as a whole becomes less exible, less adaptable, the inevitable anges in human needs and in eco- omic circumstances may well precipi- te an economic decline, even a col- pse.

Large industries have always tried reduce the hazards of market com- etition, but now, it is argued, our most nportant economic institutions have, r the first time, been able to break ee of the market itself, and to consti- ute themselves, in effect, private econ- mies, with considerable influence over ational government and politics. hey represent the fulfillment of Lord eynes' prophecy that "progress lies the growth and the recognition of mi-autonomous bodies within the ates . . . [large business corporations at] when they have reached a cer- in age and size . . . approximate . . . e status of public corporations rather an that of the individualistic private nterprise." If these "semi-autono- ous bodies" are no longer subordinate the process (the regulated market) y which our economic decisions have een made—indeed, are no longer art of the process—their behavior annot be decisively influenced by eco- omic policies that are designed to restore and improve that same process. But since, as we have seen, economic decisions must be made, and are being made every day, then, to the extent that our traditional process of decision has lost its authority, the power to decide must have gone elsewhere—primarily to the "semi-autonomous" private bodies. This means that there is now no process of economic decision which is able to advance the interests and objectives of the society as a whole.

Implicit in this nascent formulation of a new economic theory is the assumption that we cannot resolve our difficulties simply by revising the forms of public authority over the economic structure. It will be necessary to reorganize economic life itself—to remodel institutions and relationships that have become fundamentally defective and are now incapable of advancing the interests of America and its people. Unfortunately, this effort to reach a new understanding of the modern economy has not yet progressed far enough to offer us a clear design for a revised economic structure. Although there is no lack of tentative, diverse, and contradictory proposals, ranging from national control over the allocation of investment capital to the "decentralization" and "democratization" of large industry. So at this stage one can probably do little more than draw upon and expand a precedent set by the New Deal—the establishment, in 1938, of the Temporary National Economic Committee, which evaluated in considerable detail the varied components of the national economy as a preliminary to making recommendations for change. Today, however, there are only a few people who accept the still unconventional economic analysis that seems to require such a step. It appears far more likely that the proponents of wage and price controls will win the current economic debate. If controls are tried, and do not lead to the restoration of the economic process, the failure will be evidence that our difficulties are not caused by remediable malfunctions but are a consequence of irreversible historical developments. At that point, then, we may well feel compelled to initiate drastic changes in the relationship between the United States government, its people, and the institutions of the economy. —RICHARD N. GOODWIN

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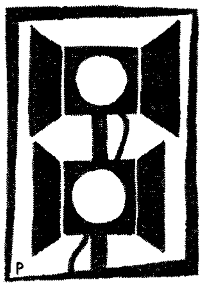
THE THEATRE

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

“Good News,” at the St. James, marks the culmination—at any rate, I *hope* it marks the culmination—of a singular form of show-biz body snatching. A long-dead musical is dug up and brought back to Broadway under its original name and on examination proves to be merely a shell of the original—a sort of brightly painted mummy case in which bits and pieces of other once celebrated cadavers have been made to mingle with a portion of the authentic remains. To insure that this ice-cold resurrection will induce in audiences a sufficient measure of nostalgia and therefore sufficient business at the box office, an old-time star is prevailed upon to take a major part in the proceedings. She (it is usually a she) may or may not have had any connection with the original show, or, for that matter, with Broadway; if she has a familiar name and can still move about with no audible crackling of old bones, the public is expected to applaud her to the rafters—and with some reason, for in a sense the public is saluting both its own lost youth (golden in recollection, however pinchbeck it may have been in practice) and its own more or less gallant survival.



The Frank Campbell of this rather grisly industry is a producer named Harry Rigby, whose first experiment, staged here in 1971, was a revival of “No, No, Nanette.” I found it delightful, not because it induced nostalgia in me but because it didn’t. I had no firsthand recollection of the original, which had opened in 1925; I simply admired on their merits the lovely sets and costumes and Ruby Keeler’s winning ways. A year or so later, Mr. Rigby brought in “Irene,” which dates back to 1919; it was at bottom a tiresome show, redeemed only by Debbie Reynolds’ fiery professionalism. She didn’t put the show across—she hurled it across. Nothing like that happens in the case of “Good News;” the corpse is onstage, and the director, Michael Kidd, has charged it with energy, but it fails to breathe.

The first production of “Good News,” which opened in 1927, had songs by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson and what must have been a terrible book by Laurence Schwab and De Sylva. The book of the present production has been “adapted” by Garry Marshall and is still terrible. The most familiar of the songs from the original score is “The Best Things in Life Are Free.” Songs by the same composers have been lifted from other shows and inserted into this one; they include “You’re the Cream in My Coffee,” “Button Up Your Overcoat,” “Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries,” and “Sunny Side Up.” By now, one would rather hear—or half hear—such songs on the radio; they can no longer serve as occasions for big dance numbers. The obligatory old-time star in “Good News” is Alice Faye. Miss Faye once danced in “George White’s Scandals,” but she made her reputation in radio, movies, and TV, and she appears unaware of what a hard job it is to take a live audience by the throat and never let it go. She strolls about the stage and speaks her lines and sings, and yet remains at a considerable distance from us, calm and housewifely and good-natured. She is assisted by Gene Nelson, who is unlike her in spending himself to the limit, and by Stubby Kaye, who has a silly part that he has found no means of making improvements on.

The costumes are by Donald Brooks, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the settings are by Donald Oenslager, who performed a similar task for the first production of “Good News.” For nearly half a century, his stage designs have been those of a joyous young man.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

At the Start

St. Clement’s is presenting an early play by Tom Stoppard called “Enter a Free Man.” It would perhaps be a less interesting play for us to watch if we were unaware of the Stoppard of “Jumpers” and “Travesties,” because it is written in a realistic vein, and the nature of its plot prevents the sort of gorgeous high fooling with language that now distinguishes Stoppard from almost all his contemporaries. The characters in “Enter a Free Man” are lower-middle-class and therefore tongue-tied. Such eloquence as they possess is that which springs not from speaking well but from speaking badly; they struggle to find words commensurate with their feelings, and they always fail. A husband who, having no money chooses not to work; his careworn, aging wife; and their daughter, who supports the little family with her earnings as a shopgirl—these three, along with the keeper of a nearby pub and three or four frequenters of the pub, make up the cast. The husband imagines himself to be an inventor, though none o his inventions is worth patenting, much less putting into manufacture. His supposed gift is his one claim to superiority, and he is in terror of having this claim taken from him. We see him scorn his wife and child and seek, no for the first time, a fresh start in the world; then we see him return and begin again to practice the tyranny o his idleness. The daughter has also sought to escape and also finds that she must return; only the mother may be said to have achieved some sort of victory over circumstances, simply by carrying out her innumerable domestic chores, not so much hoping for the bes as facing the worst with resignation.

The author of “Enter a Free Man” betrays his youth by the trouble he ha taken to work out at length a plot of no very great originality and to give it an ending too neat for its own good. Along the way, we catch glimpses of the Stoppard to come, especially when, in the pub scenes, his characters, with every sign of perfect satisfaction, chatter away at cross-purposes. The director o the play, Brian Murray, has drawn good, sturdy performances from his cast. The husband is played by David Rounds, whose makeup doesn’t concea the fact that he is too young for the part; the wife by Alice Drummond, and the daughter by Swoosie Kurtz The complex and amusing set is by David Mitchell, the lighting is by Pa Collins, and the costumes are by Loryce Watson.

—B.G

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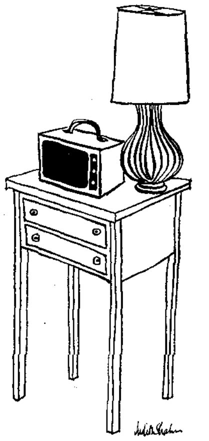
THE AIR

The Eyes and Ears of the World

ON a recent evening, the "CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite" presented, as usual, what it considered to be the key news stories of interest to the nation. As is often the case these days, they were focussed mainly on domestic politics and economics. There were stories on the House Judiciary Committee's confirmation of Nelson Rockefeller as Vice-President, on Governor Jimmy Carter's candidacy for the Democratic nomination for President, on President Ford meeting with automobile leaders, and on pollution in Pennsylvania's drinking water, and there were several stories on the economic situation in the country—notably, an interesting examination by the Washington correspondent George Herman of the recent rise in wholesale prices, and a fairly lengthy look at inflationary pressures in the lumber, cotton, and beef industries. Just before the final news item—a more or less lighthearted report from Texas about food being given away in a local supermarket—the camera turned to Walter Cronkite, who read three brief announcements. One was that the oil producers' cartel was meeting in Vienna; another was that Britain's trade deficit had risen; the third mentioned an air attack by several Israeli jets on a Palestinian compound near Beirut. These three announcements, whose reading consumed perhaps thirty seconds of air time, constituted the total foreign news broadcast by the "CBS Evening News" that day.

I mention this not to fault CBS for a surprising error of omission but to point out what has been obvious to many people for a good while: that foreign news as a broadcast commodity has been in a steady decline of late years, to such an extent that it now often seems to be thrown into a network's regular news productions as a kind of afterthought. I should say, in fairness, that this particular program contained a smaller amount of foreign news than is usual, even for these times. Both CBS and NBC—the two networks that have traditionally maintained substantial foreign-news operations (ABC was a late starter in the news business)—claim that on an annual basis the foreign-news content of their major news broadcasts averages from twenty to twenty-five per cent. Still, even this modest figure has generally been filled out by two rather narrow types of international reporting: semi-official accounts of the overseas travels and meetings of our own Presidents and Secretaries of State, and a largely reflexive, military-oriented coverage of combat situations—as, recently, in the Middle East. Organic, ongoing, interpretive coverage of the world as a whole by United States broadcast journalism seems right now to be at a minimum, and—despite the profitability of the three networks—shows no signs of becoming more ambitious. For example, CBS, which has for the last several years employed roughly seventy-five full-time correspondents to cover the continental United States, currently employs fourteen correspondents to cover the rest of the world. NBC has for the last several years posted roughly fifty-five correspondents around the country but has posted full-time correspondents and camera crews in only twenty foreign cities, from which they must cover, and "correspond" about, the whole of Africa, Asia, Europe, and South America.



The networks are far from being uniquely deficient in this respect. In fact, they have been doing no more than go along with a prevailing trend in American journalism, which for some time has been to withdraw from international affairs and concentrate on problems and events at home. Thus, journalism has been only mirroring, or trying to mirror, the inner-directed mood of the American people, which perhaps first proclaimed itself in President Kennedy's nationalistic space program and then appeared more visibly in the rhetoric and the modest legislation of President Johnson's civil-rights and urban-reform programs, and which has more recently found expression—or, at least, the semblance of a form for itself—in the much-mentioned national introspection that resulted from President Nixon's Watergate imbroglio and lately, and more significantly, from the recession in the domestic economy and the demand for "self-sufficiency" in oil. Indeed, it has become almost a commonplace to assert that the inhabitants of the nation are no longer interested in the international scene—certainly that they are not as much i
terested in it as they were, presumabl
in the years right after the Secor
World War, when the United Stat
was involved in the rebuilding of E
rope and in the tangled and dramat
internationalist neuroses of the Co
War. Nowadays, politicians appear
try to outdo each other in stressi
their concern about purely local ma
ters—the "plight of the cities." Brig
college graduates who a generati
ago might have cast an ambitious e
on the Foreign Service with a vie
to eventually holding a post in an ir
portant NATO country, or on orga
zational journalism with a view
landing a glamorous job as foreign cc
respondent in London, Paris, or Ror
now turn their ambitious eyes on ru
ning for state assemblyman, or on r
porting the passage of a new stri
mining bill. It is a trend that, howev
temporary it may be, or may have
be, is not without its own deep logi
and for a commercial news organiz
tion to go entirely against it wou
be foolish. After I learned the figu
for the foreign-correspondent staffs
CBS and NBC—which struck me
low, even for the present mood—I g
in touch with Harrison Salisbury,
former associate editor of the *Tim*
and a veteran international reporter,
find out the present level of the *Tim*
foreign staff. Salisbury came up with
rough total of about forty correspon
ents around the world. I asked him
the number of overseas corresponde
on the paper had been declining, a
he said no—that it had stayed
around forty for the past ten years
so, except that there had been temp
rary increases in Vietnam at key m
ments in the war. Furthermore,
said he thought that the *Times'* nu
ber of foreign correspondents w
"about right," because there was
point in having more corresponde
abroad when you couldn't get m
foreign news into the paper. The l
ten years, he said, hadn't been go
from the point of view of getti
foreign news—except possibly fr
Vietnam—into the paper.

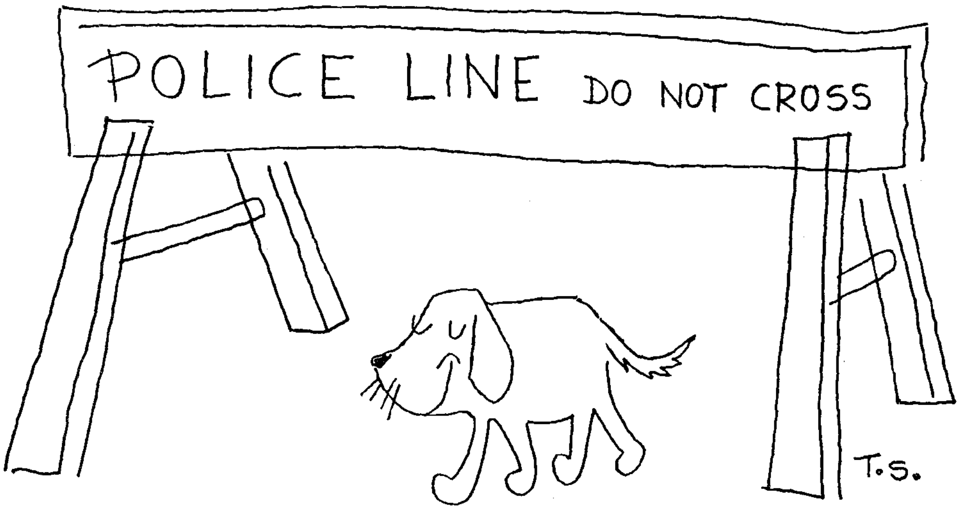
The *Times,* to be sure, is exceptio
al among newspapers, both in its r
atively international-minded readers
and in at least the ubiquity of
foreign coverage. On the morning a
er the news program on which C
presented thirty seconds of forei
news, the *Times* ran twenty-two stor
with overseas datelines in its first fo
teen pages, not counting United N
tions coverage and a brief account
heavy weather on the Caspian Sea. Y
the fact that the *Times* currently e

loys forty worldwide reporters to erve its roughly one million clients, whereas CBS News employs fourteen worldwide reporters to serve its rough- y twenty million clients, isn't really he main point—although doubtless it's comparison worth noting. For if the *Times* has long had an international ias in its news pages, so has CBS News—a comparatively recent organi- ation that developed largely out of the verseas staff of young reporters, such s Edward R. Murrow, Larry esueur, William L. Shirer, Charles Collingwood, Howard K. Smith, and Eric Sevareid, that covered the Second World War in Europe for CBS Radio.

Nor, of course, is the point that there some sinister conspiracy on the part f newspaper editors or television exec- tives to keep foreign news out of the aper or to limit network international overage to twenty or twenty-five per ent. The point, I think, is less easily efinable and is probably in the long un important, having little to do with idden motives or assignment sched- les, or even with percentage figures. omething about it, in any case, was rought home to me by two recent vents. One was the death of Walter ippmann, at eighty-five. The other I an't really call an event, for it was erely a news item concerning the assage through town of Vincent heean, the once dashing and well- avelled journalist, who is now a gra- ous old gentleman of seventy-five. ippmann's name and reputation are ell known to most literate people in is country—though I wonder how any people knew, as I did not, that ippmann's original push into jour- alism came about through an appren- ceship with the great muckraker Lin- oln Steffens. Vincent Sheean is today ss well known, but it seems to me at he, too, has been one of this coun- y's great journalists, and that his Personal History," published in 1935, ill stands as a classic of intelligent and volved reporting—in this instance, the politics and psychology and ap- arance of Europe as it drifted toward e Second World War. The names Lippmann and Sheean impressed emselves on me the other day, and mention them here not simply out of spect for two admirable journalists ut because it seems to be more than a incidence that some of the very best merican journalism has been the urnalism written by Americans who rceived the profound connection be- veen America and the rest of the orld—who not only perceived it but sisted on it when the American pub- , for various reasons, was more inclined to look to its own garden. Even in his earliest columns, written in the inward-turning America of the post-First World War period, Lippmann spoke steadily for the logic of American involvement in Europe and in the postwar settlements. Fifteen years later, with America assertively uninvolved and the postwar settlements undone, Sheean—in a different, more personal voice—drew masterly and evocative sketches of the larger world that was then collapsing and fragmenting behind the Wirephoto pictures of smiling Prime Ministers and dictators.

By the time this collapse had entered its final stage, American radio journalism had matured to the point where it was broadcasting occasional, largely unsponsored five-minute news "analyses" by such men as Elmer Davis and H. V. Kaltenborn (who in 1936 had been compelled by CBS to pay his own travel expenses to cover the Spanish Civil War). With the development of shortwave radio broadcasting, and with the growing public concern over affairs in Europe, the two networks (although chiefly CBS) began laying the groundwork for an international news operation. Edward Murrow arrived in Europe for CBS in 1937, to provide shortwave news broadcasts as well as arrange concert programs for CBS's "American School of the Air." Shirer was already in Berlin. On March 13, 1938, as Erik Barnouw recounts it in his book "The Golden Web," Murrow broadcast his first news report to American listeners: "This is Edward Murrow speaking from Vienna. It's now nearly two-thirty in the morning, and Herr Hitler has not yet arrived. No one seems to know just when he will get here, but most people expect him sometime after ten o'clock tomorrow morning. . . ." Later, from London, Murrow initiated the series of broadcasts that, as much as anything did, brought home to Americans the reality of that not so distant war. "Today, I went to buy a hat," he began a broadcast in September, 1940—at around the time that Franklin Roosevelt was beginning his campaign for a third term against the isolationist-backed Wendell Willkie. "My favorite shop had gone—blown to bits," he went on. "The windows of my shoe store were blown out. . . . The windows of the barbershop were gone." Barnouw writes, "Americans were hearing from many orators that Britain was decadent, a spent force. Murrow did not argue with them; he merely reported. But his words left little doubt that Britain would fight on." Still later, after America had entered the war, network-radio coverage became better established and more popular—attuned to the drama of combat and the chauvinism of our participation in the "great crusade." But it was to Murrow's credit, and to the credit of many of his colleagues at CBS and NBC, that in that prewar time, when even Lend-Lease was a moot issue and powerful currents of isolationism were running at home, the network journalists overseas conveyed to Americans not only what was often a far from popular picture of European disintegration and the early stages of the war but also—with Murrow's restrained tone and American voice—an unavoidable sense of implicit American involvement.

After the Second World War, it seemed that Americans became determined internationalists. There was our interest in the United Nations (which met first in San Francisco and then in New York) and in the Marshall Plan. General Eisenhower's wartime Allied Headquarters was approvingly expanded and institutionalized into NATO. There was the "challenge" of the Cold War, and the "challenge" of rebuilding Europe. Even Wendell Willkie, who had once accepted the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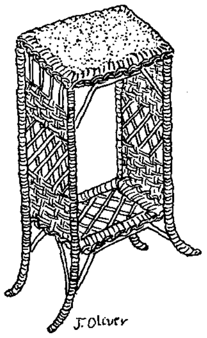
fiercely isolationist support of Martin, Barton, and Fish, had written a book titled "One World." All the while, American business continued its spread overseas. And American news organizations increased their foreign staffs—imperially establishing bureaus across Europe and, to a lesser extent, in the Far East. In the postwar years, news from Europe was on the front pages of the important American newspapers almost daily, and represented (according to network estimates) roughly fifty per cent of television's evening newscasts—which, as it happens, until September, 1963, were only fifteen minutes long. Still, ironies abound in history, and surely they did then, in this formally internationalist period in American history. Thus, Americans in the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties, as if to make up for their past mistake of self-absorption, increasingly directed their energy and interest to Europe and the Far East—so that European politics, the Cold War, Berlin, and Chiang Kai-shek appeared to be the main objects of American attention, and were so orchestrated by the news organizations. Meanwhile, the complexities, tensions, and injustices of American life remained intense but largely invisible, because they went unreported, until, in the nineteen-sixties, they finally exploded in a series of eruptions across the nation—in the Deep South, in the Northern cities, in black ghettos and white ethnic neighborhoods, in the lives of women, in the young, in long-dormant, unexplored areas of sexuality and politics—and American journalists rushed home to cover them. Much as the invisible, because unreported, phenomena of Europe in the nineteen-thirties had suddenly turned into facts that required a wrenching effort to deal with, so the unattended-to phenomena of postwar America suddenly turned into facts that required an equally extreme effort, of a different kind, to set in perspective.

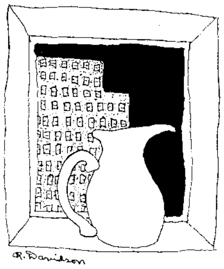


It is surely a deep-rooted human trait to have difficulty in observing, let alone comprehending, two separate matters at the same time—say, a football game and a baseball game being played simultaneously. And so perhaps one shouldn't be surprised that "public interest" flickers back and forth in this cyclical way between foreign and domestic concerns, and that editors, news executives, politicians, and others attuned to the public mood invariably follow it. Still, it's an unfortunate situation, and—given the implicit relationship of communications to modern societies—a result of extreme carelessness. This is not to say that if th American people had been led to know of their real involvement with Europ in the nineteen-thirties to the exten that they were led to know of, say, th virtues of Pepsodent toothpaste (whos "magic ingredient," irium, was invented by Albert Lasker) Hitler migh have never come to power, or a war o some kind might never have occurred. But almost certainly it woul have happened differently. Nor is it to say that if i the nineteen-sixties the new organizations of the natio (whose previously far-flun correspondents, camer crews, and "task forces" were then belatedly discovering Watts and Selma) ha made any serious attempt t glance overseas and communicate what was happenin in Southeast Asia—to measure the extent of our largely invisible, becaus unreported, involvement there—a wa might never have occurred in Vietnam. But it, too, might have happene differently, and the American descendants of the early purchasers of Pepsoder toothpaste, to say nothing of the rest o the American people, or the Vietnames might be more fortunate in a number o ways than they appear to be now.

The present, it is true, is a difficu region to be wise about—certainly f modern television journalists, who Muse all too often floats low to th ground, laden with market survey public-opinion samples, advertisin budgets, and various deadline imperatives. All the same, one doesn't have t be a foreign-news expert to be awa that there are several major ongoin foreign matters that Americans are this moment inextricably involved wit and are being further involved wi each day, and that remain largely unreported on television, save for occasional, disconnected crisis announcements on the evening news. At the t of this urgent list one would hav to put the Middle East situation, a enormous and complex "problem which compels American attentic on a number of levels, includir the moral as well as the economi and which is usually presented the television public in the for of distant, episodic scenes of comba dark planes in a blue sky flashing lo over hills and rooftops; thin colum of smoke; ghostly sounds of gunfire. I many ways, it is the Vietnam television scenario, except for the absence (

ate) of American generals, advisers, pecial Forces troops, and optimistic nterviews with the Ambassador. At ny rate, granted the difficulties of ommunicating the Middle East situ- tion to the American public as a hole, the response of television jour- alism so far has been sketchy and risis-oriented. When something visibly ramatic happens, television covers it. he rest of the time, which is most of e time, *nothing* is presented as hap- ening in this crucial, not so distant rt of the world; little coherence is iven to the historical and human com- lexities of the situation. Beneath the eriodic film clips of swooping planes nd official pronouncements, our in- olvement ticks forward every day— rgely unwitnessed.

The United States is obviously now nvolved in nearly every part of the orld—perhaps more so, in our pres- nt time of national introspection, an ever before. Less topical and hot" a subject than the Middle ast, but one that over the long run probably even more relevant to e American future, is the "story" nd one might well call it that) that s been hinted at, suggested, and creasingly documented in several udies—the most recent being by Rich- d Barnet and Ronald Müller—of e worldwide role, and especially the merican domination, of so-called ultinational corporations. This is t the place to discuss the merits or merits of American global corpo- tions; one need merely note that e growing literature on the subject ints to an already enor- ous and generally unre- rted involvement of merican business with the onomic and political for- nes of much of the rest the world. And not only American business, which r many people in this untry still has a remote, itist sound to it, but of the evitable components of American siness: stockholders; workers, em- oyed and unemployed—the public. r example, "it is sometimes argued at the dependence of the United ates on the world economy is ex- gerated," say Barnet and Müller, ho then show that "some thirty per nt of total United States corporate ofits can now be . . . attributed to erseas operations," and, further, that or many of America's major cor- rations, foreign profits mean the dif- rence between operating in the black nd operating] in the red." And, in se that still seems too corporate and élite, after analyzing the effect of global operations on the American work force they conclude, "When more than a fourth of the payroll and the managerial energies of the leading industrial concerns go to workers outside the country, it is not surprising that the federal government finds it difficult to develop an effective employment policy."



The mostly untold and, so far, managerial-oriented story of American global corporations, then, seems to be a story of the American public's inextricable involvement in the wider world, and also—as a consequence of American corporate policy overseas, especially in the undeveloped nations—of the American public's substantial involvement in the lives and affairs of other *peoples:* a kinetic involvement, for all its invisibility at home, which has already produced counter-thrusts, and is bound to produce still sharper ones. From South America, for instance, unconnected news stories have appeared from time to time about political unrest, or workers' strikes, or violent changes in government, accompanied by killings and by torture of the survivors (". . . were held for interrogation"). There have been scattered, largely unpursued accounts of C.I.A. involvement in the political affairs of several South American countries. The United States business "presence" in South America has been occasionally mentioned, guardedly discussed, and often romanticized, but it has almost never been seriously examined by television and mass journalism. In fact, at the moment CBS News maintains not a single full-time correspondent in the whole of South America.

Admittedly, it used to be a truism that the public wasn't "interested" in South America, and doubtless that's still so to a considerable degree. Neither was the public "interested" in Europe in the early nineteen-thirties, or in Southeast Asia in the middle nineteen-sixties, or in the complexities of the Arab world for much of this century. The public, one is told, prefers football games, craves entertainment, and is obsessively concerned with its own neighborhoods—and all that is true. But, on a deeper level, this is the same public that sent grain to Lenin's Russia, and died on French and Italian beaches, and airlifted supplies to West Berlin, and trudged through Philippine, Malayan, and then Vietnamese jungles—and at all times it has counted

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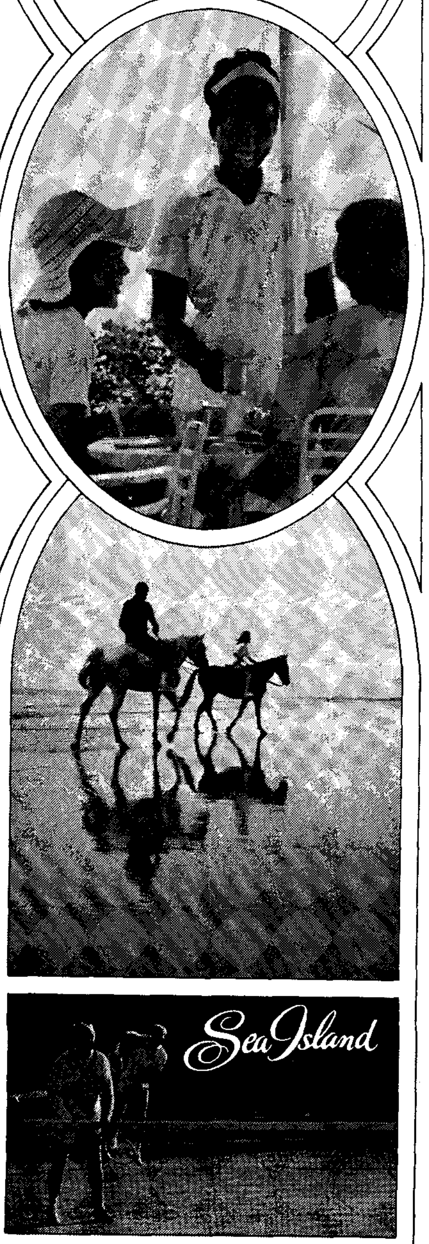

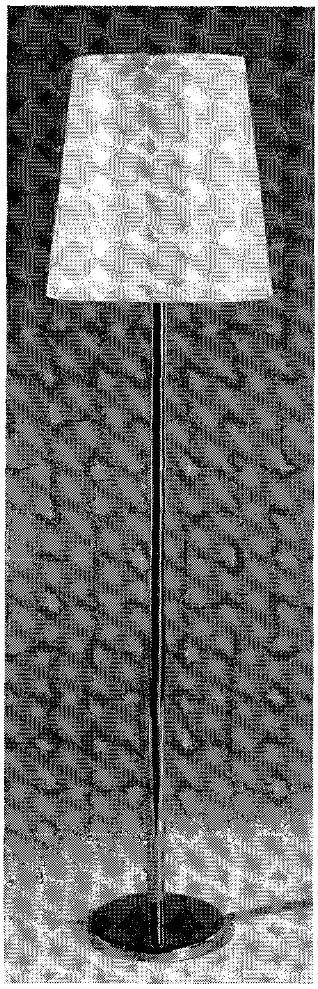

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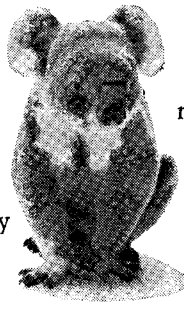

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on *others* to provide it not just wi
snippets of information but with a c
herent picture of its real connection
the larger world. In our time, the
others have been mostly journalis
and, lately, television journalists, a
too often the picture they have pr
vided has been less than cohere
has been tardy, and has been mai
ly deferential to an obsolete idea
what is popularly dramatic. "Ther
no story *there*," says an assignme
editor in 1965, looking at a news fi
of Vietnamese refugees filing by
American adviser team, and thinki
back wistfully to newsreels of a co
mando raid in the Second World W
"There's no story *there*," says a Ne
York desk man today, reading a d
patch about a social revolt in Chile a
comparing it to films of the Tet C
fensive six years ago. Then, final
one day, the "story"—the eve
whatever it may be—bursts upon
emerging, as it were, from its chrysal
its size and its impact invariably e
hanced by our earlier ignorance or i
attention, and at that point film cre
rush off to cover it, and we are i
formed.

It seems odd, and almost arroga
ly reckless, for grown men and wo
en to admit to satisfaction with such
process, but on the surface they app
to. Thus, today, in the new year
1975, we are ensnared as never
fore in the overseas world, and
volved at least as much as ever
fore with our fellow-man—and
merely in a fine-sounding, huma
way but, increasingly, in a bread-a
butter, world-recession, energy-cr
Middle East-*Realpolitik*, and So
American-class-war kind of way—a
yet we are pretending that we h
scant interest in learning about m
beyond the price of lumber in Oreg
and the condition of drinking water
Pennsylvania. Naturally, our me
learning about these "foreign" matt
will not make them disappear. T
point is that it will be a sign of
maturity and responsibility of
broadcast news organizations when
de-facto involvement of the Americ
public with the rest of the world is
longer treated as an episodic, unc
nected sequence of superficial even
For some time now, this involveme
has been no secret to anybody else.

—MICHAEL J. ARL

•

ARCHITECTS LOSE JOBS
AS BUILDING FALLS OFF
—*Headline in the Washington P*

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U.S. JOURNAL: HOUSTON

SOME THOUGHTS AT A CONGRESS OF CITIES

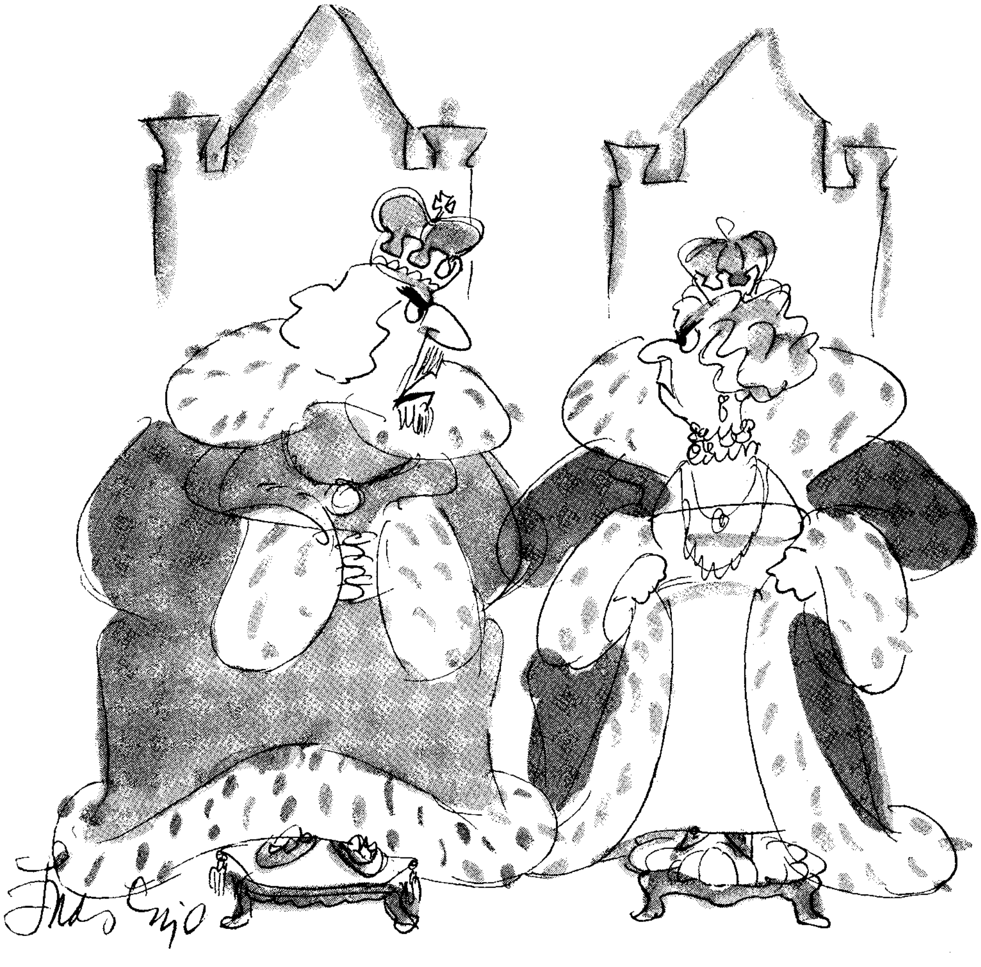
HAT MAN SLEEPING IN THE COR- ER WAS ATTEMPTING TO DESCRIBE IE COMPREHENSIVE EMPLOYMENT ND TRAINING ACT OF 1973

GOVERNMENT is boring. Politics are occasionally interesting, but government is almost always ring. Reporters often complain that ey cannot write about an important vernment program—general reve- e sharing, for instance—because ere are no people in it. If a news gazine did a cover story on gen- l revenue sharing, whose picture uld be on the cover? The Director the Office of Revenue Sharing of United States Department of the reasury? The budget director of eveland, Ohio? At the National ague of Cities' annual Congress of ties in Houston recently, the press ame animated—television micro- ones thrust forward, a bit of jockey- for position in the crowd—only en Robert S. Strauss, the chairman the Democratic National Committee, s available to answer questions about ether a mayor could be President or ether the Democrats will be split in 76. There was no one pushing aside yone to put a question to Caspar W. einberger, the Secretary of the De- rtment of Health, Education, and elfare. Who wants to talk about the lied Services Act, "for developing egrated human-resource services"? Weinberger wants to have micro- ones thrust in his direction when he es out in public, he will have to defy President or involve himself in a ndal or suggest that Nelson Rocke- ler be dropped from the ticket 1976. At a luncheon during the L.C. congress, Vernon E. Jordan, , the executive director of the tional Urban League, attacked eral revenue sharing on several unds—approximately the equivalent appearing at a construction-industry vention to denounce the tax deduc- n for mortgage interest—in a speech t also included criticism of those iticians who had contributed to the eeping respectability" of Governor orge Wallace. The press conference erward consisted mainly of questions ut George Wallace. The fact that vernment is boring—like, for in- nce, the fact that rodeo bronco-rid- is dangerous—is naturally an ele- nt in determining the kind of peo- it attracts. (So dedicated they don't mind being bored? So boring they appear dedicated?) Boredom is also an element in determining the extent to which ordinary citizens participate. The citizen who makes it all the way through a hearing on bond reduction or urban-development legislation is likely to be a lobbyist.

The fact that local government is closer to people than state or federal government does not make it more interesting. Local government is mainly a housekeeping operation, and no one is interested in housekeeping. In an N.L.C. survey taken last year, mayors were asked to name the "major problems" that most concerned them. The problem most often mentioned was refuse and solid waste. "Streets and highways" finished second. When the mayors were asked to list the complaint they most often heard from their constituents, the complaint listed more times than any other was "dog and other pet-control problems." Mayors of the largest cities are presumably not bothered personally by dog and other pet-control problems, but what they are bothered by may be less interesting than a tulip-eating schnauzer. The most important piece of new federal legislation on urban affairs is the Housing and Community Development Act of 1974, and listening to a discussion of it is a quick lesson in why most United States senators who are said to have lively minds become specialists in foreign affairs. They know what Lord Acton did not get around to saying: Government tends to be boring and local government bores absolutely.

MAYORS LOVE GENERAL REVENUE SHARING, OR ANYTHING ELSE THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAPPENS TO BE CALLING MONEY THIS YEAR

CITY officials are enthusiastic about the federal program of general revenue sharing; its extension past 1976 is the first legislative priority of the N.L.C. effort in Washington. City officials, of course, are likely to be enthusiastic about revenue of any sort, but general-revenue-sharing money is a particularly welcome form of federal funds because the city has an almost free hand in deciding how it is to be spent. (City officials want to be free not only from federal bureaucrats but



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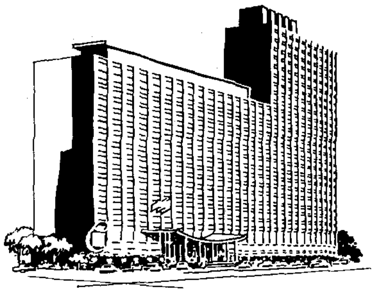

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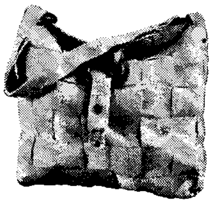

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from the population at large. At the Houston conference, a resolution offered by the black caucus calling for more citizen participation in deciding how to spend general-revenue-sharing funds did not come close to emerging from committee; even the support of black mayors for the resolution was considered pro forma.) Mayors do not object to the old, strings-attached kind of federal money strongly enough not to want any of it. They say that revenue sharing was meant to be in addition to federal programs such as Model Cities, and has been serving instead as a substitute. "Revenue sharing was sold as tax reform," one city official said during the congress. "It was supposedly a way to take the burden off the real-property tax, which everyone agrees is the least fair tax, and collect money for local services through the progressive income tax, which is the fairest tax we have." But the money for programs like Model Cities gradually stopped coming—some of it was impounded by Richard Nixon in those monarchical days just before The Fall began—at a time when inflationary pressure was making it difficult for some cities even to meet their payrolls. Given the proposition that a mayor's political fortunes may vary in inverse proportion to the local millage on real estate, local officials tended to spend unearmarked money on something they considered a necessity—like some new police cruisers. In his speech in Houston, Vernon Jordan pointed out that municipal governments had spent only one per cent of their revenue-sharing funds on social services for the poor and aged, two per cent on housing and community development, and five per cent on health programs. "We were given this money by the federal government and told to be innovative," a councilman remarked in Houston. "Then the minority people who were being funded from the programs that stopped came in and said, 'Hey, that's our money you're being innovative with.' " Municipal government is boring but not uneventful.

IF THE GOVERNMENT WOULD JUST STOP REGULATING GENERAL MOTORS, WE COULD ALL GET OUT OF THIS MESS, UNLESS NOT ENOUGH REGULATION OF GENERAL MOTORS WAS WHAT GOT US IN

THE headquarters hotel of the N.L.C. Congress of Cities had one of those open cocktail lounges that architects have been planting in the middle of lobbies lately—presumably
as a way of providing guests with
place from which to admire the boff
lobby design that new hotels are nov
offering in place of efficient room serv
ice. When lobby drinking was intro
duced, one advantage was immediatel
apparent: since lobbies obviously hav
to be fairly well lit if guests are to b
prevented from tripping over luggag
and potted plants, travelling peopl
who had spent years stumbling aroun
in the pitch blackness that serves as at
mosphere in conventional hotel ba
were presented at last with a place i
which they could read the paper an
have a drink at the same time. Anothe
advantage becomes clear when th
hotel is used as headquarters for a con
vention. Someone who finds it neces
sary to waylay delegates on the wa
to their rooms—someone who is
salesman, say, or a manipulator of th
nominating committee—can now awa
them cheerfully, with a drink in h
hand, instead of having to loite
around an otherwise deserted lobb
feeling like a process server.

A councilman from the Midwe
was waylaid late one evening durin
the congress by a public-affairs ma
from General Motors. "Have w
closed your plant yet?" the Gener
Motors man asked the councilman,
the conversational tone of someon
asking whether a party invitation ha
been received. The councilman sa
that, as a matter of fact, the Gener
Motors assembly plant in his city ha
recently been shut down. Unfortunat
ly, the General Motors man said, su
plies of automobiles were stacking up—
about the only exception being Cadillac
which are apparently being snapped
so quickly that overtime is som
times required to keep up with the d
mand—and the ripple effect of th
auto-industry slowdown had not eve
been felt yet. The councilman w
reminded that one out of six of
constituents was likely to be in an i
dustry affected by the auto industr
"What we're asking everyone here
do," the General Motors man said, '
to use their influence with their elect
officials to get a freeze on emission a
safety standards." According to t
General Motors man, emission stan
ards are no longer cost-effective an
way, and auto fumes have been blam
for a lot of pollution for which th
were in no way responsible. Confirm
ing the old saw that lobbyists oft
provide public officials with informati
they would not otherwise have at the
fingertips, the General Motors man i
formed the councilman that long b
fore automobiles Los Angeles had be

known to Indians as Place of Perpetual Smoke—or Indian words to that effect.

Urban Conservation Sounds Good, But So Did Urban Renewal

WHEN the N.L.C. began this year to urge a national policy of Urban Conservation, there was some uspicion that the real policy of city oficials was to find a new label under which to market their problems. The logans heard again and again in the ixties—the plight of the cities, the urban crisis—may have left the cities with the same kind of difficulty that American Indians face: agreement on heir miseries is so nearly universal hat there is a temptation to dismiss the ituation as hopeless. The mayors inolved in the N.L.C. acknowledge that Urban Conservation is, in a way, a deice for stating the cities' case more ositively; it contains the assumption that there is something worth conserving. But they insist that it also represents a consistent approach to urban evelopment—an approach that would ffer incentives to people for rehabiliting old houses instead of for replacing old houses with new projects, for instance, and would encourage density instead of sprawl. They also argue that ny urban policy at all would be a step in the right direction.

What exists now, the city officials ay, is a mélange of disparate policies nd programs that have had great effect on cities without carrying the label f urban policy—the federal highway rogram that provides suburbanites with free roads while cutting up city eighborhoods, for instance, or the .H.A. policy in some areas of being willing to give mortgage insurance on uburban houses but not on houses in he city. "We pay people to do the rong things," Allen E. Pritchard, Jr., e N.L.C. executive vice-president, aid in his State of the Cities speech in ouston. "Although the figures are fficult to analyze, for every dollar of deral grant money spent to solve lverse problems, it appears that there at least an equal amount of federal x subsidies (tax expenditures) actg to encourage investment decisions hich reinforce the adverse condion." In other words, Pritchard said, e government grants tax incentives at encourage corporations to extract ew minerals rather than recycle old, nd then begins to try to alleviate the urban problem" of solid waste.

There was a lot of talk at the .L.C. congress about how even well-meaning federal programs specifically designed for cities may have done more harm than good—particularly programs aimed at the urban poor. Public-housing projects, for instance, have served to segregate and stigmatize the poor—and to saddle the central cities with the citizens who are least able to pay city taxes and most in need of city services. Even clinics and day-care centers have added to the isolation of the poor in deteriorating neighborhoods, since moving away would mean giving up vital services or having enough money to purchase them in the private market. One of the resolutions passed in Houston supported the concept of income supplements or a guaranteed minimum income—a concept based on the theory that the biggest problem of the poor is lack of money. Maynard Jackson, the mayor of Atlanta, told the delegates that a minimum income could not replace existing programs and institutions in the near future, the cost of income maintenance these days being staggering. For a family of four to live "modestly but adequately" in the United States, Jackson said, would now require twelve thousand dollars a year.

A Conference of City Officials Sometimes Sounds Like a Conference of Textile-Plant Operators

A MAYOR is management. His job, unlike the job of a senator, or even a governor, can be dominated by his role as an employer. Salaries and workers' benefits account for most of the money in his budget. During his campaign, he may have been able to point to a spotless pro-labor voting record in the state assembly, but once he takes office labor becomes one of the costs of doing business. The seminars that were constantly packed in Houston were not those on Human Resources (which is urbanese for people) or Science and Technology but those on Labor-Management Relations. The advice given to mayors and councilmen at a labor-management seminar sounds like the advice given to plant managers being addressed by the corporation's industrial-relations specialist—ways in which management can, by being attentive to the needs of the workers, demonstrate to them that a union would serve only to drain away some of their money in monthly dues.

Union organization among public employees has been increasing dramatically, of course, and Congress has begun considering bills that would extend

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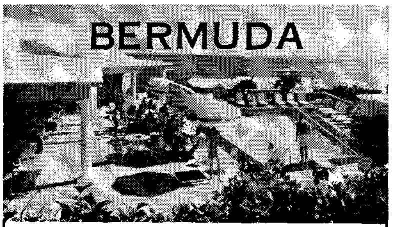

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collective-bargaining regulations to public workers. In Houston, the difference of opinion within the Resolutions Committee over a resolution condemning the collective-bargaining proposals amounted to whether it should be called the most important issue facing municipal officials or merely one of the most important issues facing municipal officials. (The more moderate version won, in deference to revenue sharing.) Mayors often complain about interference by the "feds." ("A lot of days, I haven't felt like the mayor of Salt Lake City but the local manager of the federal government," E. J. Garn, who has in fact been the mayor of Salt Lake City, said at the conference.) But the complaint only became serious enough to take to court on a payroll issue—the inclusion of municipal workers in federal fair-labor-practices regulations that have to do with overtime. The N.L.C. is suing in the belief that a court decision denying the federal government's right to come between a local government and its employees in that matter would also have the effect of blocking the collective-bargaining legislation that otherwise seems inevitable. At the conference of city officials, a lot of the language used to describe federal labor legislation was reminiscent of the language that was once heard at conferences of Southern governors—federal tyranny, dangerous infringement. But, for all the Constitutional talk, the real worry was the worry of any management. "This," one mayor remarked, "could cost us a wad."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

In the locker room of basketball's Portland Trail Blazers, the cameramen were set for the post-game show. The producer was in the final countdown—"-4-3-2-1, you're on, Jane." Jane Chastain, the first woman to broadcast live sports over network television, started to talk. Suddenly, from the back of the room, someone whooped. "I just knew," says Jane, "that some character was back there walking around *a cappella*. I just prayed he wouldn't walk in front of the camera."

—*People*.

Especially if he was singing in the al fresco.

•

The dillar showed a slight rally in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Milan, Stockholm and Cipenhagen. . . .

Dealers in Lindon said the market rally was a normal reaction to the dillar's harps drip earlier this week.—*The Times*.

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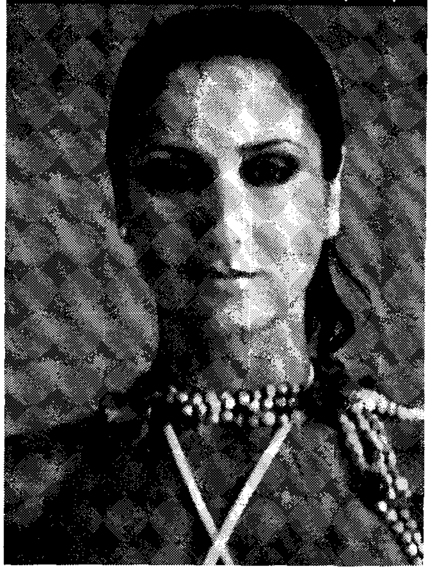

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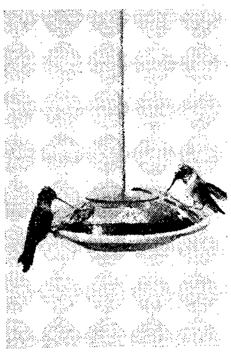


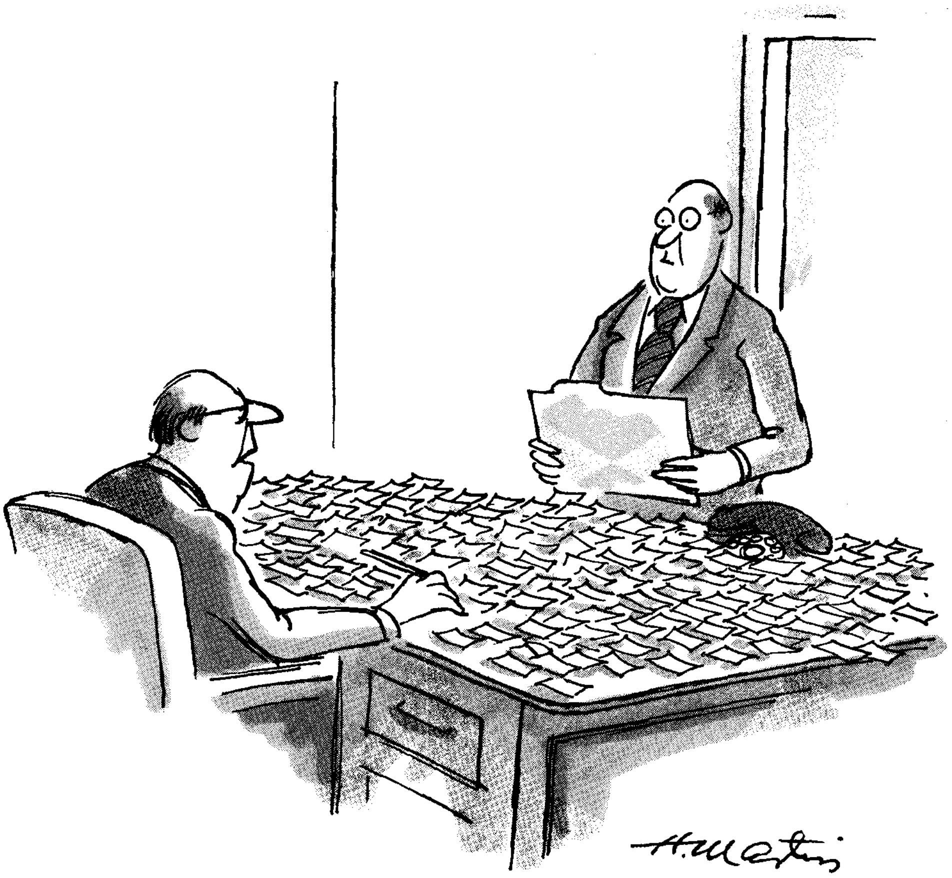
MUSICAL EVENTS

Caldwell in Command

FOR the City Opera, Sarah Caldwell has directed and conducted Hans Werner Henze's "The oung Lord" and Richard Strauss's Ariadne on Naxos." Last week she ade her Carnegie Hall début, pre- nting, in concert form, large excerpts om Prokofiev's "War and Peace." he concert was a kind of parergon to e production of the opera that she th directed and conducted in Boston st May, and repeated last summer Wolf Trap Farm. Its success was a easure of her musico-dramatic flair. War and Peace" is an opera whose fect might be thought to depend ite largely on its vast choruses, its vo extended ballroom scenes, and nning inscenation of the kaleidoscop- episodes that make up the second part. ns décor, sans action, and sans chorus cept that provided by massing her urteen soloists, Miss Caldwell re- aled the power and richness of rokofiev's score. She has a born op- a director's genius for ordering the sources at hand—maybe a mixed nch of enthusiasts playing in a gym, aybe a cast of seasoned pros assem- ed rather too late for detailed en- mble rehearsal, and here a group of lmirable singers ranged on a concert atform before an orchestra—to catch e essential spirit of a music-drama. lthough a composer's full require- ents (say, the huge multiple choruses nd deep-stage spectacle of Verdi's on Carlos," which Miss Caldwell ut on in Boston last year) may not ways be attainable, whatever forces e can muster she puts to maximum e, so as to communicate, clearly and vidly, "what the composer was out." In rehearsal, she has reminded e in some ways of Peter Brook: ere is the same fiercely accelerating in- nsity of concentration toward the first rformance, which can be tough on a st and yet lift it to fresh achieve- ent; the same gift for disconcerting st-minute improvisations that sudden- refine the expression of a long-held, ng-pondered idea. In the work of both rectors, preliminary research to the epest foundations of a piece does not eclude spontaneity in its execution. here is a kind of theatre—heady, ex- larating, and hazardous to profession- routine—that seems to combine de- sions made on a bedrock of belief and cisions taken even while the audience sembles. Miss Caldwell provides it.

A few days before the "War and Peace" concert, one of her singers told an interviewer that the choice of excerpts was still undecided. Those eventually chosen (a little under two hours of music was done, without intermission) brilliantly reflected the proportions of the work, the manner of its dramatic progress, the balance between epic tableaux and the personal adventures of the principals. Of course, the scenes must have meant most to listeners who knew the whole score (and, for that matter, the opera means most to listeners who know the whole of Tolstoy's novel; the libretto is itself a selection of scenes from something much larger). But even someone unable to place all the characters or fill in the gaps of the narrative must have felt the fire and force of the piece.

I missed Miss Caldwell's Boston production of "War and Peace," but two other productions encountered last season, in Sydney and in London, convinced me that it is one of the large modern operas most deserving of a place in the international repertory. It was widely seen in the Western World when NBC produced an abridged but impressive television version; that was in 1957, two years before the work had reached the Bolshoi. The early history of the opera is even more tangled than that of "Boris Godunov." In summary: 1942—a first version completed in piano score. 1944—a concert performance in Moscow of a second version. 1946—the first eight scenes of a third version staged at the Maly Theatre, Leningrad, and a concert performance at the Soviet Embassy, London. 1953—Prokofiev dies, after continuing to elaborate the heroic and patriotic aspects of his work; a Florence production. 1955—a Maly production. 1957—a production at the Stanislavsky Theatre, Moscow. 1959—the Bolshoi production. The opera was taken up in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. All the stagings after 1953 used as text a selection from the very long score that the composer had built up over the years. Then in 1972 the Sadler's Wells—now English National—Opera presented the fullest version yet given. Last year, Sydney chose the piece to inaugurate its new opera house. The Bolshoi brought it to Montreal in 1967, and plan to bring it to the Metropolitan this summer. Miss Caldwell has now mounted the American première. The Bolshoi recording has just achieved domestic publica-



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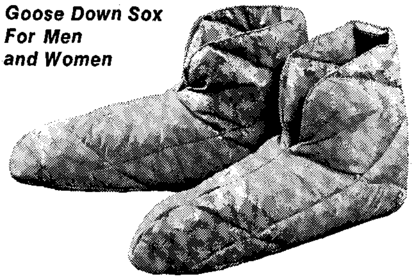

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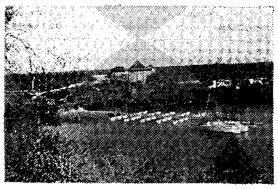

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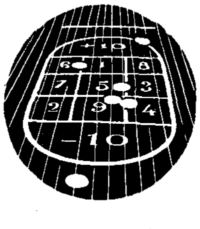
tion, on the Columbia/Melodiya label.

And with increasing familiarity has come revaluation, a truer appraisal. Prokofiev himself prepared the way for a misunderstanding when, to Western friends, he declared that all the patriotic stuff had been put in just to please the authorities. And as a result, it has often been underrated. There is no reason to doubt Prokofiev's statement; the history of the opera's genesis supports him. On rereading the novel in 1941, he was drawn to set it when he suddenly perceived, in the reunion of Natasha and the wounded Prince Andrey, "the perfect operatic scene." His first version was turned down by the Committee on the Arts because too much attention had been paid to the aristocratic lovers, too little to the Russian people. His revisions and amplifications were largely concerned with patriotic choruses and new, noble ariosi and arias for the people's general, Field Marshal Kutuzov. Yet although the additions may have been officially motivated, that should not blind one to the merits of the extra music Prokofiev composed. There are plenty of operas that deal, subtly and stirringly, with love awakened, love betrayed, love finally triumphant. (The themes in "War and Peace" that express the love of Natasha and Andrey were borrowed from Prokofiev's incidental music to "Eugene Onegin," composed in 1936.) "War and Peace" belongs to the small band of operas that give voice to exalted popular resolve in music that is stirring but not crude. "Fidelio" does so; the last act of "Die Meistersinger," several of Verdi's operas, some of Kurt Weill's. "War and Peace" was certainly a "relevant" subject at the time of its composition. The Germans invaded Russia in June of 1941, just before Prokofiev began his score; they moved toward Moscow by way of Smolensk, as Napoleon had done in 1812. As "Epigraph" to the opera, Prokofiev sets a shattering chorus: "This invasion kindled in the heart of every Russian such a deep sense of outrage and of wounded pride that their fury burst forth into sacred flame. Forth to battle went the Russian people in defense of their land: they rose in all their terrible might against the invader. Who could stand against them in the splendor of their wrath when they rose against their enemies?" The music transcends the particular occasion, gives international voice to feelings of heroic resistance to wrong, prompts emotions that can bind mei as brothers. (Rather similarly, Giuseppe Giusti in a famous poem tells hov Verdi's chorus "O Signore, dal tett natio" flooded both the Milanese patriots and the occupying forces in on common wave of yearning—to a poin where the poet almost flung his arm around a stiff Austrian corporal.) It i one of the glories of opera that it cai provide such transcendental experiences. (Afterward, of course, the emotions must be examined; and the Brussels performance of Auber' "La Muette de Portici" i 1830 is the only recorded instance of an opera that le directly to a popular rising.



It is for the splendor of it hitherto underrated "public music, I believe, that "Wa and Peace" will one day be most highly valued—for that, and for the skil with which Prokofiev follows his principals (Andrey, Pierre, Natasha) throug the events of war. This sense of individual destinies as part of a larger history and the musical realization of privat cares against a vaster perspective, rais "War and Peace" far above the common run of operatic romances and a the same time save it from being a tub-thumping patriotic pageant.

All this Miss Caldwell understand well. The "Epigraph" she had to omit without a large chorus it is impossibl to perform. But by skillful selection brilliant theatrical pacing, and a rar command of atmosphere create through the molding of a phrase, th lilt of a rhythm, or the intensity of . timbre, she led the work securely fron the lyricism of the spring garden, i peace, through Petersburg and Moscov intrigues and amorous escapades on th eve of invasion, to the series of brilliant affecting, and finally triumphant wa scenes. Kutuzov carried the burden c the opera; his music was sung gravely eloquently, and warmly by Donal Gramm. Natasha calls for a purer ton than Joann Yockey's, but her characterization was touching and true. was sorry not to hear more of Pierre partly because the single monologu left him was so well sung by Willian Neill, partly because I hoped Mis Caldwell might convince me that hi music in the later scenes is not—well something of a letdown. The playing of the American Symphony was glittering, enthusiastic, and powerful.

THERE are many good reason for giving concert performance of opera—particularly in a countr with no broadcasting system regularl producing its own performances of rare ieces and relaying the best from the rest of the world. And there are many ways of giving them—from a com- letely acted, if décorless, presentation uch as the Little Orchestra Socie- y mounted of Janáček's "Jenůfa," hrough "semi-staging," to a perfectly traight studio-type performance. There vas a touch of theatre in the way Sarah Caldwell directed operations in "War and Peace" from a rostrum massively uilt up into a redoubt; and Natasha and Andrey waltzed a few steps together.

Four days earlier, at a concert per- ormance of "Salome" in the same all, Birgit Nilsson did not waltz dur- ng the Dance of the Seven Veils, even hough Sir Georg Solti conducted it vith the most alluring lilt. (She did ake the chance of powdering her ose.) Norman Bailey, as John the Baptist, stood behind the orchestra vhen he was notionally in the cistern, p front when he was not. The gaggle f chattering Jews (characterized by trauss as such) was clustered to one ide of the stage; the soldiers and Nazarenes were on the other. It would e good to hear, from Solti, one of the xtra-repertory operas at which he xcels (Britten's "Billy Budd," which e has done here in concert before, but me years ago; Schoenberg's "Moses nd Aaron") or would surely excel Busoni's "Doktor Faust," Szymanowki's "King Roger," Hindemith's Mathis der Maler"), but a "Salome" rom him and Miss Nilsson needs no stification. True, they have recorded e work together, memorably well; evertheless, the pull of the live event strong—and the performance was of perlative quality. Drawing on several roductions, memory might assemble cast with a more grandly resonant rophet than Mr. Bailey, a more im- osing Herodias than Ruth Hesse, but ardly a better Herod than Ragnar Ilfung. On a single occasion, such a am as we heard could hardly be bet- red. And no other heroine of my expe- ence, not even Ljuba Welitch, has been subtle, delicate, and radiantly power- l as Miss Nilsson. It was as if Strauss's ore, the Chicago Symphony, Solti, and liss Nilsson had all been made for one other—and here they all were to- ether at last. —ANDREW PORTER

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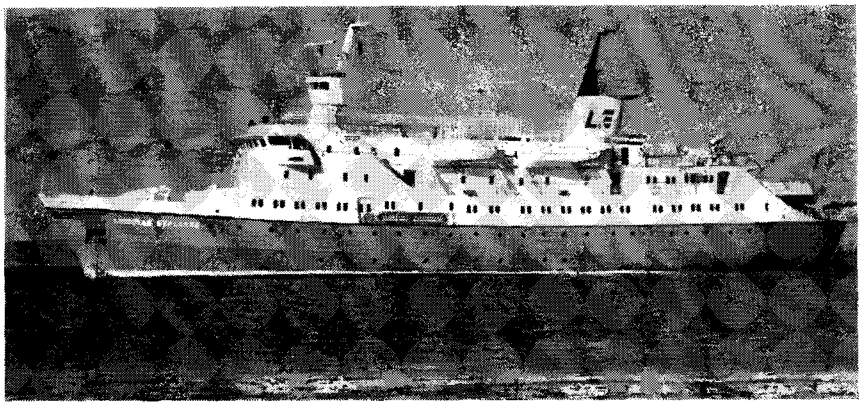

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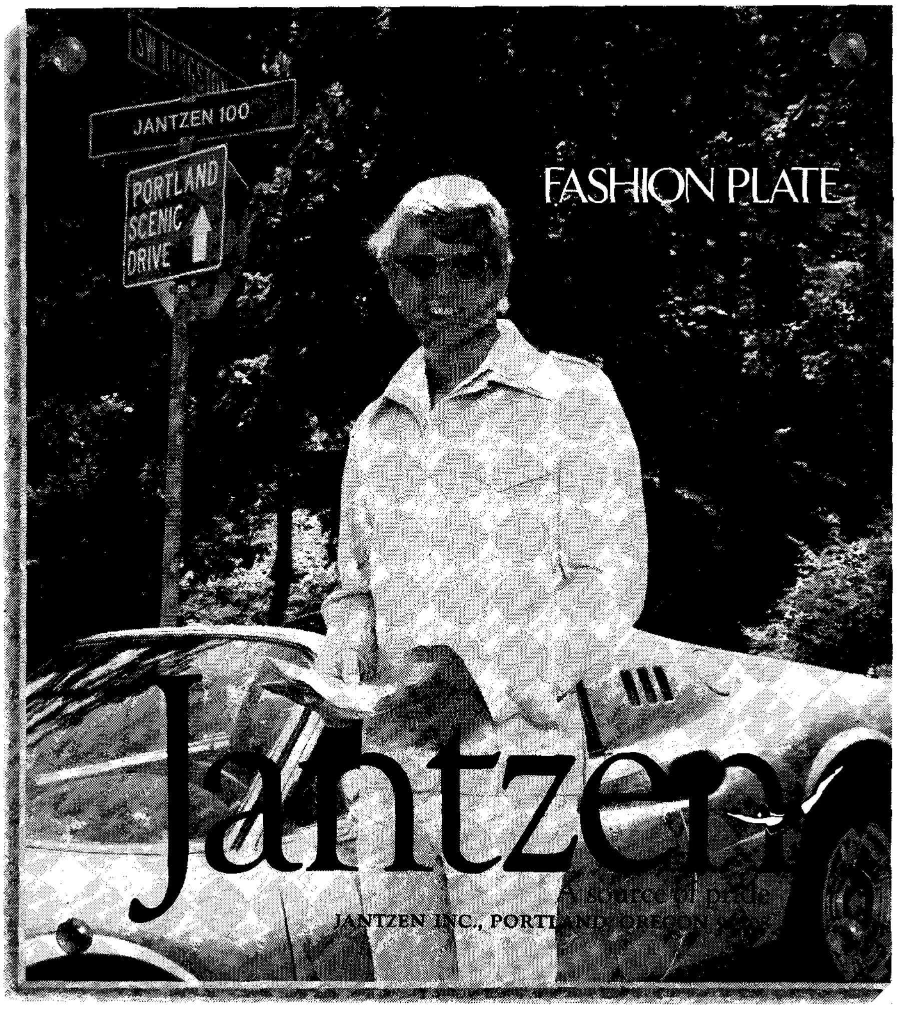


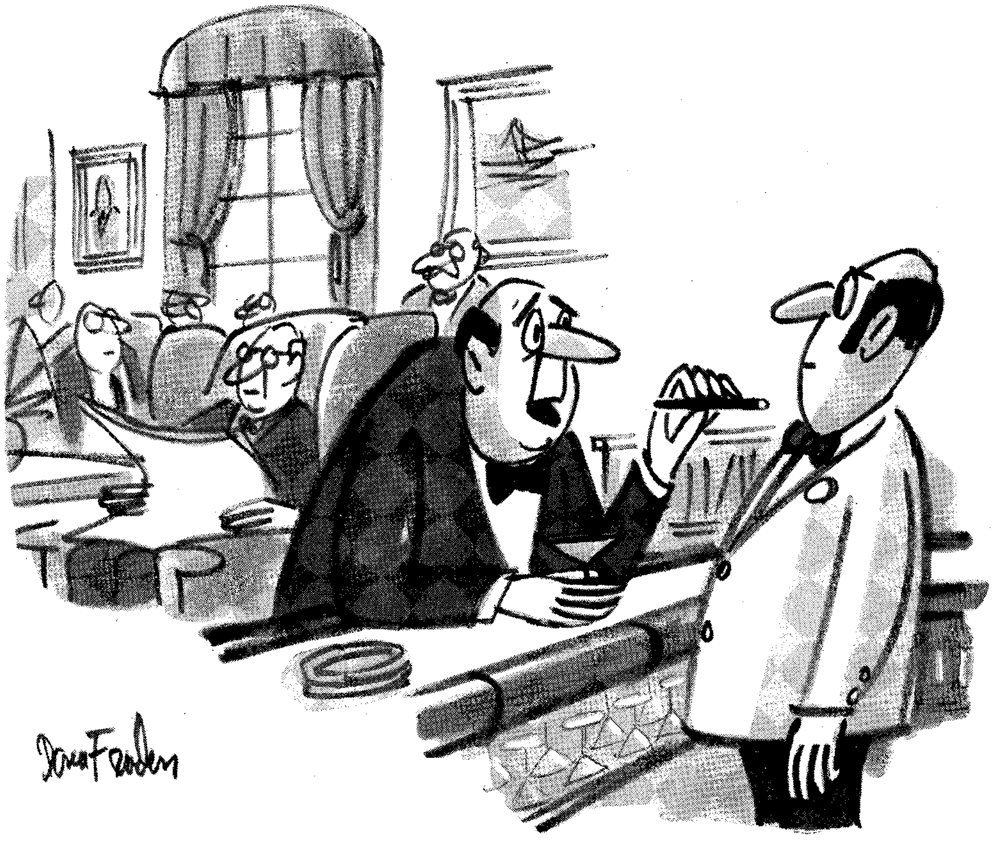
LETTER FROM SAIGON

DECEMBER 27

POLITICAL unrest in South Vietnam is once more erupting into the streets, as it has so often before, but lately there have been some signs of non-Communist nationalist strength that could be a new political factor—specifically, in helping to produce a more truly representative government, able to buy time in negotiations with the Communists before a final showdown. This movement faces a number of familiar handicaps, including the endless rivalry among South Vietnamese political and religious leaders and the usual rigidity of the regime of President Nguyen Van Thieu—now in its eighth year—toward non-Communist opponents. Beyond that, the Communists remain as determined as ever to use their organized military and political power to achieve their unaltered aim of conquering the South one way or another. Nevertheless, the South Vietnamese nationalists, because they are no longer beset by phobias about a vast American presence, feel that they face a new and challenging opportunity. It is soon likely to be tested—and so is the Thieu government itself—in a fresh round of peace talks in Paris and in Vietnam.

Now that Vietnam has ceased to be the paramount and all-consuming issue it once was in the United States and much of the rest of the world—though in the almost two years since the ineffective Vietnam ceasefire was proclaimed more lives have been lost in combat here than anywhere else on earth—its fate and fortunes are basically back in the hands of the North and the South Vietnamese themselves rather than in those of outside forces. Of course, it would be a mistake to assume that the United States, the Soviet Union, and China are no longer concerned about what happens in Vietnam or that they are no longer supporting the opposing sides. The issue of continuing American aid is at the moment regarded as particularly vital in Saigon, and Hanoi is similarly dependent upon and worried about Moscow's and Peking's present and future assistance. The balance of the contending forces, when factors of morale and organization as well as numbers of men and amounts of equipment are taken into consideration, is roughly even. A Communist member of the moribund International Commission of Control and Supervision commented recently, "One side is not strong enough to win, and the other is not weak enough to lose"—references to Hanoi and Saigon, respectively—which seemed to me as cogent a summation as any I have heard.

During the conversations that President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had last month with t Russians in Vladivostok and that K singer had with the Chinese in Pekin the Communists were again asked urge the North Vietnamese to retu to the peace table to work out furth steps toward a long-term settleme The Americans held considerably l leverage this time, though, than wh we were still fully engaged. There a now only seventy-four hundred Am icans here, of whom sixteen hundr are official employees—just a hundr and forty-one of them military—a the rest are hired government contr tors and miscellaneous civilians a their dependents. Besides, other sues—notably the Middle East, nucl disarmament, oil, and internatio trade—are now higher on the agen of matters to be discussed with t Communist powers. Even so, the co peting objectives of the Russians and t Chinese—and, to a somewhat lesser e tent, of the Americans—on the Asi continent are still a most vital matt and Vietnam is still the key to t Asian equation. Whatever comp mises may now have been reached the big powers on the Vietnam qu tion will go a long way toward det mining what happens when peace ta resume, possibly early next year. that time, President Thieu has hint he will go further than he has e yet gone in offering the Provisio Revolutionary Government of So Vietnam, Hanoi's Southern arm, chance to discuss seriously the politi future of the country. Though t P.R.G. declared in a radio broadcast October that it will not talk w Thieu as long as he remains in pow there is no reason to believe that t Communists mean it any more se ously now than they did before th negotiated in Paris, when they said t same thing. If whatever Thieu offer good enough, they will certainly d cuss it—even if, as before, they co tinue to talk and fight at the same tin The substance of a Thieu offer wo probably be as follows: The So Vietnamese will agree to the establis ment of firm demarcation lines a what amount to buffer zones betwe the opposing parties—as has been do in Laos, where, so far, similar arrang ments are working. The Saigon go ernment will also finally agree to t setting up of a tripartite Natio Council of National Reconciliation a Concord, as outlined in the origi Paris accord, giving equal voices to t Communists, the Thieu governme and a supposedly neutral eleme whose members are to be approved the two other factions. The P.R.



"I admit my cup is full, but it never runneth over."

vill, in effect, be acknowledged as the ro-tem government of part of South Vietnam in its own right, with a recog- ized capital in Loc Ninh, near the ambodian border—concessions that the ommunists desperately want, along vith recognition of the legal status of heir own armed forces. The concept f holding general elections involving oth Communist and non-Communist actions will be accepted by Saigon for he first time, looking toward the even- ual selection of a new National As- embly, and also, perhaps, a Constituent Assembly, to write a new constitution.

So far, feelers sent out to the Com- nunists suggesting a return to the eace table have elicited no response, they have not yet had a chance to ear Thieu's new proposals, but Com- unist intraparty communications have dicated more of a willingness than reviously to discuss concrete new eace arrangements. When the Paris greement was signed, in January, 973, it was almost immediately ap- arent that neither side was prepared talk seriously about a permanent set- ement. The fighting in Vietnam carcely abated as each side violated the easefire in an attempt to grab as much ontested territory as possible, and ghting has continued at a varying ace ever since, reaching a peak in ugust and September of this year. fter slackening somewhat for two onths, it picked up again in the first alf of December, partly owing to the nnual competition for portions of the ew rice harvest. While the Commu- ists have seized more land, notably in e southernmost parts of the Mekong elta and in the northern tier of the ountry, they are privately admitting at at this time they control as little seven per cent of South Vietnam's opulation of almost twenty million. A w months ago, they were privately aiming twelve per cent, while public- asserting that they represented a ma- ority of the people. Their most recent ans, according to orders given to eir troops, call for a further stepped- p series of attacks in the next two onths, and neither Western nor Viet- amese intelligence sources in Saigon le out the possibility of a general of- nsive, within the next twelve months, ombining the strategy and tactics of e 1968 Tet offensive and the 1972 aster offensive—the first of which oncentrated on the cities and the sec- nd on the countryside. With around ree hundred thousand soldiers in the outh, about a quarter of them local ietcong troops and the rest North ietnamese regulars, and with ample pplies, including tanks and new anti-

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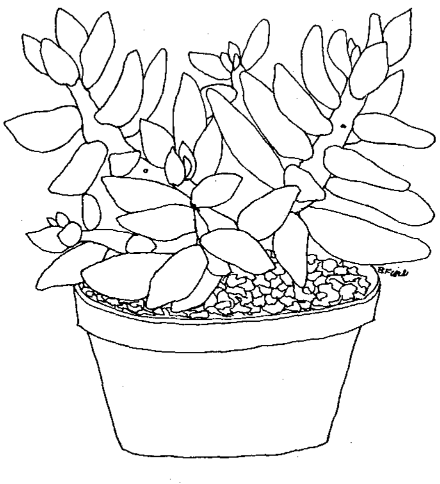
aircraft weapons, the Communists are fully capable of another all-out offensive lasting two or three months, or, alternatively, of maintaining the present pace of fighting for four or five years. The level of military activity in the months ahead thus might well depend on the peace talks, if they start in earnest. If Hanoi, which has plenty of economic and morale problems of its own, can buy time by getting the P.R.G. legalized, and thus preparing the groundwork for a coalition government, it will probably do so; if the talks fail to get off the ground, the second option—another full-scale attack—will in all likelihood be chosen.

DESPITE the continued military threat, this is the first time since the Paris conference that the Thieu government, its local nationalist opposition, and the Communists all seem inclined to strike a bargain that could, in the immediate future, bring about a temporary peace and a legitimate, peaceful political contest in the South. It is interesting to note that while some degree of de-facto accommodation between elements of the opposing sides has always existed in the Delta, a similar development is now taking place in the Central Highlands and in some of the coastal areas of central Vietnam. A softening of anti-Communist attitudes has derived from mounting resentment against Thieu and against official corruption, and from widespread economic distress, which has affected everyone from the civilian population to the men in Saigon's armed forces, who have had to cope with shortages of everything from ammunition to helicopters; because of the fuel crisis and a lack of spare parts, the total number of helicopter missions throughout the country, for example, has dropped in the past few months from sixteen thousand a month to three thousand, while transport planes and fighter-bombers have also been flying far fewer missions. As the soldiers have become more apathetic, they and their families have privately come to terms with Communist forces in the hamlets and villages, agreeing not to fight, and even making deals for Vietcong cooperation in hunting deer and other animals for food or for sale in the cities. Communist officials have raised no objections to this low-level process of accommodation, and to me such inevitable developments have always seemed the best way to make progress toward peace.

As has been true of the opposition to President Park Chung Hee, in South Korea, and President Ferdinand E. Marcos, in the Philippines, the movement against Thieu has been led largely by militant Catholic clerics and laymen—at least, so far. This is truly remarkable in South Vietnam, for not only are the Catholics a minority of two million (mostly refugees who fled North Vietnam after the end of the French Indo-China war, in 1954) but the national government has been dominated by Catholics for most of the last two decades—first in the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem, between 1955 and 1963, and since 1967 in that of Thieu. Last June, taking their cue from recent Vatican declarations emphasizing peace and deploring social evils, and from statements by South Vietnam's fifteen-member Council of Bishops, which, in the fall of 1973 and early in 1974, warned that "this country may be led to ruin by corruption, particularly when corruption is carried out by those in power," a group of priests, under the leadership of Father Tran Huu Thanh, a fifty-nine-year-old Redemptorist priest in Saigon, launched the People's Anti-Corruption Movement. The movement was encouraged by several of the more militant bishops—especially Bishop Nguyen Van Nghi, of the Saigon diocese—who, in turn, had the support of the highest-ranking prelate in the country, Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh. In September, following a series of seminars and meetings at parishes in Saigon and Hué which enabled Father Thanh and his supporters to obtain the signatures of three hundred and one priests out of a total of seventeen hundred in the country upon a "Manifesto Against Corruption, Injustice, and Social Decadence"—in essence, a generalized attack on the Thieu regime—the movement issued a more specific manifesto, "Indictment Number One." The indictment, the full text of which was published by three Saigon newspapers (the day's issues were swiftly confiscated), was directed primarily against corrupt practices that Thieu, membe of his family, and his small, closely kn entourage were alleged to have er gaged in. It accused Thieu of makin huge profits from real-estate deals; condoning speculative fertilizer dea engineered by his wife's brother; permitting his wife to make huge profi from a private hospital in Saigon th she had ostensibly built to help tl poor; of allowing some of his close military and civilian associates to pro from a vast heroin traffic—in whic it was suggested, he may have had share; and of closing his eyes to co rupt rice trading in central Vietna that was conducted in part by his aur whose son Hoang Duc Nha, until r cently Minister of Information, w one of his top advisers.



So far, none of these charges ha been proved, but Thieu, who has hin self condemned the present widespre corruption as "a national calamity ar shame," has made no real effort to ar swer them. He has simply declare them to be "smoke screens, fabricate charges entirely forged, and total groundless slander," and though he known to have stopped National A sembly committees from investigatin some of the allegations, he has said th "if my relatives or my wife or childr are corrupt or violate the law, let t law deal with them. I will not take their defense or condone [their fenses]." In an effort to seize a r former's role in the campaign agair corruption, he dismissed three hundr and seventy-seven officers of the arm forces from their current jobs, many or most of them, including thr corps commanders, have simply be transferred to other posts. The co commanders were put in charge training camps for newly induct soldiers, and some of the other office ironically, were assigned to the I spector General's Department, whi investigates charges of corruption in t armed forces. In addition, in an eff to satisfy the demands that he rec ganize and cleanse the governme Thieu forced the resignation of N and three other top ministers—those charge of trade and industry, of nance, and of agriculture. As it ha pened, all four men, in fact, whatev their personal faults, were among t more able in the government. Thi and his Prime Minister, Tran Thi Khiem, offered the posts to membe of the opposition, who refused the and at the end of November, after fi weeks of maneuvering, and a part reorganization of Cabinet functions, t jobs were assigned to ranking ci servants—a move that did nothing resolve the political situation and left things much as they were. Moreover, he controversial Nha will probably ontinue to advise Thieu.

All this has naturally pleased the Communists, and must make them onder further the question of whether o negotiate with Thieu now or wait ntil the burgeoning nationalist third orce grows stronger or until the posibility of Thieu's leaving office beomes a probability. Thieu is alternatng an attitude of defensiveness with ne of toughness and bravado. In two ecent speeches, he has spoken of "my ast year in office," asserted that it was 'not important" whether he was Presilent any longer but only that the South emain "in the hands of the nationalsts"—i.e., anti-Communists—and said, 'Please do not worry about me henceorth." Presidential elections are schedled for next October, following elecions for the House of Representatives, nd speculation about whether Thieu vill run again has consequently beome a favorite pastime in Saigon's umor-filled coffee and noodle shops.

In his tougher moments, by conrast, Thieu has said that he will never ive up as long as he feels it his duty to ontinue leading the crusade against e Communists. At the end of Ocber, he ordered his plainclothes poce to break up an all-night vigil of ather Thanh's movement at the Tan a Chau parish church on the outskirts f Saigon, and during the melee sevnty-five people were injured and Faer Thanh was shoved to the ground. wo weeks later, Thieu, addressing a roup at the Information Ministry, arned Catholic demonstrators to stay their churches, Buddhists to stay in eir pagodas, and opposition assemblyen to stay in the House and in the enate, where they enjoy immunity. In n even tougher speech the same day seventy-eight government deputies, e said he would use tanks if he had in order to force the assemblymen behave. He warned, as he has done peatedly, of plots by the Communists and the "colonialists"—by which e apparently means the French (alough he was once a French mercenary soldier himself) and, obliquely, e Americans, who he feels have let m down—to take over Vietnam, and ted as an example what happened in hile. There is no doubt that in his forts to discount the opposition movements by calling them names Thieu is ying to conceal his fear of them, and though this does not mean he won't n for reëlection—dictators seldom ve up easily—my own hunch is that is scanning all the probabilities and

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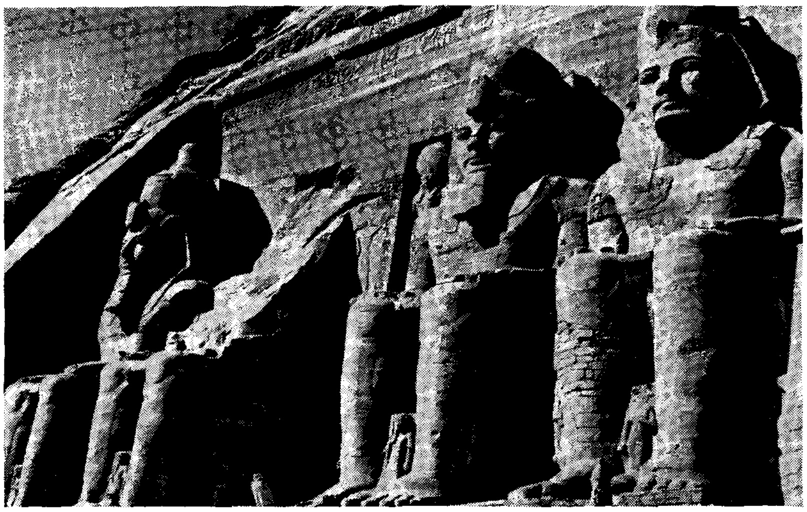

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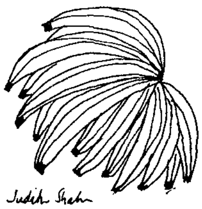
will retire gracefully if he can. If he does, he will want to go out a hero, and he could best do that by obtaining, or at least arranging for, a settlement that, while giving the Communists a minority voice in the government, would preserve the legality of the seven-year-old Second Republic.

Despite the violations of liberty in South Vietnam, including the mistreatment of prisoners and what at best amounts to limited freedom of the press, the regime prides itself on the legitimacy it derives from the constitution adopted, under American pressure, in 1967. The American diplomats now say, in a somewhat faltering defense of Thieu, that they are neither for nor against his running again—though he made such an eventuality possible only by forcing through the National Assembly last January an amendment to permit a third term. Still, the United States prides itself on having fostered that legitimacy, such as it is, and the Americans are therefore against Thieu's resigning before the next election—which is what the opposition is now demanding. The more practical members of the opposition, and some American officials, too, would prefer to see him clear the air by announcing straightforwardly that he won't run in 1975, and that he will meanwhile devote himself to cleaning up the government as best he can and preparing the way for a proper and orderly succession, based on a well-run election.



AMONG the uncertainties of that election, in addition to the status of Thieu, of further peace negotiations, and of the military situation, is that of the new nationalist movement, which is still divided and amorphous. Though in many ways the nationalist movement is more reminiscent of that in 1945 and 1946, when everyone was against the French, than of that in 1963 and 1966, when the Buddhists were alone in fighting the government, it has so far shown only tentative signs of solidifying. Both Catholics and Buddhists are still debating their own problems of policy and organization, and, while maintaining some liaison, are still cautious and suspicious of each other's motives. Some of the nonreligious leaders and the professional nationalists, such as Tran Quoc Buu, the head of Vietnam's largest labor organization, are trying to act as conciliators, and as time goes on they are apt to play a more significant role. What is more important, however, is that a number of militant young Catholic priests, young Buddhists, and experienced nonreligious nationalists are working together behind the scenes to create the foundation for a true third force—one that would be dominated by neither the Communists nor the government and would hold a valid balance of power in any election. This sort of quiet and efficient coöperation, again reminiscent of the mid-forties, is something Vietnam could not develop during three decades of war and of unrealistic experimentation with imposed Western-style democracy. Potentially, at least, it represents a search for a truly Vietnamese solution, without too much concern over what Americans or any other foreigners think.

Father Thanh, with whom I had several conversations, is an obviously sincere and well-meaning, if somewhat naïve, man. One of six children of a mandarin family from central Vietnam, he began organizing youth movements against the Communist Vietminh in Hanoi two years after he was ordained there, in 1943, and fled the city just the day before Ho Ch Minh's entry in August, 1945. In 1954, he worked with pro-Communist Vietnamese refugees in northeast Thailand and wrote three books, so far unpublished, dealing, respectively, with social justice, education, and psychological warfare. After Diem returned to Vietnam in 1954, Father Thanh was one of six Catholic leaders who helped Diem's nefarious brother Ngo Dinh Nhu formulate his Vietnamese version of the humanist French social philosophy known as *personnalisme*. Eventually, however, Father Thanh had become disillusioned with the Diem government, and went to live and study in Brussels, returning to Vietnam in 1960. For a time, he taught in the national military academy and the defense college and thus has some influence among young Army officers, who though the Army does not play the political role it once did, could in a crisi lend support to a political movemen they felt could avert a Communis takeover.

One of the difficulties that Fathe Thanh faces is that he is more of a theorist than either a strategist or a tactician. He has surrounded himsel with a motley group of clerical and lay advisers who represent every hue of the political spectrum, and include a number of certifiable opportunists—among them former members of the Can Lao, a semi-secret organization that was the backbone of the Diem

:gime. Also supporting him are members of the old-line nationalist parties, ıost notably the secretive Dai Viet, › which one of Thieu's two brothers and some say Thieu himself) has benged. After Thieu tried to preëmpt ıe corruption issue, Father Thanh deded to come out against the President personally and, instead of merely lvocating the reform of the regime, demand the President's resignaon. Though he says that he, too, lieves in maintaining the government's legitimacy and its constitutional amework, he has called for the creaon of a transitional political council nding new elections, and this coun- would presumably take the place of legal succession either by Vice-President Tran Van Huong, who is in frag- health, or, if Huong quit, by Senate resident Tran Van Lam (a Cathic), who is not especially popular. one of these solutions would appear be workable, and they would probly make it easier for the Communists infiltrate and divide the opposition nks. In the next few months, Father hanh told me, he and his group will y to organize support in the provces, holding meetings in local paries, particularly in the southern Del- . More demonstrations will also be ld in Saigon, in the hope of obtaing greater support from a public that s so far remained both skeptical and ared by Thieu's warnings of a stiffer ackdown on dissenters. One conontation took place at the end of Nomber and resulted in a fresh outburst street violence. The Americans, hile disavowing allegations that they ve secretly backed Father Thanh d other opposition elements, have unselled the President to maintain a ong hand but to be judicious in the e of force and, above all, not to emoy American weapons against civilian otesters—something that the opposion has condemned Thieu for doing.

THE Buddhists of the An Quang faction, who backed the 1963 erthrow of Diem (only to see his reme ultimately replaced by another atholic-led one), have been content is time to let the Catholics take the ıd in the opposition movement, alough Buddhist lay groups have played najor part in the formation of an ornization called the National Reconiation Force, headed by Senator Vu ın Mau. The N.R.F.—whose memrs have openly designated themselves he new third force"—is, as its name plies, more directly in favor of aching an agreement with the Comunists according to the terms of the

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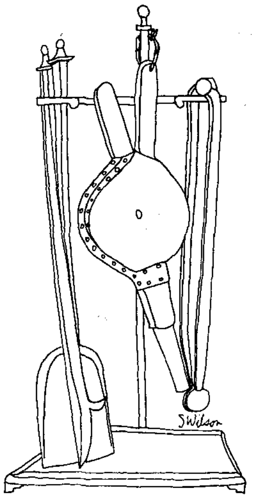
Paris pact. It has held some meetings at the An Quang pagoda and has the personal support there of Thich Tri Quang, the leader of the 1963 revolt. Tri Quang, in fact, helped sponsor the creation of the N.R.F. last August, when his longtime colleague and antagonist, Thich Thien Minh (they have been at odds since their student days, thirty years ago), was in Europe attending a world church conference. Upon his return, Thich Thien Minh was furious. The High Secular Council of the An Quang Unified Buddhist Association is composed of eighteen Buddhist priests, some of whom claim that efforts to heal the breach between the two monks are progressing, yet in numerous talks I had with Buddhist clerical and lay leaders I gathered that the division within An Quang remains deep. Partly for this reason, the Buddhist priests and the Catholic priests have not yet got together. However, Father Thanh and his group have held several friendly discussions with some of the bonzes—notably with Thich Giac Duc, who supervises six Buddhist youth groups—and a new and healthy development has been the presence of several hundred Buddhists at Catholic meetings and a number of Catholics at Buddhist rallies.

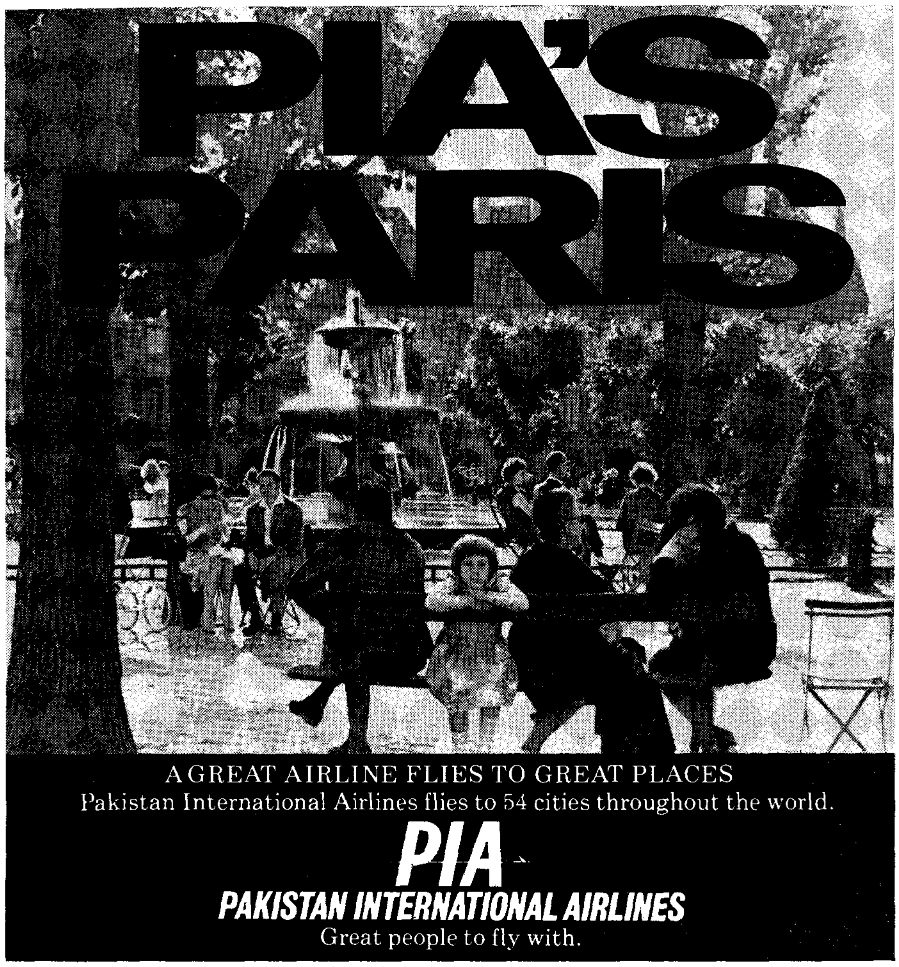


Senator Mau and Vo Dinh Cuong, a particularly militant lay leader, who heads the Buddhist Family Organization, the largest of the lay groups, have been travelling around central Vietnam trying to establish provincial branches of the N.R.F., and, like the Catholics, they are now trying to organize in the Delta. For the Buddhists, whose leaders are practically all from central Vietnam, this presents an especially difficult problem, because the bonzes in the south are members of the traditionally apolitical Theravada sect, whereas Buddhists of the central and northern sections of the country belong to the far more numerous and politically militant Mahayana group. The N.R.F. demanded Thieu's resignation before the Catholics did, and want a new constitution written before the next election. Though the N.R.F. plans to hold a national convention by next June, it has a lot of organizational work to do before it can be taken seriously. The present looseness of the group, together with the leftist bent of some of its more vocal and active members, leaves it more open to Communist penetration than Father Thanh's ranks are—danger of which its leaders profess t be aware and to be guarding agains What both of these overt movemen so far lack is a clear policy line, an this is precisely what those more ex perienced nationalists and younge clerical elements of both religions wh are working behind the scenes are tr ing to formulate. The labor leade Tran Quoc Buu, for his part, is tryin to achieve this objective through tl Social Democratic Alliance, in whic his Farmer-Worker Party, the Con Nong, is the most vocal and best o ganized of seven member groups. Bu who for the past two years had sougl to coöperate with Thieu and to pe suade him to adopt social and politic reforms, recently made a strong speec to his labor groups denouncing the co ruption and social and economic ev that have racked the country under tl Thieu regime. He told me the oth day he would do his best to consolida the opposition but would not be candidate for President, yet there a many observers in Vietnam, includir a number of Americans, who rega him as a logical choice to head a tick next October.

As the political scramble intensifi there is increasing talk of the pos bility of a combined Catholic-Bu dhist Presidential ticket next fall. O name being mentioned that of Justice Tran Mi Tiet, of the Supren Court, a moderate Cath lic, who conceivably mig run with Senator Ma though neither of the tv is a particularly forcef man. General Duong V Minh, the nominal lead of the 1963 coup, who w Chief of State and h strong Buddhist support, still a potential candida as he was in 1971, and is Air Vice-Marshal Ng yen Cao Ky, the form Prime Minister, who h been carefully trying to mend his p litical fences, particularly with t Buddhists, whom he brutally represse in 1966. If Thieu does withdraw fro the race, Khiem, the present Pri Minister, who has maintained a lon time political marriage of convenien with Thieu, though they are not pe sonally close, would probably run w the approbation of both Thieu and t Americans, even though Khiem's fa ily, like Thieu's, has been widely a cused of corruption. Not to be d counted, especially if the military a political situations should disintegra

ı a tacit alliance among Khiem; Gen-
ral Cao Van Vien, the Chief of the
oint General Staff; and Marshal Ky.
n a crisis, this triumvirate could con-
eivably take temporary control of the
overnment. Ky is by far the most
ynamic personality of the three, and,
ıough a North Vietnamese by birth,
e has acquired considerable popular-
y during his long years in the South.
Ioreover, he is willing to meet the
Communists halfway in tough nego-
ations.

ALTHOUGH the political situation
in South Vietnam shows signs of
itality again for the first time in many
ears, the economic and social picture
disheartening. The country, like
ıost of the rest of the world, is in a
rious recession, and there seems little
ope of any real recovery in the near
ıture. Inflation, which increased at
rate of sixty-five per cent in 1973,
running at about forty per cent this
ear. Purchasing power and consump-
on have continued to drop, and no
ıe except the very rich has the money
buy anything beyond the bare neces-
ies. There are at least half a million
ıemployed in a population of twen-
million, though their lot is being
mewhat improved by a government-
onsored program to put a hundred
ousand men to work rehabilitating
e cities of Saigon and Danang and
onstructing irrigation projects nearby.
Ianufacturing activity has continued
decline in major industries, includ-
g textiles, cigarettes, and sugar refin-
g; nevertheless, the country is now
lf-sufficient in sugar, thanks to in-
eased crops. The production of other
ops, including corn, tobacco, and
getables, has also increased, and the
ce harvest, which was up substantially
st year, is expected to equal that level,
ith a crop of seven million tons of
ddy predicted for 1974; this would
ake the country, formerly a rice ex-
orter, almost self-sufficient once more.
he domestic prices of all these prod-
ts have continued to soar, however.
xport earnings have increased, but
ot as much as expected, owing chiefly
a declining demand for fishery prod-
ts, especially shrimp, and for lum-
r and rubber. As a result of harsh
sterity measures introduced by for-
er Commerce and Industry Minister
guyen Duc Cuong, which eliminated
rtually all luxury imports and cut
ck on fuel imports—the local price
petroleum quadrupled during the
ar—Vietnam's balance-of-payments
uation is relatively sound, and its for-
gn reserves went up from seventy
illion dollars last April to a hundred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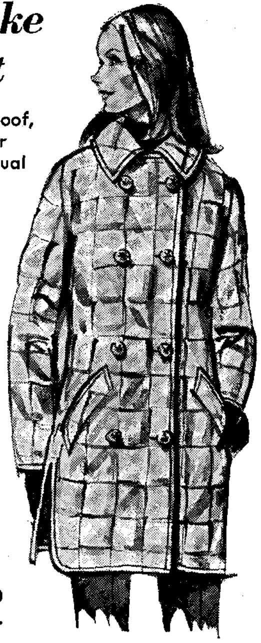

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and sixty million in November. But, aside from offshore oil exploration, there is virtually no new investment, and inventories are piling up. In the year since I was last here, the shops and restaurants in the downtown Saigon area have become almost empty, and the number of beggars on the streets has increased noticeably. Even in Cholon, the relatively prosperous Chinese section of the capital, the volume of business has declined. The Vietnamese have had one recent stroke of luck: Early in November, one of the American-backed exploration teams struck oil in the South China Sea, with a promised output of fifteen hundred barrels of oil a day, plus a large amount of natural gas. It will take perhaps another year to determine whether the general area being explored is big enough for a hoped-for production of fifty thousand barrels of oil a day within five years. This and other factors could eventually produce an upturn, but in the meantime the atmosphere of stagnation is pervasive.

THIS increasingly serious social-economic situation is undoubtedly one reason that the Communists are carefully weighing their options. If they press their military attacks now, while they negotiate, or prior to accepting another ceasefire, they will be in a more advantageous position later, as negotiations come to fruition. In the northern half of South Vietnam, the Communists have almost finished building a new series of connecting roads, which, given their current disposition of forces, all but cuts the country in two from the Laotian border to the Central Highlands and then diagonally northward to the coast of Quang Nam Province. They have finished paving the old Ho Chi Minh Trail, using limestone and packed dirt, and have built an oil pipeline that runs all the way from North Vietnam to Quang Duc Province, northeast of Saigon, with refuelling stations along the way. Except in really wet weather, they can now bring in fresh supplies and men from North Vietnam to the III Corps area, just north of Saigon, in three to four weeks instead of the two and a half months it used to take them when the Trail was a web of dirt roads subject to constant American bombardment. In recent weeks, they have made a heavy buildup of supplies to be moved South. In the northern and central parts of South Vietnam, the Communists are effec-
tively interdicting the lateral networ
of government highways; threatenin
the government's pacification progra
which has been made more difficult b
the forcing of some two hundred thou
sand new refugees from the areas th
had been resettled in following t
1972 Communist offensive; recaptu
ing most of the lightly populated terr
tory they lost after the 1973 ceasefire
and forcing the government to surre
der many of its lightly manned ou
posts. Particularly in the northernmo
tier of the country, where the be
Communist forces have ti
down the best governme
troops, the North Vietnam
ese have consolidated the
hold. In the crucial I
Corps region, the Comm
nists are opening up new i
filtration routes, and they a
doing the same thing in t
Delta while consolidati
their substantial hold on t
five southernmost provinces and d
rupting pacification efforts there. Th
despite the decrease over the past ye
in the figures for population under th
control, they are obviously prepared
regain control not only over more pe
ple—perhaps more than ever before-
but over more land. In the past year
so, they have colonized areas in t
northern part of the country, sendi
in sixty thousand men, women, a
children from the North, includi
both Southern families who we
North in 1954 and new Northe
ones, and their aim is to send do
several hundred thousand such coloni
in the next few years. At the sa
time, they have directed selective art
lery barrages against government-co
trolled village areas to create m
refugees, and have stepped up th
kidnappings of peasants, of wh
eighty-five hundred have been forcib
removed to Communist areas since t
ceasefire.

The Communist regular forces
two hundred and twenty-five tho
sand, which comprise fourteen divisio
and numerous autonomous regimen
backed up by six additional divisions
North Vietnam, are confronted
three hundred and seventy-two tho
sand regular South Vietnamese Ar
men, plus four hundred and fifty tho
sand territorials of the Regional a
Popular Forces, and four hundr
thousand armed People's Self-Defe
Forces in the villages and hamle
However, as many as a quarter of t
regular Army men and about t
fraction of the territorials are either
called "phantom soldiers" (who do
in fact exist and are simply carried

e lists to pad officers' payrolls) or
flower soldiers" (who are given per-
ission by their superiors to work on
eir family farms and whose pay is
lit between them and their com-
anders). Then, a hundred and fifty
ousand of the over-all total are de-
rters, are wounded or sick, are serv-
g terms for breaking discipline, or are
dergoing training courses. Still oth-
s are doing odd jobs for province
iefs, who make deals with battalion
mmanders for these men, known as
rnamental soldiers." Moreover, at
ast half the Regional Forces are im-
obilized in outposts, and many regu-
rs are serving in rear areas or holding
wn desk jobs. Fresh recruitment
rgets have not been met. On any
ven day, accordingly, the actual
mber of Communist and govern-
ent forces confronting each other in
ttle is about even, and if the gov-
nment holds a slight edge, that is
inimized by the declining morale of
troops. The decline is reflected in
e ratio of weapons lost, especially
here outposts have been surrendered
abandoned. Before the Americans
me in force to Vietnam, in 1965,
e government was losing about two
eapons—mostly guns—for every one
at the Communists lost. During the
riod of the American war, the ratio
ung way around, with the Commu-
sts losing many weapons in captured
pply bunkers. Now it is back where
was in the pre-1965 period.

OUNTERBALANCING such statistics
is an equally dark analysis of con-
ions in North Vietnam. Through
elligence reports, and also through
ne of the most direct public self-
iticism in which the North Vietnam-
leaders have ever engaged, there
erges a picture of a country at odds
th itself, uncertain about its future
mmitments to the South in the face
the need for economic reconstruc-
n at home, and confronting the
eatest social unrest since the upheav-
that accompanied the draconian
d-reform program of the mid-fif-
s. The fact that the Hanoi regime is
t attempting to gloss over its diffi-
lties shows both its perception of the
oblems and its awareness that it must
something to mollify a population
it, with the war against the Ameri-
s over, expected an easier life and a
more concessions than it is receiv-
. A speech by Prime Minister Pham
n Dong on September 1st, celebrat-
the anniversary of the August,
45, revolution, called for unity with-
the Laodong (Workers') Party,
her than, as in the past, "unity of

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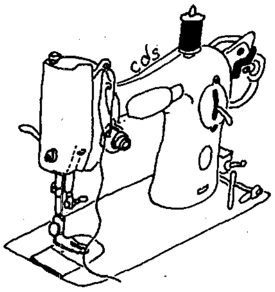
the people"—a change that reveals the scope of the problems in North Vietnam.

Editorials and official proclamations constantly stress the need for better "management" in order to improve the slackening agricultural coöperative movement, which is still given top priority, and it is evident that the farms are in serious difficulties—difficulties that were increased by a recent bad crop resulting from a midyear drought followed by late-season typhoons and floods; the word "famine" was used in descriptions of conditions six months ago. "We are facing a situation filled with difficult and complicated tasks. . . . We must not waste even a single day or minute," Premier Dong said. In the spate of criticism about poor labor output and low productivity, Dong and other high Party officials have been unrelenting in attacking "indiscriminate" comments on Party policies and singling out people who have not been sufficiently punished for stealing state property, engaging in illegal business, or disturbing order and security. Last summer, seventeen people were shot in Hanoi for corruption, and a hundred and fifty were arrested in Haiphong for charges ranging from draft dodging to black marketeering. There may soon be a full-fledged Party purge—already heralded by the creation of what may be a Chinese-type Red Guard militia. Both Dong and Le Duan, the First Secretary of the Party, who is generally regarded as North Vietnam's top leader, have regularly called for "a mass revolutionary movement to rehabilitate and develop the economy." A new five-year plan, the first in ten years, is supposed to begin in 1976; it was announced partly at the urging of the Soviets, and has not yet been clearly formulated—a state of affairs suggesting that differences prevail within Party ranks.



Official self-criticism reached a peak in an editorial in the September issue of *Hoc Tap*, Hanoi's leading theoretical monthly, which deplored "alien and hostile tendencies" and "a current of evil thoughts." The "vile deeds" of "dishonest opportunists," the editorial added, as well as "the thoughts of the petty bourgeoisie and bourgeoisie and of the imperialists and their henchmen . . . were the manifestation of the enemy's psychological warfare and of the lack of vigilance over the secret, fishy moves of bad elements." Nothing as tough as this had been printed in North Vietnam in many years, and it i interesting to note that there has bee similar criticism of the behavior of th population and the cadres in Communist areas in the South by the top Communist command there.

THROUGH the peculiar mixtur of strengths and weaknesses revealed by the opposing sides, the majo powers loom larger than ever over th stricken battlefield. Together, the Sovie Union and China are still sendin an estimated one and a third billio dollars' worth of aid to North Vietna at least half of it now consisting o economic assistance, mostly in the for of food and grain. The United State while waiting for Congress to pass new economic-aid-appropriations bi for Saigon, is operating under a resolution continuing last year's terms, b which the Vietnamese received thre hundred and fifty million in economi assistance. The fiscal-1975 authorization is for four hundred and fifty mil lion in economic aid, but the mone has yet to be appropriated. (The 197 military-aid appropriation stands seven hundred million dollars, dow from eight hundred and twenty-thre million last year.) Our Ambassado Graham A. Martin—though about te years ago, when he was Ambassad to Thailand, he opposed sending half million Americans to fight in Vie nam—believes strongly in our oblig tion to help the South Vietnamese su vive. Accordingly, he originally soug a billion six hundred mi lion dollars and eig hundred and fifty mi lion dollars for milita and economic assistanc respectively, this yea and is doing all he ca to persuade Congress restore at least some the cuts it has mad Unless Congress acts, maintains, it will be impossible to r supply Vietnam on the basis of the on for-one agreement reached with t Communists in Paris—that is, to r place each piece of military equipme lost—and it will be impossible f South Vietnam to overcome its ec nomic problems. After another year two of comparable or slightly reduc economic help, he argues, the count should be in a position to take adva tage of its agricultural and other r sources and be ready to "take off provided peace can be achieved.

What with the corruption that o tains in Vietnam today, and Congres disinclination to pour more mon down the Vietnamese drain, Mart ay have a hard time persuading the merican legislators—and particularly e ones just elected—to change their inds. He remains convinced that ietnam has been made a victim of the ngressional campaign to slice the :ntagon's over-all budget, and he els that the economic cuts that have en made are especially shortsighted view of the current inflation. Aside om the actual sums of money, which not amount to much compared to : total of approximately a hundred d fifty billion we have spent so far r the war in Indo-China, there are ficult political and moral equations volved. Most Americans here feel it the North Vietnamese will be en-uraged to attack rather than negoti-: if the aid cuts stand and the eco-mic situation in the South deteri-ites further. On the other hand, a nority of Americans here believe that :he cuts stand Thieu will be more in-ned to negotiate, and that he would better politically to negotiate now, 'en the government's numerically despread, if tenuous, control over : country, than he would after an-ier Communist offensive, in which stands a good chance of losing a of ground. The emerging third-'ce elements, even though anxious be independent of the Americans, 'or continued aid, but they would :fer to see it given on a bilateral basis both North and South Vietnam after atisfactory peace is obtained.

For Russia, China, and the United .tes to impose a collective limit on :ir aid would afford the best hope forestalling the continuing slaughter, iich otherwise may go on indefinite- The Sino-Soviet conflict, let alone revolutionary dynamics and obliga-ns of the Communist brotherhood of :ions, assuredly makes any such lim-.ion on the part of Russia and China ficult. As for our own assistance to ith Vietnam, Ambassador Martin ;ues, if it can be sustained at last ir's level for two more years at most, s should give the various non-Com-inist factions a last chance to get to-her and maintain that country's in-iendence. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

n our society, the obese are invariably ·jected to stigmatizing attitudes. Obes-has most commonly been considered ıpletely physical or psychological, or h in origin; however, it must also be wed as a social phenomenon. The ways t various cultures and even subgroups hin the same culture define it in terms beauty and ugliness give weight to ;.—*American Journal of Nursing.*

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BOOKS

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SINCE the ambitious "Mandelbaum Gate," Muriel Spark's novels have been short, brusque, bleak, harsh, and queer. They linger in the mind as brilliant shards, decisive as a smashed glass is decisive, evidences of unmistakable power rather casually applied. Beginning with her very first novel, "The Comforters"—utterly accomplished, perfectly her own—this author has exemplified the suitable virtue of *authority*. Under orders from first sentence to last, her books march unflinchingly to their dooms and always, to paraphrase Humpty Dumpty, mean what they choose to mean. Exactly what that is, however, has become something of a mystery, as is the event or idea that, during the years Mrs. Spark has been residing in Rome, has given an extra, tyrannical twist to her command over words and characters. Three of her four recent novels have as their basic situation an odd encompassment, or annexation, of death by life: in "The Public Image" (1968), Annabel Christopher's husband commits suicide in order to embarrass her publicly; in "The Driver's Seat" (1970), Lise with cool madness courts her own murder; in "Not to Disturb" (1972), a household of servants plan how to capitalize on the scandal while upstairs the master, mistress, and their lover inexorably go through the fated motions of double murder and suicide. In "The Hothouse by the East River" (1973), most weirdly, an uncomfortable group of modern Manhattanites turn out to be ghosts, killed in London by a buzz bomb in 1944. Now, these books all had their scintillations of wit and slashes of dread, but, like letters from a daredevil friend abroad, they also had an unsettling air of concealing more than they told, and of having been posted in haste. Their most reassuring aspect was the photograph, like an enclosed snapshot, of the well-coiffed writer on the jacket. She was still alive.

Not only alive but evidently reading the newspapers, for Mrs. Spark has been roused out of her mood of arch spookiness by, of all things, Watergate. "The Abbess of Crewe: A Modern Morality Tale" (Viking) is at the least a burlesque of Nixon's Presidency. The Abbey is bugged, even to the poplars outside; the Abbess, the conservative Alexandra, has just been elected (a "landslide victory") over a McGovern-style liberal called Felicity; in power, she rules through intrigues with Mildred and Walburga, "two of the finest nuns I have ever had the privilege to know;" and her perfidious regime founders upon the "third-rate burglary" of a thimble from Felicity's sewing basket. There is even a Kissinger-figure, the missionary nun Gertrude, who flies about the world creating détentes among pagans and avoiding incrimination at the highly electronic Abbey. The Abbess, of course, seeks self-justification in Gertrude's exploits, writing to Rome:

> By river, by helicopter, by jet and by camel, Sister Gertrude covers the crust of the earth, followed as she is by photographers and reporters. Paradoxically it was our enclosed community who sent her out.

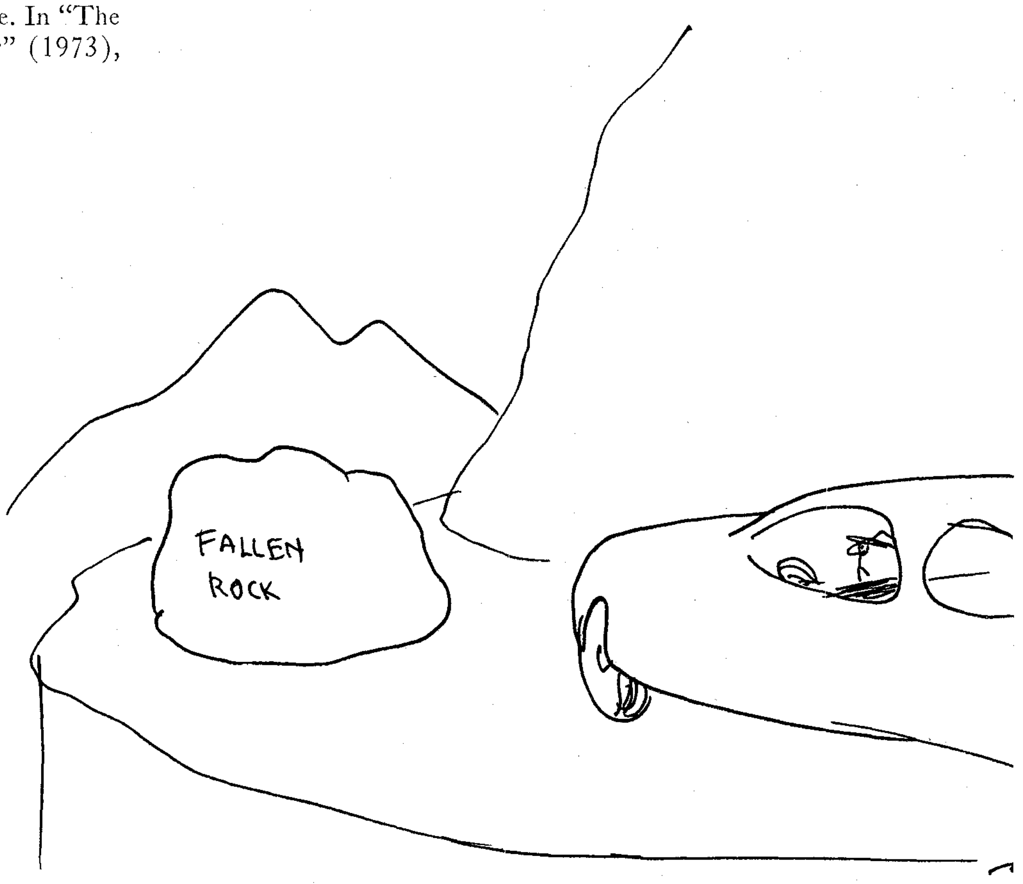
As satire of Nixon's bizarre maneuvers, the book produces some droll jabs: the Abbess tells her henchnuns, "I must remain in the region of unknowing," and, when asked by the dull-witted Winifrede what a scenario is, replies:

> "They are an art-form... based on facts. A good scenario is a garble. A bad one is a bungle. They need not be plausible, only hypnotic, like all good art."

But as a gloss on public reality the boo runs down into a rather lame echo o a plot that never wearied of thickening "The Abbess of Crewe" was obviousl completed pre-resignation, pre-phlebitis; the climax of Nixon's psychodram was still to come.

Yet this matters little, for thoug travesty may have been Mrs. Spark starting point, the Nixon scanda served her as inspiration for the creation of a lively, independent, high characteristic world. Groups of femal have always been a congenial subje for her, and the nuns, costumed manifest outwardly the shadows th lurk beneath Mrs. Spark's apprehesions, excite her prose to its pristi piquance. "The black bodies lean ov her, the white coifs meet above t pages of the letter." The first page a nounces an environment of pleasi rigor—stylized, sinister, and soothing:

> The poplars cast their shadows in t autumn afternoon's end, and the shado lie in regular still file across the pathw like a congregation of prostrate nuns the Old Order. The Abbess of Crew soaring in her slender height, a ve Lombardy poplar herself, moving by Si ter Winifrede's side, turns her pale ey to the gravel walk where their fo black shoes tread, tread and tread, t at a time, till they come to the end



is corridor of meditation lined by the cret police of poplars.

ı such corridors, people can plausibly eak to the strict rhythms that in [rs. Spark's less cloistered fiction und mannered and rude:

"Who could have leaked it?" says 'alburga, her hands folded on her lap, ımovable.

"Her lax and leaky Jesuit, I dare say," e Abbess says, the skin of her face eaming like a pearl, and her fresh, ıite robes falling about her to the or. "That Thomas," says the Abbess, who tumbles Felicity."

licity, the little liberal, who is hav- g an affair with a Jesuit, personifies e revolutionary forces at work, in e name of love, within the Church d without. "Small as a schoolgirl, t at all like what one would have agined from all the talk about her," e sews "in the tiniest and neatest ssible satin-stitch," and has made embroidery room "a hotbed of lition." For her rival, "lofty Alexan- a," her sewing and her doctrines love and freedom are distastefully urgeois: "Felicity is a lascivious puri- ı," she says. Since, though defeated d driven from the nunnery, Fe- ty triumphs in the end, by exposing Abbess's machinations and embez- ments, one might suppose that Mrs. ark, ideologically, is on her side, as was on little Sandy Stranger's side her exposure of the autocratic Miss odie. But, confusingly, though the thor cannot approve of the Abbess exandra, she does love her, love her she hasn't loved a character in a ade. She gives her all the spoken there is in the book, and dotes on grand aplomb with a parade of ıiles. The Abbess is a poplar, a eple, a "tower of ivory," a white an, a lighthouse, a "masthead of an cient ship," and, at the end, sailing meet her judgment in Rome, raight as a white ship's funnel." We l Mrs. Spark's own thought and h in the Abbess's criticism of Fe- ty: "She wants a stamped receipt m Almighty God for every word spends, every action. . . . Felicity l never see the point of faith unless visibly benefits mankind." We sense ıeartfelt asceticism when the Abbess ıfesses:

'An aristocratic soul feels no anxiety , I think, do the famine-stricken of world as they endure the impotent remities of starvation. I don't know y it is, but I ponder on starvation and starving. Sisters, let me tell you a ret. I would rather sink fleshless to death into the dry soil of some Afri- or Indian plain, dead of hunger with rest of the dying skeletons than go,

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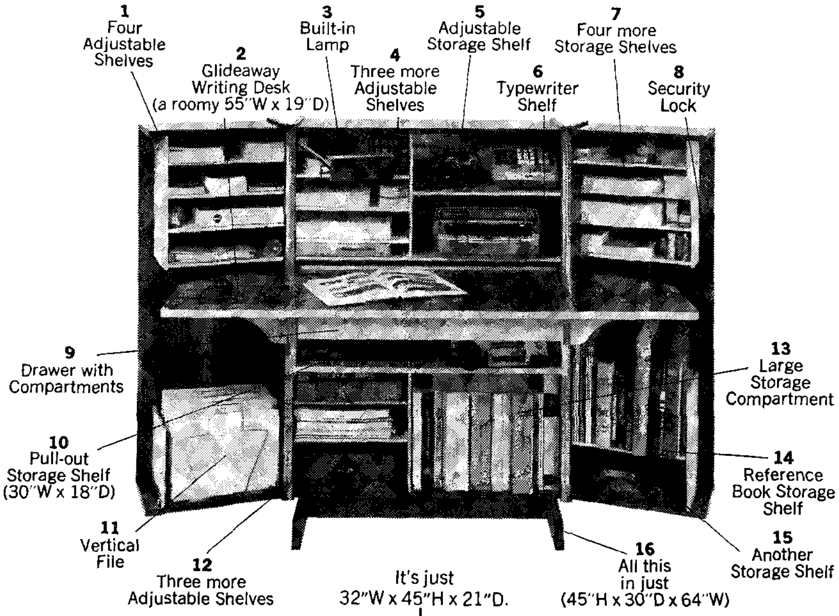

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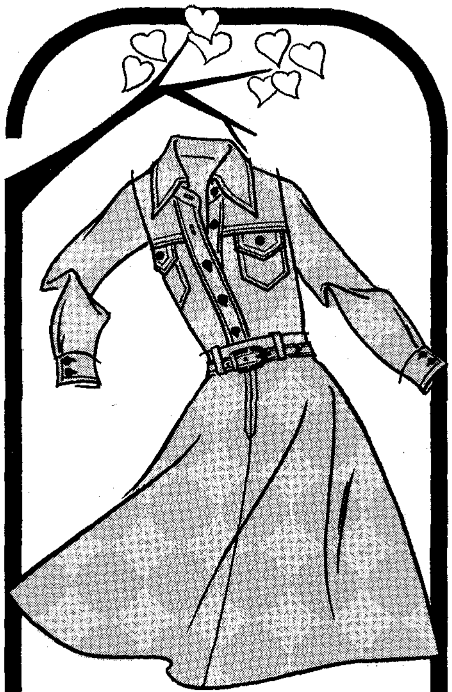

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as I hear Felicity is now doing, to a psychiatrist for an anxiety-cure."

In her sublimely composed hauteur, the Abbess, of course, is the very opposite of Nixon, a print from his negative. We cannot believe it when her machinations go out of control. We scarcely believe in her crimes (the nuns are fed cat food while their dowries enrich a bejewelled statue); she has none of the dreadful insecurity that led Nixon to turn a government's secret arm against the opposition party and to build himself palaces of privacy with public funds. The Abbess is beautiful and charismatic, a "complete success while she lasted on the [television] screen," whereas Nixon, as the film clips assembled in "Millhouse" made plain, was the least charismatic, most painfully self-conscious politician since the invention of newsreels. His television appearances were the pitiable, effortful ordeals of a man at war with himself; the expletives deleted from the tapes ring with false fellowship, a sadly toadying attempt to make human contact even in his inner circle. What the Abbess of Crewe deletes from *her* tapes, lest Rome find them heretical, are the stanzas of English metrical verse (Yeats, de la Mare, Marvell, Auden) that she recites while the other nuns chant the Mass. As a joke, this is clumsy and unlikely; the poems chosen vibrate with the dry, exacting, forlorn sensibility of Muriel Spark. To put in the mouth of your villainess poems of your own cherishing—such paradoxes make indifferent satire but good art. In its last third, "The Abbess of Crewe" is dragged to anticlimax by the pull of topical actualities; if the novel could have been freed to follow out its original impudent inspiration, to be less an aping of Watergate than a transfiguration of it, we would have one of the purest, if the lightest, of this gaudy moralist's mock-worlds. As is, it is good to see Mrs. Spark, amused by our curious national occasion of self-betrayal and inscrutable justice, so near the top of her form.

WHEN she is last seen, the Abbess of Crewe is serenely sailing toward Rome; at the end of Iris Murdoch's sixteenth novel, "The Sacred and Profane Love Machine" (Viking, too), the character left on the scene gets into his car and heads toward Oxford. These two venerable centers of wisdom are apparently offered as points of moral reference in a, for Mrs. Spark, fallen and, for Miss Murdoch, a falling, rising, and churning world. Murdoch and Spark—how weary they

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ıust be of being bracketed and re-
iewed together! Yet they constitute
class by themselves—both so intelli-
ent and fluent, so quizzical and know-
ıg, both such resourceful mixes of
eminine clairvoyance and masculine
eneralship, both such *makers*. Miss
Iurdoch, true, is copious and explana-
ory where Mrs. Spark is curt and
blique; she can hardly turn around in
ewer than a hundred thousand words
here the other can't bring herself to
xceed novella length; she is wistfully
ıeistic rather than flatly so, and con-
erned with goodness instead of with
ıith. The two of them together re-
ppropriate for their generation Shakes-
eare's legacy of dark comedy, of
eceptions and enchantments, of shud-
ering contrivance, of deep personal
orces held trembling in a skein of so-
able truces.

Of the Murdochs this reviewer has
ad, "The Sacred and Profane Love
Iachine" seems the best since "A
evered Head," the novel that discov-
ed and presented her great theme
ith the solidity, economy, and vivacity
a classic. Her theme is, as the pres-
ıt book states it, "erotic love is never
ll." In some of her novels the shifts
allegiance and attraction wrought
the inexhaustible, tempestuous force
erotic love approach the mechanical
ıd unintentionally comic; a kind of
uare dance passingly links every char-
ter to every other. And, as in a mys-
ry novel the murderer can be spotted
cause he is the least likely candidate,
the Murdochian hero or heroine
n be counted upon to love, at last,
ıd *truly*, the most repulsive figure of
e opposite sex—Honor Klein in "A
vered Head," the bloated, dying
runo of "Bruno's Dream." In the
w novel, the violence generated by
iss Murdoch's obsession with affective
latility is moderated; the flippant title
ide, she seems determined to grasp
r reality more firmly, to present her
gument, like the philosopher she is,
th unarguable closeness. Her sensi-
e, declarative prose seems less im-
lsive and rushed than usual. Though
e novel is long, it is rather sparsely
pulated, by no more than ten signif-
ınt characters; the triangulations are
w, the fringe eccentrics severely ra-
ned, the copulations rare, until the
d. Always circumstantial, with her
enomenal gift for image-spinning,
iss Murdoch devotes more than cus-
mary attention to the physical, earthy
orld, detailing the flora and atmos-
eric nuances of her suburban acreage
the Buckinghamshire edge of Lon-
n, giving abundantly of the furniture and history of the two adjacent houses that concern her, distinguishably characterizing (an especially tender tour de force) each dog of a pack of seven, touching the canvas of her vision everywhere with sharp, bright dabs of the recognizably actual. The endless vapors of emotion and conversation that steam and blow from her characters take drama from the contrasting silhouetted treetops and chimney pots of a mundane, midsummer London:

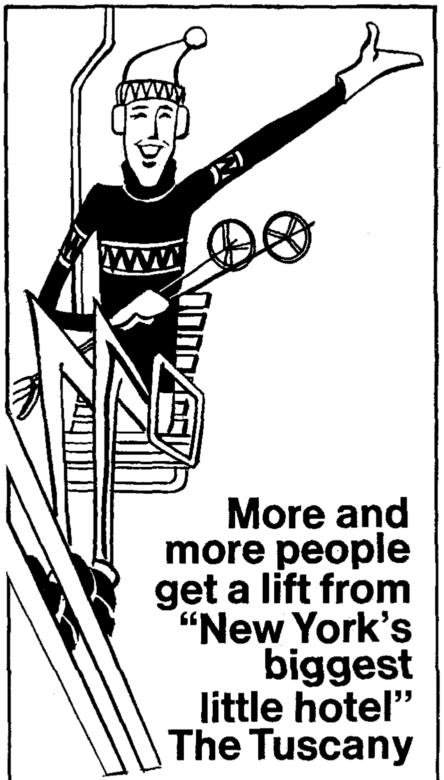
> The great cloud fields had faded behind the bumpy tops of the orchard trees, whose silhouette was so familiar to Harriet that she seemed to be thinking it rather than seeing it, and the sky had dulled to a sort of dark lightless white netted over with grey, a colour which it would retain all night. It was midsummer. . . . Wilder Buckinghamshire was a little away, and the houses went on continuously among the trees in the direction of London, whose pink glare illuminated the night sky in winter. A light had just come on in Blaise's study. How pretty, how foursquare, how quite ridiculously *housey* Hood House looked with its shallow slate roof and its pretty flint and stone patterning and its tall early Victorian windows.

What an incorrigible, irresistible conjurer-up this woman is! With what an eager, effortless multiplication of adjectives does she throw a character onto the page:

> After a second of shock he had recognized Edgar Demarnay. They had not met for several years. An Edgar grown fatter and grosser and older, but Edgar still, with his big pink boy's face and his fat lips and his copious short fluffy hair now pale grey instead of pale gold.

Let it be asked now: What other living novelist in the language is the peer of Iris Murdoch at inventing characters and moving them *fascinatingly*, at least as long as the book is in our hands? Whatever reservations or puzzles it leaves us with, "The Sacred and Profane Love Machine" reads like a breeze, a whirlwind of deepening surprise, a provocation to the intellect and an invitation to the heart with its exacerbating dialogues, its compelling interior monologues, its pirouette points of aphorism, its expansive landscape, its insatiable exploration of what used to be called people's "souls," its revelation of the exalting, degrading, terrifying adventures love makes possible within our middle-class domestic world of work and nurturing.

Blaise Gavender, a successful if amateurish psychotherapist, doubles as the contented husband of Harriet Gavender and the enthralled lover of Emily McHugh. By both wife and



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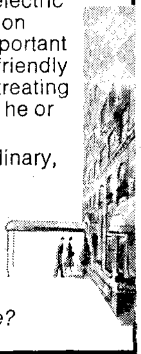

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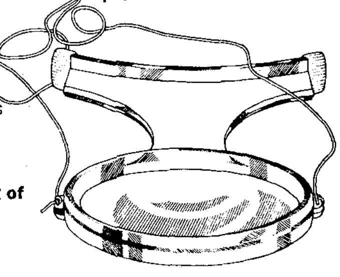

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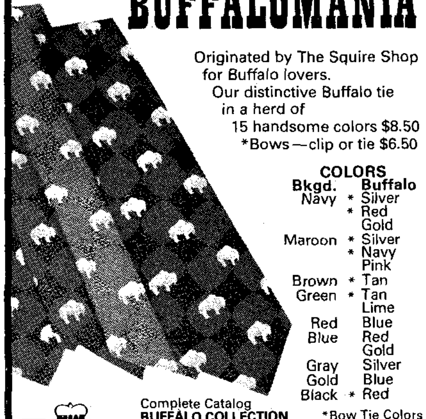

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mistress he has fathered a son; his illegitimate one, eight-year-old Luca, becomes the means whereby his two worlds, which he has successfully kept apart for nine years, meet and clash. A subplot concerns the Gavenders' neighbor Montague Small, the famous mystery writer, who is paralyzed by grief over the recent death (cancer, we are told) of his wife. A visitor to this out-of-joint world of the two houses is the Edgar Demarnay already evoked, an alcoholic classics professor just named Master of an Oxford college. The Gavenders' son, David, is on the fastidious verge of sexual awakening, and Emily McHugh has a pushy friend, Constance Pinn. Monty Small has a possessive mother offstage, Blaise has a fictitious patient, Magnus Bowles, and there is a bright and sexy schoolgirl, Kiki St. Loy, whom we know Miss Murdoch will use, for she reminds us of her existence every hundred pages or so. That about sums it up; the caverns of feeling the groping, swerving characters find in each other are the author's province, where summary oversimplifies. Blaise, psychologist though he pretends to be, quite helplessly and cravenly clings to ambivalence, trying to keep both his sacred and profane loves; Harriet's reserves of generosity and strength are slowly depleted; Emily, with only two threadbare cards to play—the existence of Luca and a rather sordid (unspeakable "gadgets" are mentioned) sexual rapport with her middle-aged lover—finds her hand not so weak after all. The triangle's resolution—Harriet is murdered by terrorists in a German airport—has been criticized as abrupt and arbitrary, breaking into the hothouse situation from the outside like a rock thrown by a vandal. But this event is conjured with a nice coolness, a brief waking nightmare to go with all the dreams the narrative contains, and just before it arrives the victim has annihilated herself in her own mind:

> There is no great calm space elsewhere, thought Harriet, where a tree stands between two saints and raises its pure significant head into a golden sky. What had seemed to be an intuition of freedom and virtue was for her simply a trivial enigma, an occasion for little meaningless emotions. She was caught in her own mind and condemned by her own being.

A juster criticism might be that the plot's resolution leaves us with no characters we much like—an austerity truer of Mrs. Spark's dispensations than of Miss Murdoch's previous. And it is disturbing that few of the book's incidents, so vivid and impressive as they passed into at least this reader's

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onsciousness, linger in the mind a week afterward. Though she has enlowed them with all the substance her emarkable powers of imagination and ntrospection could fabricate, their moions are not weighted by the persuaive inertia of nineteenth-century charcters. They are, like atoms, disontinuous; we remember flares of heir energy—Blaise's discovering, with Emily, that "the dark cupboard [of his exual quirks] . . . was not dark, it was lazing with light and as large as the iniverse;" Harriet's activation as a voman ("her eyes were all dazed and lowing") by the shattering of her narriage; Emily's sensation of bliss "her blood had turned into some eavenly golden liquor which lightly corched all her flesh") when the tales turn again. Yet the heat, the light o not last, in the characters' lives or ı the reader's. Miss Murdoch is less hakespeare than Prospero, holding us nchanted as long as we stay on her isand; then the insubstantial pageant ades, leaving embers and a sad imression, not of life's surging power but f the evanescence of its heat in the acuum that even a passionate creatrix annot fill. Montague Small, an author ho has ceased to write, entertains in is book the thought "that there was o deep sense in things, that nothing nd no one had real dignity and real eserving, that 'the world' was just a umble and a rubble and a dream." Vithout "deep sense in things," the orld of fictional imitation will be reamlike, fantastic; and so Miss Muroch's is. Though her title evokes a achine, a machine's grinding causality just what her plots lack. The socioychological engines of Balzac and laubert might well, the reader feels, rab and destroy him as well as Père oriot and Madame Bovary, but the idsummer-night's dreams of "The acred and Profane Love Machine" immer and are gone. The author so fortlessly invents interior monologues at we do not doubt she could illumiate and justify behavior totally other an what appears on the page. She bores deep she goes right through bedrock. nd however ravaged her characters e, we remain comfortable, reminded our solid armchair by helpful literary urishes from these same characters. mily, tartish and desperate, announces Blaise, to end a chapter, "You've lled me and sent me to hell, and you ust descend to the underworld to nd me and make me live again." Then Harriet complains that Blaise es in a dream world, Monty replies, ith something like complacence, "We l live in dream worlds."

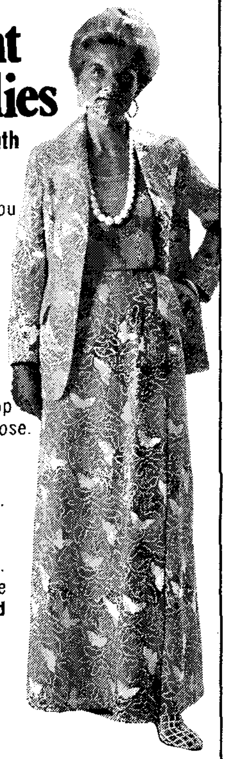
Unlike Monty and Prospero, Miss Murdoch has not broken her conjurer's wand and buried her "book." She continues to write, with unstinting energy; it is an act of faith as well as of magic. Her books abound in gestures toward faith, and aborted versions of it. In this novel, Monty practices meditation, Harriet is an Anglican, David is haunted by Jesus, Emily is a militant atheist, Blaise is so wimbly-wimbly he cannot be said to believe or disbelieve anything. The author, one gathers, believes in sex and Oxford. But it takes a culture, not an individual literary will, to banish the dreamlike inconsequence of the world; we can choose to place credence in Oxford or Rome, but as long as the choice is felt as a choice it can be unmade, and remains precariously ours.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ARK OF BONES, by Henry Dumas (Random House). A collection of extraordinary short stories by a young black poet and teacher who was fatally shot (by mistake) by a policeman in a New York subway on May 23, 1968. Most of the stories are about people who are fairly young, all are about people who are very poor, and all—whether set in the backwoods of Arkansas (where Dumas was born) or in the streets of Harlem—are faithful to the speech of the plainest of plain black men and women. Dumas was that rarity—a passionately political man with a poet's eye and ear and tolerance of ambiguity. Thus, in "A Boll of Roses" we see the almost tidally wrenching effect that a team of Northern civil-rights workers has on a poor young cotton picker; in "The Crossing" we see how very young black children absorb and deflect the hatred and contempt shown them by whites; and in "Double Nigger," a story about a group of men coming home from "helpin' out" a white construction gang, and in "A Harlem Game," a story about a boy who is cruelly used by his father, we see how poverty and feelings of powerlessness can warp and distort the most critical human instincts. There are stories here, too, about religious or spiritual transcendence over reality; they are somewhat less successful than the rest but show an impressive willingness on the author's part to take risks and to find affirmative truths to write about. Mr. Dumas was thirty-four when he died. One of the sad-



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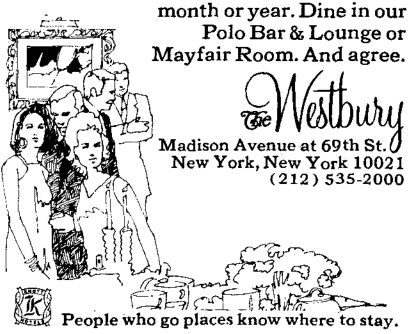

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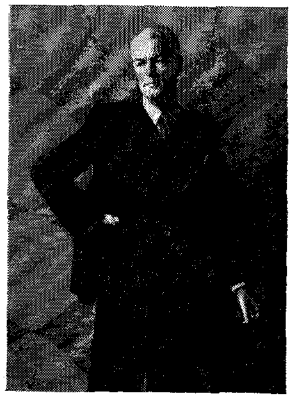

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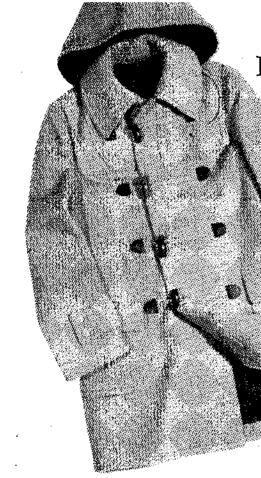

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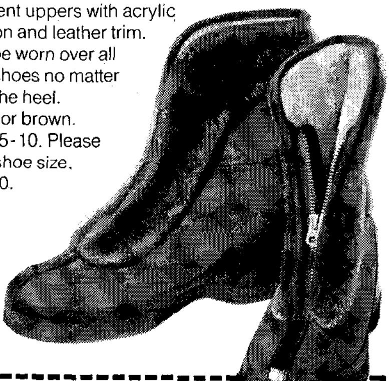

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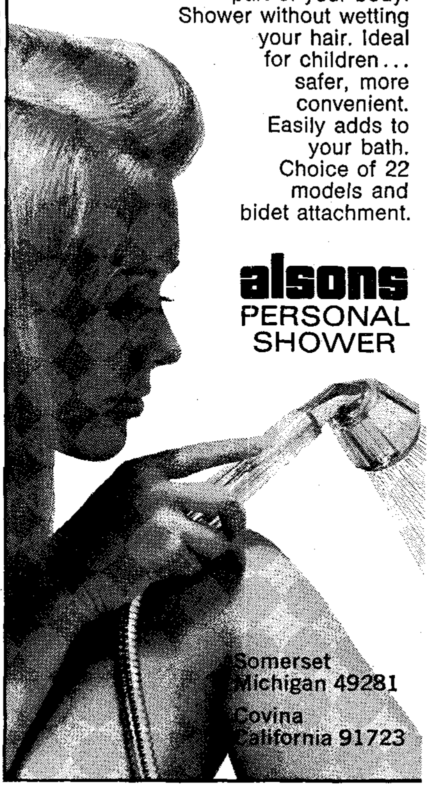
dest things about his book is that it leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that there were even better books to come.

GENERAL

THE CIVIL WAR: A NARRATIVE; RED RIVER TO APPOMATTOX, by Shelby Foote (Random House). The final volume of a trilogy that runs to over a million and a half words. It began twenty years ago when the author, in his innocence, sat down to write a brief history of the Civil War at the request of the publisher. The complete work is something of a triumph. It is not straight history but, rather, a long and crowded story of a convulsion that seized the whole American people for four years, and that they apparently cannot put out of their minds. Mr. Foote is a novelist, and the things that a novelist looks for—action, colorful doings, colorful men and women—are what he sets down, always taking care that the grid of facts is not disturbed. This volume covers the last full year of the war, from the speech of U. S. Grant on being made lieutenant general to the funeral of Jefferson Davis, and it shows Mr. Foote at his best. Maps. Twenty dollars.

THE FABULOUS EGO: ABSOLUTE POWER IN HISTORY, edited by Milton Klonsky (Quadrangle). This entertaining, cautionary anthology is composed of accounts of tyrants by their contemporaries. Some of these rulers (Catherine the Great) are well known in the West, while others, such as the Emperor Shih Huang Ti, who built the Great Wall of China, are not. A few selections may not strike readers as bearing out the book's theme—for example, historians agree that the behavior of Charles I at his trial was dignified, and at his execution noble; the similarity that Mr. Klonsky sees between him and Nixon is not proved by the choice of material. In general, though, the work does succeed in reminding us how, from B.C. through A.D., absolute power corrupts in the same old uninventive ways: the fabulous egos are cruel, extravagant, and licentious. Mr. Klonsky's introduction and comments are intelligent and stylishly written.

WHO KILLED THE BRITISH EMPIRE?, by George Woodcock (Quadrangle). This study is learned, thoughtful, readable, and perceptive indeed. Mr. Woodcock not only recalls great



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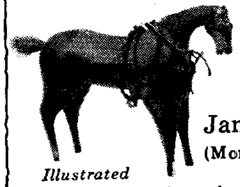

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KAFKA'S OTHER TRIAL: THE LETTERS TO FELICE, by Elias Canetti, translated from the German by Christopher Middleton (Schocken). This essay by a noted novelist examines the letters that Kafka wrote to Felice Bauer—a young woman to whom he was attracted, engaged, disengaged, and engaged anew, and with whom he finally broke. Mr. Canetti is concerned with showing Kafka's personality as revealed in a relationship of emotional intimacy, and then with demonstrating the connection between the man Kafka was and the books he wrote. Canetti is a keen analyst—he tracks real words and events through all their transformations until they reappear in Kafka's fiction—but he refrains from any moral judgment of Kafka, although in this romance the great but admittedly neurotic novelist appears to have behaved like a cad.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GIDEON'S FOG, by J. J. Marric (Harper & Row). This, unhappily, would seem to be the last adventure of Commander George Gideon of Scotland Yard, his creator, J. J. Marric, being one of the many noms de plume of the late John Creasey. It is, happily, a good one—full of shivery London fog; a woman's do-good organization called the Ecology of London Committee (Elsie) and infiltrated by criminals; the abduction of Gideon's own deputy (his daughter's fiancé); much skillful police work; and an act of bravery by Gideon that is as gripping as it is ridiculous.

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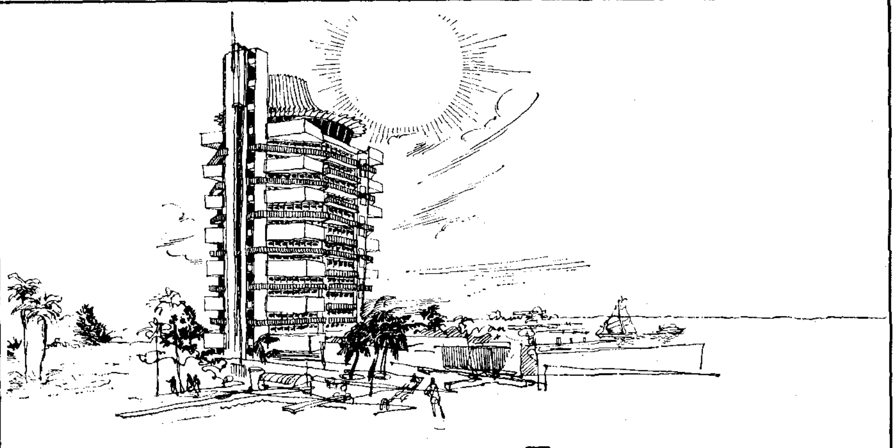

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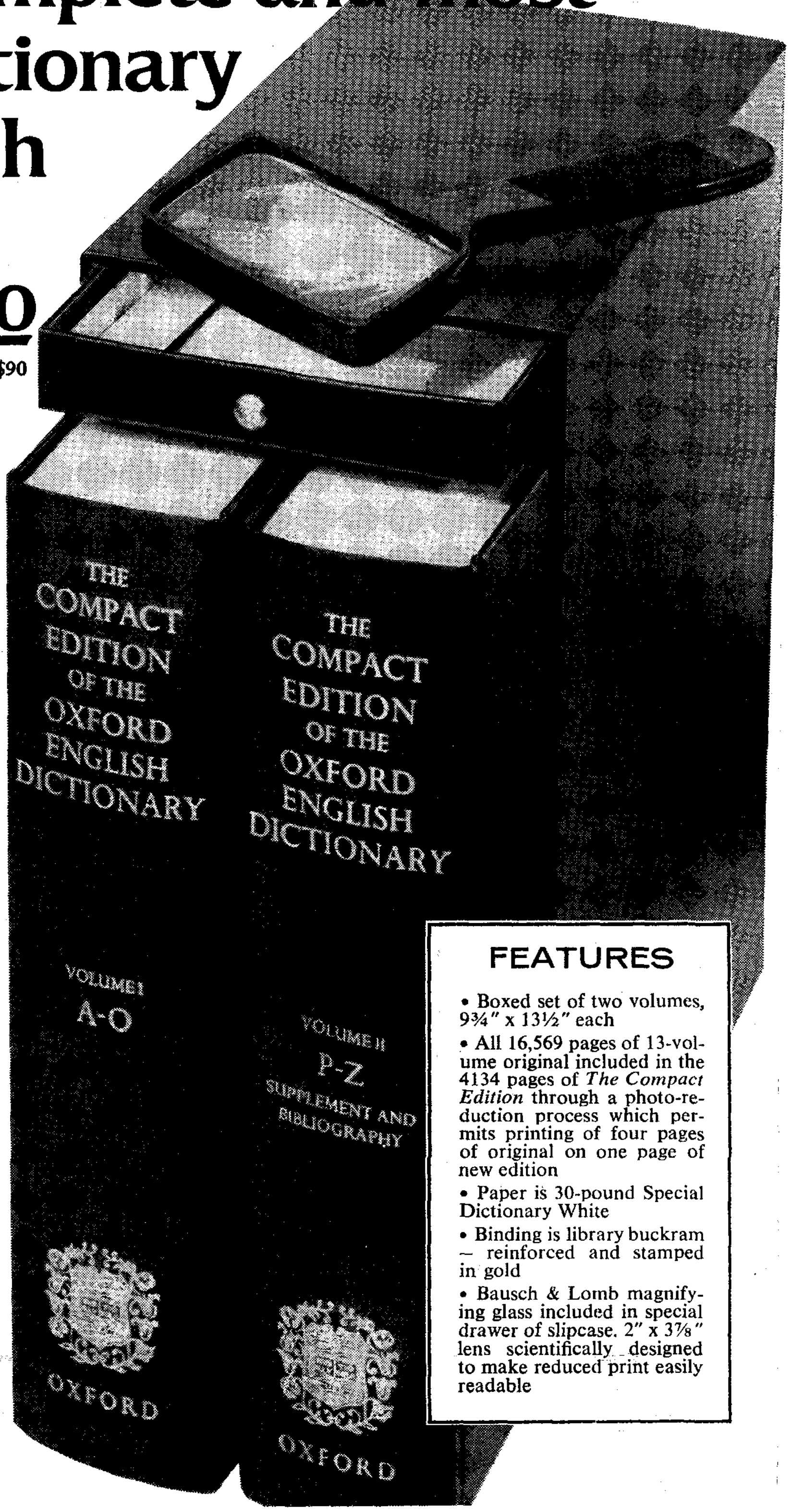
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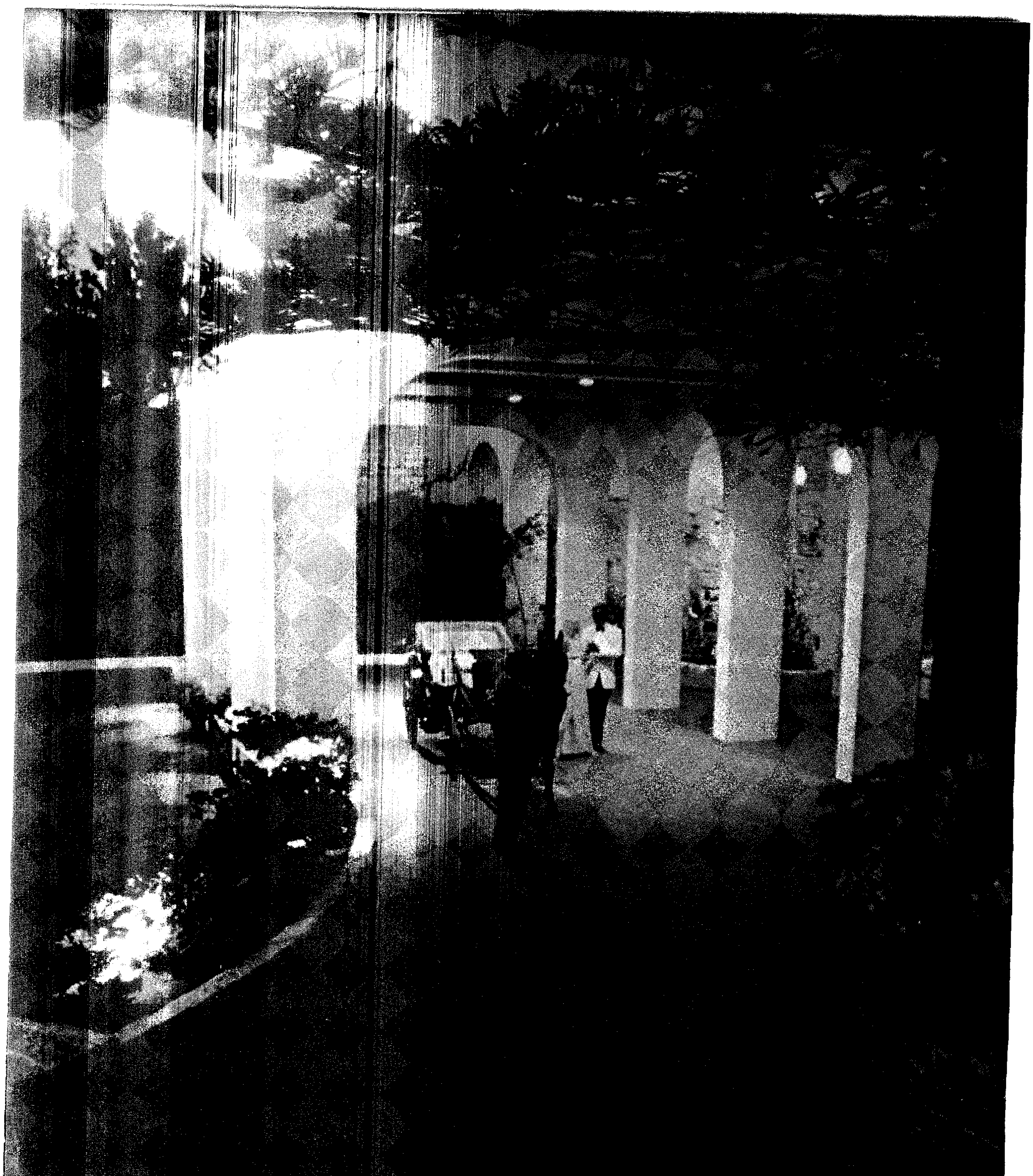

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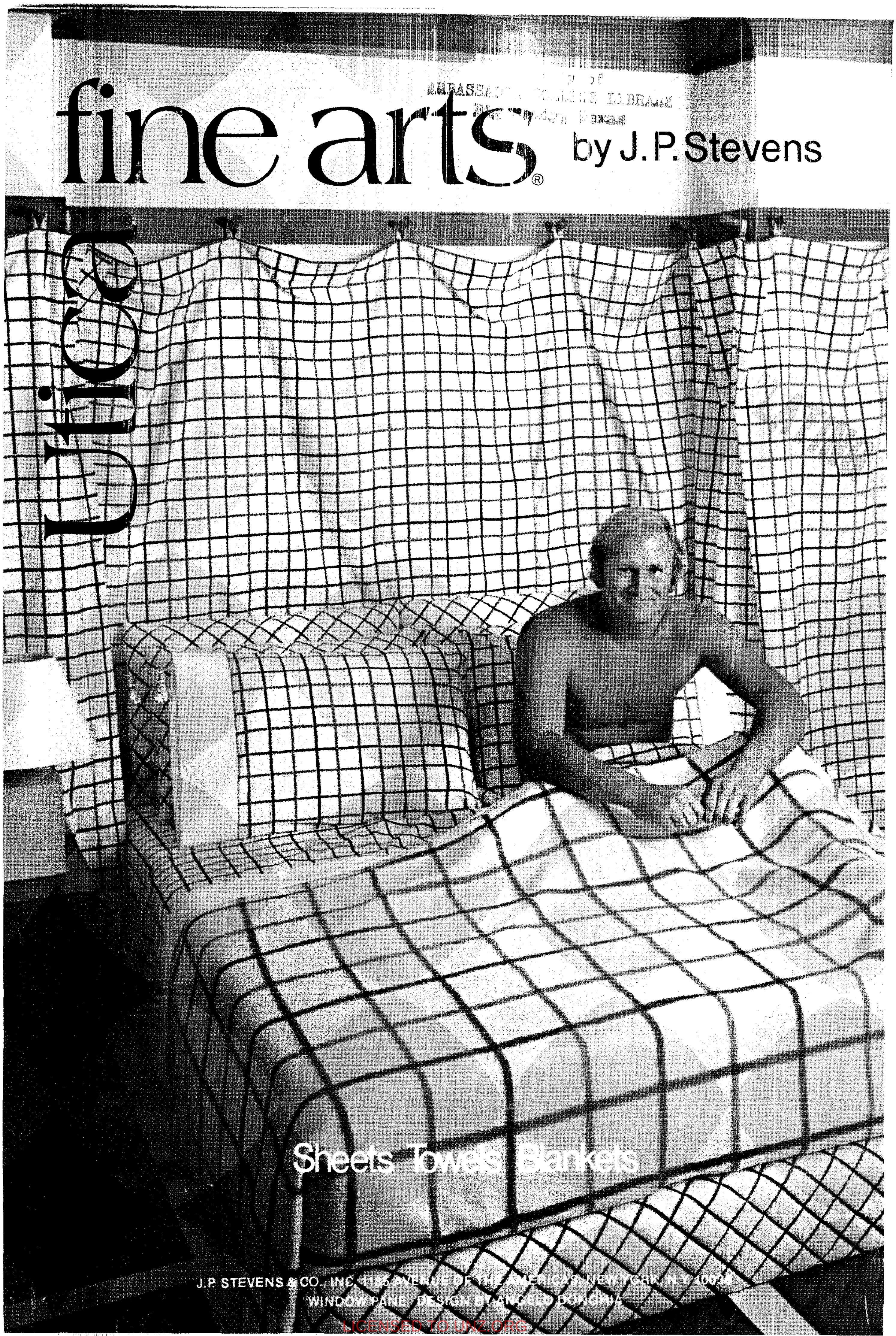

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